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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JANUARY, 1850.

ART. I.—1. *The Argument of Dr. Bayford on behalf of the Rev. G. C. Gorham, in the Arches Court of Canterbury.* March, 1849. Second edition, corrected. London: Seeleys.

2. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of York, June, 1849, at the Primary Visitation of Thomas, Archbishop of York.* Published at the request of the Clergy. Third edition. London: J. W. Parker, West Strand.

THE recent revival of the controversy upon Baptismal Regeneration, the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts, the elaborate speeches of the counsel, the copious appeals on both sides to the pages of our divines, and the various publications which the agitation of the question has elicited from private quarters, appear to suggest the propriety of some general review of the present state of the argument on this doctrine, as all this recent discussion has laid it before us. In attempting such a task, indeed, within the limited space which we have at command, we cannot pretend to do more than touch on the principal and leading positions relating to this doctrine, which the recent discussion has unfolded. But thus much we shall endeavour to do in the following article; the first part of which we shall devote to the consideration of the theological reasoning which has been applied, and the second part to the consideration of the authorities of our Church which have been appealed to for the decision of the controversy.

It is evident then—and this is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact in which both sides agree—that as far as words and their grammatical construction are concerned, Baptismal Regeneration is asserted by our Church of every single infant which is baptized in her: for, of every single infant which is baptized in her, she says: 'This child is regenerate.' It is only claimed on the side of our opponents, that they have a right to take these words in a particular meaning, which they do not of themselves bear, and regard the assertion not as a categorical, but as an hypothetical one; as expressive of a charitable hope, that such may be, and not of the statement that such is the case. They argue that the figure of speech by which something is asserted grammatically, but is not at the same time intended to be asserted really and actually, is not an uncommon or unrecognised one, in conversation or writing: that one person, for example, says to another in talking,—You say, you think, you walk, you stand, and the like, not meaning to assert that his companion is either speaking, or thinking, or walking, or standing, actually as he asserts him to be; but only supposing him for the sake of conversational convenience, to be doing so: that poets say repeatedly, I saw, I heard, not meaning to assert the literal fact that they saw and heard what they proceed to describe; but only supposing it for the sake of poetical convenience. Proceeding nearer home they then remark, that in the Burial Service our Church makes use of this figure, and speaks of the dead person as one of the saved, when she cannot possibly mean, because she cannot possibly know whether the person is one of the saved or not, to assert it actually of him. Proceeding nearer still, they observe next, that in the service for the baptism of adults she asserts regeneration, as far as language goes, absolutely of the baptized adult; when she cannot possibly mean, because she cannot possibly know whether the adult has fulfilled those conditions upon which alone such regeneration takes place, to do so. They draw from these analogies the conclusion that the same liberty was intended in the office of infant baptism, and that the regeneration there asserted, absolutely as far as language goes, of the baptized infant, is not intended to be asserted absolutely but only hypothetically, and as the expression of a charitable hope.

To this argument, however, there is one very short and very decisive answer. It may be conceded that the figure of speech by which a thing is expressed as actually taking place, while only a supposition is intended, is not an unusual one; and it may also be conceded that this figure is used in the Burial Service of the Church, and in the office of Adult Baptism. But whenever we pronounce this figure to be used, there must always be something in the circumstances of the case to show that the literal assertion is not intended. It is asserted by writers that Apollo built Troy; and it is also asserted by writers that Sir Christopher Wren built S. Paul's; but it would be absurd to argue that because the former was a poetical and not a literal assertion, that therefore the latter was too: because the whole circumstances of the case clearly point to a non-literal assertion in the former instance, which they do not do in the latter. A person in conversation says to you—You stand on the top of the Column and look down upon London; and another person the next minute comes up to you and says—I stood upon the top of the Column and looked down upon London. It would be absurd to argue that because the former was an hypothetical assertion, that therefore the latter was too; because in the former case the speaker saw that you were at that moment sitting on your chair in a drawing-room, and therefore could not possibly be understood as meaning to assert literally that you were at that moment standing on the top of the Column near London Bridge. Notwithstanding the frequent use of the figurative assertion in books and in society, a very clear line of demarcation separates it from the literal one, and the largest and most uninterrupted series of the former class would leave the very next instance of the latter as free from possibility of an hypothetical construction, as if there were no such form as the figurative one in use at all. The same line of demarcation, and the same reason for it, separate the assertions in the Burial Service and in the baptismal office for adults, quite clearly and unanswerably, from the assertion in the baptismal office for infants. In each of the two former there is something in the very circumstances of the case which shows that the assertion was not intended as an absolute one. It is impossible that we can know for certain whether this or that person is saved or not; and therefore if we assert that this or that person is, our assertion must be taken as an hypothetical, and not an absolute one. In the same way it is impossible that we can know for certain whether this or that adult is a fit and worthy recipient of baptism or not, because no one mind can penetrate into any other; and therefore if we assert this or that adult absolutely to be a fit and worthy recipient, or which is the same thing, assert him to have derived that effect from his baptism, which a fit and worthy recipient alone does, the assertion must, in the nature of the case, be taken not as an absolute but as an hypothetical one. But in the case of infant baptism, this reason for giving an hypothetical construction to the absolute assertion does not apply; because we know that all infants, brought to the church to be baptized, are fit and worthy recipients of baptism; and therefore the absolute assertion made respecting them has not this opening to an hypothetical construction.

As yet, therefore, the absolute assertion of regeneration made in the service for Infant Baptism, stands on the same ground on which ordinary absolute assertions do, and requires to be understood in the way in which ordinary absolute assertions are,—viz. as meaning to assert what it does assert. And upon this ground it must stand, and with this meaning it must be taken until some reason in the circumstances of the case is discovered, why it should be taken otherwise. Such a reason is professed, however, to have been discovered, in the course of the recent controversy on this question, and a very simple and summary one, in the shape of one particular article of theological opinion or belief, alleged to have been held by the school of reformers, under whose care and supervision the baptismal office was compiled: an opinion, it is asserted, which necessarily prevented those who held it from believing that regeneration did accompany baptism, in the case of all baptized infants; and which, therefore, in their case necessarily attached to the absolute assertion of it in the baptismal service, an hypothetical meaning; which hypothetical meaning having been thus attached by those persons to the assertion, must be considered to have been attached by the *Church* to that assertion, thus making it then, once and for all, an hypothetical one—a charitable expression of hope, and not a statement of a fact. The theological article we refer to, is that of Predestination. It is stated that the divines under whose care our liturgy was composed, held the doctrine, that from all eternity some individuals were predestinated to eternal life, and others excluded from that predestination, or reprobated; the inference is made that those who held such a doctrine could not possibly believe that all infants were regenerated in baptism; and the conclusion drawn out as above, that if they did not believe it, the Church did not impose it.[1]

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[1] We extract the following passage from the Archbishop of York's Charge:—'To this brief remark on one of the Sacraments I would add a few words on the other Sacrament of our Church. As to the effect of adult baptism, there is little or no dispute among rational men. But the question of the effects of infant baptism seems destined to interminable discussion. It has been proved, however, we think, beyond contradiction or doubt, that our Reformers, almost without exception, both in the reign of King Edward VI., and especially in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, held and advocated what are now usually called the peculiar doctrines of Calvin as to election, and predestination, and final perseverance. Hence they taught that spiritual regeneration in baptism could only result in the case of those who had been from all eternity elected to everlasting life by the free and sovereign grace of God. That all the baptized should be spiritually regenerate was in their view utterly impossible; and, therefore, they could not intend, in the formularies they drew up, to require or to express such a belief, unless we unfairly attribute to them that shameless effrontery, that gross and scandalous dishonesty, which, to the reproach of our times, has been openly avowed by some, that men may teach what they do not believe, and that they may believe what is contrary to their teaching. With the knowledge of this historical fact before us, we cannot insist on it as a ruled doctrine of our Church that all baptized children are, as such, spiritually regenerate. For such was not the doctrine of our Reformers themselves. Nor is such doctrine laid down in the Thirty-nine Articles. And those very expressions in our baptismal service, which have been interpreted in modern times as exclusively admitting the sense of the universal regeneration of infants in baptism, are borrowed from a service in which the known sentiments of the author will not allow such a meaning to be affixed to them.

'Whatever, then, our own particular views may be, we must be content, so far as concerns our judgment of the doctrine laid down by the Church, to leave the question open, as the Reformers left it; and with the different notions which we justly and honestly, I hope, may entertain of the Divine method of procedure in

Now the first objection to this argument is to the last step in it, or the conclusion. For the question certainly immediately occurs, supposing it ever so true that the reformers themselves, few or many of them, did not personally believe in the regeneration of all infants in baptism, and so gave, in their own personal use of the words, an hypothetical meaning to that assertion,—how far the Church is committed to the private opinions of individuals, however distinguished and influential a part they may have taken in the changes of that era, provided they did not introduce them into her public formularies. And therefore the reply might be made at once to this argument, that the Church was committed only to her public acts and formularies, and that her meaning must be decided by them: the reply which Sir Herbert Jenner Fust made in his clear and able judgment.

Waiving, however, the legal ground, and going straight to this objection itself as it is put, we may meet it with one very easy and summary answer. If by predestinarianism the objector means such a predestinarianism as denies the doctrine of the regeneration of all infants in baptism; in that sense it is quite true, that predestinarianism is inconsistent with a belief in that doctrine. But if by predestinarianism he means simply the doctrine legitimately included under that term, in that sense predestinarianism has been held for ages in the Church by large schools of theologians, who, beyond all doubt or question, did hold the full doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. It was held by S. Augustine, and set out in the strongest and most pointed form by him, in his triumphant contest with the Pelagians. His teaching was received without any protest by the whole Catholic world of his time, with the exception of a very small party, whose voices were finally suppressed by a council a hundred years after his death. He then reigned with a kind of monarchical influence over the theology of the whole Western Church for a period of nearly a thousand years. The greatest luminaries of the middle ages were content to sit under him as their master; to take his dicta for their text, and to expound him as if it were the design and function of theological science to expound S. Augustine. They occasionally ventured on a liberal interpretation of his language, but nobody dared to contradict the language itself; and whatever differences of opinion were indulged were maintained under an Augustinian title and cover, and accommodated to the external Augustinian mould. S. Bernard, Peter Lombard, S. Anselm, and Thomas Aquinas, in succession preached and expounded him. The latter rose above the position of a disciple, and became in his

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the work of redemption, we are at liberty to judge diversely of the operation of the sacrament in the case of infant recipients; taking especial care, lest, in our dread of carrying too far the free electing grace of God, we carry beyond just and scriptural limits the efficacy of the grace of the sacrament.'

turn a monarch in the theological world, still handing on, however, the dicta of his teacher. For five hundred years the school of Thomas Aquinas, though not without rivals which modified some of its positions, was supreme in Europe. As the Reformation dawned and showed that some of these positions, which assigned so conspicuous a place to the Divine acts of grace and predestination in the work of individual salvation, were made to act on the reforming side, this portion of mediæval theology became unpopular with Roman divines; and the dicta of S. Augustine were thrown aside, when Luther and Calvin quoted S. Augustine, and exchanged for positions more expressive of the human share in the work of salvation, and the powers of free will. But up to the era of the Reformation, the theology of the Western Church was in all its leading statements on the subject of grace and predestination, mainly Augustinian; from which theology proceeded our 17th Article, of which we shall say more hereafter.

We must occupy a few pages with quotations, in order to show that we have not made an unauthorized statement. And first we must quote some passages from S. Augustine. The following is from the book *De Correptione et Gratia*:—

> 'Whoever therefore are separated by Divine grace from that original damnation, we doubt not but that there is procured for them the hearing of the Gospel; that when they hear, they believe; and that in that faith which worketh by love they continue unto the end: that if they even go astray they are corrected, and being corrected grow better; or that if they are not corrected by men, they still return into the path they left. All these things in them He worketh, whose handiwork they are, and who made them vessels of mercy; He who chose them in his Son before the foundation of the world according to the election of grace: "and if of grace, then no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace." These were not called so as not to be chosen, as those of whom we hear, "many are called but few chosen;" but they are called according to his purpose, and therefore elected according to the election of grace. Of such the Apostle saith, We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose. Of them none perish, because all are elect, and they are elect because they are called according to His purpose; and that purpose not their own but God's: of which he elsewhere saith, "that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth." . . . . . . If any of these perish, God is deceived; but none doth perish, for God is not deceived. If any of these perish, God is overcome by man's corruption; but none doth perish, for God is conquered by nothing. They are chosen to reign with Christ, not as Judas was chosen, of whom our Lord said, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" *i.e.* chosen for the work of damnation; but chosen in pity, as he was in judgment, chosen to obtain their kingdom, as he was to spill his own blood. . . . These it is who are signified to Timothy, where, after saying that Hymenæus and Philetus were subverting the faith of some, the Apostle adds—"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." Their faith, which worketh by love, either never faileth, or if it does, is repaired before life is ended; and all intervening iniquity blotted out, perseverance unto the end is imputed to them.'—*De Corrept. et Grat.* c. vii.

Again—

'Such is the predestination of the saints, the foreknowledge, that is, and preparation of the Divine acts of grace, by which every one is infallibly saved, who is saved. But for the rest, where are they but in that mass of perdition, where the Divine Justice most justly leaves them? Where the Tyrians are, and the Sidonians are, who would have been able to believe if they had seen the miracles of Christ; but who, inasmuch as faith was not destined for them, were denied the *means* of faith as well. Whence it is evident that some have a divine gift of intelligence implanted in their natures, designed for exciting them to faith provided they hear or see preaching or miracles which appeal to that gift: and yet being, according to some deeper judgment of God, not included within the predestination of grace, and separated from the mass of perdition by it; have not those Divine words, and those Divine acts brought before them, and so are not enabled to believe. The Jews, who would not believe our Lord's miracles, were left in the mass of perdition; and why? The Evangelist tells us: "That the saying of Esaias the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake, Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore they could not believe because that Esaias said again, he hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their hearts, and be converted, and I should heal them." But the hearts of the Tyrians and Sidonians were not thus hardened, for they would have believed if they had seen such miracles. That they were able to believe however was of no service to them, when they were not predestinated by Him, whose judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out; any more than their not being able to believe would have been of disservice to them, if they had been thus predestinated; predestinated by God to the illumination of their blindness, and the taking away of their heart of stone. With respect to the Tyrians and Sidonians indeed, there may be possibly some other interpretation of the passage: but that no one comes to Christ except it be given him, and that this is given only to those who are elected in him before the foundation of the world; this must beyond all question be admitted by every one the ears of whose mind are not deaf when the ears of his body take in the divine oracles.'—*De Dono Perseverantiæ*, c. xiv.

Again—

'As for what I said "that salvation was never denied to him who was worthy of it" (the Pelagians had taunted him with some things he had said in former works), if the inquiry be made what makes a man worthy, some say the human will, but I say grace and divine predestination. "Not of works, saith the Apostle, lest any man should boast." "We are His workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works;" this is grace: "Which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them;" this is predestination. Predestination is the preparation of grace. Grace is the giving; predestination the preparing of the gift. Predestination, that is, is foreknowledge and is something more, it is foreknowledge coupled with creation. God promised Abraham, through his seed, the faith of the Gentiles, saying, "I have made thee a father of many nations." The Apostle says, "Of faith that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be made sure to all the seed." So then God promised not on the ground of our will, but of his own predestination. He promised what He was going to do, not what man was. Men do the things which pertain to the worship of God; but He causes them to do what He commands; they do not cause Him to do what He promised. Else the fulfilment of the promises is in man's and not in God's power; and man gives to Abraham what God promised to give. Not so did Abraham believe; "he was strong in faith, giving glory to God, and being fully persuaded that what He had promised, He was able also to *perform*." The Apostle does not say foretell, he does not say foreknow, for God could both foreknow and foretell what another was to do; but he says *perform;* perform his own acts, surely, not any others.'—*De Dono Perseverantiæ,* c. xiii.

Again, on the fixed number of the predestined—

'What I have said refers to those who are predestined to the kingdom of God, of which the number is so certain, that no one can be added to them or taken from them. Of those to whom the Psalmist refers when he says, "If I should declare them and speak of them, they should be more than I am able to express,"[1] I do not speak: they may be said to be called, but not elect; because they are not called according to His purpose. But I speak of the predestined, and that their number is certain and incapable of being added to or diminished. John the Baptist indicates, when he says, "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance; and think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham:" for he shows here that these branches would be cut off—if for want of bringing forth fruit they *were* cut off—with the provision that the deficiency in the number promised to Abraham should be replenished. But the words in Revelations are dearer—"Hold that fast thou hast, that no man take thy crown." For if one is not to have it, except another has lost it, the number must be a certain one.'

Again, on the infallible operation of grace, which is part of the doctrine of predestination—

'Many hear the word of truth; but some believe, others gainsay. The former have the will to believe, the latter have the contrary will. Who does not know this, and who does not admit it as a fact? But then comes the reason. The will of some men is prepared by the Lord, and the will of others is not. And therefore we must draw the division between the effects of His mercy and of His judgment. "Israel hath not obtained the election which he seeketh for; but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." Behold His mercy and His judgment: His mercy on the election which hath attained unto the righteousness of God; His judgment on the rest, who were blinded. And yet the one believed because they were willing, the others believed not because they were not willing. It follows, that this mercy and this judgment operated upon their very wills.'—*De Præd. Sanct.* c. vi.

Again, on the same subject—

'Will any one dare to say that final perseverance is not the gift of God? . . . . "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." . . . . Thus, when our Lord said to S. Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," what did our Lord ask for him but perseverance unto the end? which would not have to be asked for at all if man gave it to himself. Thus the Apostle—"I pray to God that ye do no evil:" unquestionably he prays for final perseverance for them. Again—"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you always in every prayer of mine for you. . . . . being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." What does he pray for, but perseverance to the end? Again,—" Epaphras, who is one of you, a servant of Christ, saluteth you, always labouring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect:" *i. e.* that ye may persevere, for that must be the meaning of stand perfect. And when Jude says, " Now unto him that is able to keep you without falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory," does not he say most plainly that final perseverance is the gift of God? And what does the Apostle say in the Acts? that "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." How could any be ordained to eternal life but by the gift of final perseverance?' —*De Corrept. et Grat.* c. vi.

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[1] Ps. xl. 7. Annuntiavi et locutus sum: multiplicati sunt super numerum. (Vulgate.) Augustine applies 'multiplicati' to persons, not to 'the wondrous works' mentioned in verse 6.

Again, on the secret counsel of God—

'That some, then, have the power to become the sons of God is not of man's power, but God's. From Him they receive it, who gives them all those holy thoughts by which they attain that faith that worketh by love. They receive it, and persevere in it. . . . . But how it is that one receives perseverance and another not, no one can tell. Of two infants, equally under the penalty of original sin, why one is taken and the other left (*i.e.* one baptized and the other not); and of two adults, why one is so called that he follows the call, and another either not called at all or not so called, appertains to the inscrutable judgments of God. In the same way of two pious men, why final perseverance is given to one and not given to another, is a still more inscrutable part of God's judgments. But thus much we are quite certain of, that one is predestinated and the other not.'—*De Dono Perseverantiæ*, c. viii. ix.

'Whence is clearly enough shown that the grace of beginning and the grace of persevering to the end is not given according to our merits, but is given according to a most secret, most just, most wise, most beneficent will; inasmuch as whom He hath predestinated them He also called, and called with that calling of which it is said, " the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." To which calling no man must be certainly asserted by man to pertain till he has departed this life.'—C. xiii.

Again, on the same subject—

'Wherefore, as the Apostle saith, " It is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." He giveth to infants, who can neither will nor run, but whom He hath elected before the foundation of the world in Christ, grace freely; and to adults, whom He foresaw would believe His miracles if they saw them, but of whom He hath in His secret but most just decree predestinated otherwise, He giveth not. This is not iniquity, but God's judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. Unsearchable is that mercy wherewith He pitieth, without any good desert preceding on the part of those whom He pitieth; unsearchable is that truth whereby He pardons with precedent ill deserts on the part of the pardoned, doubtless, but only those which they and the pitied have in common. In the case of two twins, whereof one is taken and the other left, whose merit is equal, end unequal, the one's salvation is so completely owing to the gratuitous goodness of God, that the other's condemnation takes place without any detriment to His justice. No: there is not iniquity with God: God forbid! there is only unsearchableness. Let us believe His mercy then in the case of those who are saved, and also

His justice in the case of those who are condemned; nor try to pry into what is unsearchable, and trace what is past finding out. And that which we see in the case of children, viz. the salvation of some and the condemnation of others, when a common original sin alone precedes, let us not hesitate to recognise in the case of adults; in their case too, not believing that grace is given according to desert, or punishment awarded except according to desert; but believing otherwise, so that he that thinketh he standeth may take heed lest he fall, and he that glorieth may not glory in himself but in the Lord.'—*De Dono Perseverantiæ*, c. xi.

We take a leap now from the patristic to the middle ages, and go to S. Bernard. The reader will recognise in the following passages the Augustinian tone.

'With this glue hath that Divine Intuition glued us unto Himself from the foundation of the world, that we might be holy and without spot in His sight, in love. For we know that he that is born of God sinneth not, because the heavenly begetting keepeth him. And the heavenly begetting is the eternal predestination whereby God foresaw that they would be conformed to the image of His Son. Of these none sinneth—*i. e.* persevereth in sin; because the Lord knows those that are His, and the purpose of God remaineth stedfast. And though the mark of ever so horrible crimes be burnt into David, and Mary Magdalene be overwhelmed with seven devils, and the chief of the Apostles be sunk in the abyss of denial, there is none that can take them out of the hand of God. For whom He hath predestinated him He hath called, and whom He hath called him He hath justified.'—*St. Bernard's Works.* Paris Ed. 1640, p. 364.

Again, on the text in Wisdom x. 10, 'Wisdom guided him in right paths, showed him the kingdom of God,' &c.—

'Showed him the kingdom of God. The kingdom of God is granted, is promised, is shown, is received. It is granted in predestination, is promised in vocation, is shown in justification, is received in glorification. Whence the invitation, "Come ye blessed of my father, receive the kingdom of God." For thus saith the Apostle: "Whom he predestinated them he also called; and whom he called them he also justified; and whom he justified them he also glorified." In predestination is grace, in vocation is power, in justification is joy, in glorification is glory.'—P. 392.

Again—

'Jacob saw a ladder resting on the earth, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it; and the top of it reached the heaven. On this ladder are placed all who are predestinated to eternal life.'—P. 1294.

Again—

'"Whosoever is born of God sinneth not." But this is said of those who are predestinated to life: not that they altogether sin not, but that their sin is not imputed to them, being either punished by a fit repentance, or hidden by charity.'—P. 913.

Again, in a Sermon on the 'Church of the Elect, predestinated by God before all worlds.'

'Now consider with me, that in this great work of our salvation are three things of which God claims for himself the authorship, and which he does prior to all assistance and concurrence, viz.: predestination, vocation, inspiration. Predestination precedes, not only the rise of the Church, but the foundation of the world. Predestination is before time, vocation with time, inspiration in time. According to predestination, the time never was when the Church of the Elect was not with God; nay, and—if the unbeliever wonders, he shall wonder more still—was not acceptable, was not beloved. But why should I use my own language upon a mystery which the delator of the heavenly counsels has unfolded straight from the Divine Mind. S. Paul has not shrunk from disclosing this secret respecting the Divine goodness. "He hath blessed us, he says, with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the beloved." Nor is there any doubt that these things are spoken of the elect, and that the elect are the Church. That church, then, reposited in the lowest depths of the bosom of eternity, before ever the work of creation came forth to light, who even of the blessed spirits, except it were revealed to him from that very Divine Eternity itself, could find out? And even when, at the Creator's nod, this world was seen to emerge, and pass into the mould of visible created genera and forms, no man or angel could immediately recognise it, under the blackness of the shadow of the death, which obscured and wrapped over the image of the earthly man. Without which general covering of confusion, hath none of the sons of men entered into this life, One only excepted, who entered without spot,—Emmanuel: and even He clothed Himself with the likeness of sinful flesh, which He took from us for us, and not with the form of Truth, as it is written: "God sending His own Son in the flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." For the rest, there is but one entrance in all respects for all, elect and reprobate. All have sinned, and all bear the covering of their sin. For this reason, then, though the Church was now a created thing, existing in the world of created things, not even yet could it be found out and recognised by any created mind, hidden marvellously in two ways, within the bosom of blessed predestination, and within the mass of miserable perdition. But her whom Predestinating Wisdom had concealed from all eternity, and even Creating Power had from the beginning far from disclosed, He, in turn, graciously revealed, by that operation which I have called inspiration, that communication of the Spirit of the Spouse, which made to human spirits, prepared for the gospel of peace, and made to the hearts of the predestinated to life, prepares for the Gospel of glory. Vain would the preaching of the Apostles have been, if this grace had not preceded it. But this grace being vouchsafed they saw the word having free course, and the nations converted with all facility, and they rejoiced to find that she, who had been hidden hitherto in the depths of eternal predestination, was now found. . . . . . I know, He saith, whom I have chosen from the beginning:—plainly, He means, that Church whom He foreknew from all eternity, whom He elected, whom He loved, whom He built up. For He who saw bare record, and his record is true. "I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." '—*Op.* p. 804.

The reader will observe that two views of the Church appear to struggle throughout this passage, an internal and external, a visible and a spiritual; and that sometimes one comes up to the surface, and sometimes the other. A further examination will show that this is not a struggle, but a combining and blending. The writer starts with the idea of a certain 'Church of the Elect' or predestined, as being the only real church or company of faithful men in the eye of God. He says this true church is necessarily a concealed and invisible church; and the reasons he gives for this necessary concealment and invisibility, are ones which apply to the church's circumstances in all ages of the world and under every dispensation of God, viz.: that all men here have the stamp of sin upon them, and that it is impossible for any created eye to tell in whom this sin is only a temporary, and, so to speak, external mark (the thing itself being certain to be cast out and dislodged sooner or later by the principle of grace); and in whom it is inward and everlasting. But having laid down reasons why the real church or church of the elect must be always concealed, it occurs to him that it is not simple concealment; but that though the church itself, in the sense of the actual members composing it, is concealed, the fact that there is such a church is not concealed, but has been revealed under the gospel dispensation; for that a great manifestation of grace has taken place and become one of the visible facts of the word; and that, so the visible church is a constant typical memento of the existence of the invisible church, or church of the elect.

The Augustinian tone is as clear in S. Anselm: indeed, the very language is almost the same. Take, for example, S. Anselm on Rom. viii. 28—

'This is the predestination of Saints, the foreknowledge, that is, and preparation of the Divine benefits, in consequence of which those who are saved, are saved. For of those who are predestined none perisheth with the devil, none will remain till death under the power of the devil. If any one of these perish, God is deceived. But none of them does perish, because He is not deceived. Again, as whom He foreknew He predestinated, so whom He predestinated he called. Here we must understand "according to His purpose." For there are others called but not chosen, and therefore not called according to His purpose. Again, whom He called, *i.e.* according to His purpose, them He also justified. Just as an emperor, if he determined to elevate a humble person to the consulship, would supply him with the necessary expenses, and equip him suitably to so high an office: so to those, whom He hath predestinated to life, God giveth the degrees of virtue and good works, which are to raise them to that sublime state. He calls them, and justifies them, and glorifies them. And these gifts, to whomsoever He giveth them, He foreknew beyond all doubt He would give to these persons; and so prepared them in His foreknowledge. Those whom He predestinated, then, He also called, with that calling of which it is said, the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. For the arrangement of infallible and unchangeable foreknowledge, and nothing else, is predestination. Not any others, then, but those whom He predestinated He called; nor others but whom He called, He justified; nor others but those whom He predestinated and called, and justified, He glorified. Our predestination is not made in us, but with Him, in His secret foreknowledge. But the other three, calling and justifying and glorifying, are in us. We are called by the preaching of repentance, justified by the invoking of mercy and the fear of judgment, magnified by proficiency in virtues, glorified by eternal happiness. All these things are now done: He hath predestinated, foreknown, called, justified, glorified. That is to say, *all* are already foreknown and predestinated: *many* are already called, justified, glorified: and though many still remain to be, yet the future is brought under the head of the past, as if it had already taken place: He who made the future disposed it from all eternity. Whosoever, therefore, are by this most provident disposing, foreknown, predestinated, called, justified, glorified, though they be not, I will not say, born again yet, but born at all, are already the sons of God and cannot perish.'—*Anselm*, tom. ii. pp. 55, 56.

S. Anselm again on Rom. ix. 11—

'To guard against any one supposing that Isaac was chosen in preference to Ishmael on account of the superiority of his birth, and not in consequence of grace solely, the Apostle presents us with another instance—that of Esau and Jacob, who were the same by all claim of birth, and yet one of whom was reprobated and the other chosen. These two, like the two sons of Abraham, prefigured the reprobates and the elect. Rebecca, while the two were yet twins in her womb, received the promise, in which it was declared that one was to be reprobated and the other chosen. It was said unto her, the elder shall serve the younger. The promise was made when neither had done good or evil. "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, it was said unto her the elder shall serve the younger." It was so said that the purpose of God, *i.e.* His predetermination or preordination, might stand, might be fulfilled according to election, *i.e.* according to that free grace by which He chooseth those whom He doth choose. It was said, not in consequence of past works of father or mother, or any future of the children, but "of Him that calleth:" *i.e.* of God, who by grace called Jacob. For had the Apostle wished us to understand that it was on account of any future good works of the one, and bad of the other, he would not certainly have said "not of works." He would have said plainly, in consequence of their future works it was said unto her, the elder shall serve the younger. Servitude here means doing iniquity, liberty doing righteousness; for, as far as corporeal servitude went, Jacob served more than his brother. . . . . What then did God love in Jacob before he had done any good, but His own free gift of mercy: what did He hate in Esau before he had done any evil, but original sin? . . . . Both had done nothing; and, as far as original sin was concerned, both were equal: yet one is elected, the other reprobated; one succeeds to the inheritance, and the other is disinherited; that the purpose of God according to election might stand, and no merit of man precede. "According to election,"—he means not the election of human will, for both were in the state of damnation, but the election unquestionably of grace, by which God makes men fit for election and does not find them so. For He does not find good works in men presented to His choice, but He makes in them the good works which He chooses.'

S. Anselm again on Rom. ix. 14—

'The Apostle having made this stupendous statement, that of two who were yet unborn, and unable to do either good or ill, God had hated the one and loved the other, meets the rising objection of the hearer, and says: "What shall we say then—is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid!" He saw that human infirmity and ignorance would ask the question, and therefore he anticipates them. And what is his answer? that He chooses the one in mercy, and reprobates the other in justice. "I will have mercy, on whom I will have mercy." Out of that mass of original corruption, to which death is due, it appertains not to the merit of man to deliver, but to the mercy of God only; and, therefore, there is no iniquity in God either in remitting the debt of that corruption, or in claiming it. He freely pardons where his vengeance would be just; and the gratuitousness of the pardon in the one case, shows the right to punish in the other. It is not unjust to show pity on those who do not deserve it, or award punishment to those who do. Both twins were children of wrath by birth, bound by the same chain of original condemnation. God exercised mercy upon Jacob, and justice upon Esau. The former was not to boast, because it was divine grace and not his own merits which made the difference. And this applies to every one who obtains mercy: he is forbidden to boast of any merits of his own by that God who said, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy: that is, I will not have mercy upon such and such, but upon whom I will; that no one may suppose that his own precedent good works have merited this mercy. . . . His mercy proves His great goodness; His wrath not any injustice; and the rescued cannot glory in his good deserts, and the condemned can only accuse his bad ones. The grace of the Redeemer alone makes the division in the one common mass of original perdition. And whereas the whole world might justly be condemned, God has mercy upon one, and has not mercy upon another; that is, does not soften his heart,—hardens him. And in this He is not unjust. For a monarch claims the right of pardoning one criminal, and putting to death another. And this is what God does. There is no merit to elicit mercy: there is that which merits hardening, viz. the sin of the mass of perdition. Nor does God harden by imparting wickedness, but by not imparting mercy, which He withholds upon an occult law of justice remote from our cognisance.'

From S. Anselm we turn to the two great schoolmen; and first to Peter Lombard.

'Predestination is the preparation of grace, or that divine election by which God has chosen those whom He willed before the foundation of the world, as saith the Apostle. Reprobation *e converso* is the foreknowledge of wickedness and preparation of its punishment. And as the effect of Predestination is grace, so the effect of reprobation is obduration; produced, as Augustine saith, not by the imparting of wickedness, but by the non-imparting of grace. For God must not, as Augustine proceeds to say, be understood to harden in the sense of compelling to sin, but only in the sense of not extending the mercy of justification to certain persons. And He withholds His mercy from those from whom He does withhold it, according to a certain occult justice, infinitely removed from all human cognizance, which the Apostle admires, but reveals not, when he says, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" &c. Of that obduration indeed which is the *effect* of Eternal reprobation, there is desert; but of that Eternal reprobation itself there is not desert. Predestination and grace are not according to desert; and that reprobation, whereby God from all eternity foresaw the future wicked and heirs of damnation, is without desert. Jacob was elected and Esau reprobated, neither on account of any deserts which they then had, because they had none, inasmuch as they were not yet born; nor on account of any future ones which were foreseen. God hath elected those whom He willed, according to his free mercy, and He hath reprobated those whom He willed, not on account of any future merits foreseen by Him, but according to a most absolute truth, removed from our cognizance. Not, however, that we are to suppose that reprobation is the cause of evil in the same sense in which predestination is the cause of good.'—*Lombard. Libri Sententiarum*, i. Distinct. xl. xli.

We will finish with one or two quotations from the 'Summa

Theologica' of Aquinas. The following gives a general rationale of the doctrine of predestination:—

> 'Out of the divine goodness itself proceeds the reason for the predestination of some and the reprobation of others. God made all things on account of His own goodness; that is to say, in order that that goodness might be represented in things. Now, whatever be the unity and simplicity of the divine goodness in itself, the representation of that goodness in created things must necessarily be multiform; were it only for this reason, that created things cannot attain to the divine simplicity. Thus, in the case of the whole universe, different grades of things are required for its completeness, some holding a lofty and others a low place in it: and God permits some things to be made bad in it, lest the very abundance of the good things prove an obstruction—that is to say, in order to preserve a multiformity of grades in His universe. And it is the same with respect to the human race. God wished to represent his goodness in the human race, but He represents it multiformly. As respects some, those, viz. whom He predestinates, He represents it *per modum misericordiæ*, by sparing them; as respects others, those, viz. whom He reprobates, He represents it *per modum justitiæ*, by punishing them. This is the reason why God elects some and reprobates others. It is the reason which the Apostle assigns in the Epistle to the Romans, when he says — "God, willing to show his wrath (*i. e.* the vengeance of his justice), and to make his power known, endured (*i. e.* permitted) with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction, that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory." And again—"In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and earth, and some to honour and some to dishonour." But why God hath elected some and reprobated others there is no account to be given, except the divine will, as S. Augustine says—"Why he draweth this man, and draweth not that, desire not to explain, if thou desirest not to err." For just as in natural things we can assign a reason why one part of primordial matter should be under the form of fire and another under the form of earth, but none whatever why this particular part of matter should be the fire, and that the earth; that being wholly dependent on the Divine Will: and just as in building a wall, we can assign a reason why one stone should be here and another there, but none whatever why this should have been the stone chosen to be here, and that the one chosen to be there, inasmuch as that depends entirely on the will of the mason who builds—just so is it in the case of the predestination and reprobation of human beings. Nor can any charge of injustice be brought against God on this account; because he provides unequally for beings who are to begin with equal. This would, indeed, be contrary to justice if that which predestination conveyed to a man were given him because it was owing to him. But this is not the case. That which predestination conveys is the result of free grace; and in matters of free grace a person can give more or less, exactly as he likes, without infringing any rule of justice.'—*Summa Theologica*, p. i. Q. 23, A. 5.

Again, on the question whether the number of the predestinated is a particular fixed number of men, in the Divine mind, which cannot be added to or taken from, he says (we give the substance of Art. VII. on this subject):—

> 'It might appear that the number of the predestinated is not a fixed number, because no reason can be assigned why God should predestine irrevocably from all eternity to salvation, one particular number of indi-

viduals rather than another. But Augustine says, nevertheless, that—"there is a certain fixed number of the predestined, which can neither be increased nor diminished," and I agree with his dictum. Nor is this number only a general number, say a hundred or a thousand, the individuals who are to compose the number not being fixed on—for this would undo the certainty of predestination altogether; but it is a particular fixed number of individuals. Nor again, is this particular number of individuals simply foreseen by God as a fact; but they are actually elected by Him.'

The explanation of the doctrine of predestination given by some divines, which so much mollifies and qualifies the substance of it, while it retains the word, and which is given for the sake of more easily reconciling it with the Divine Justice, viz. that the divine predestination of individuals to salvation only means the divine foreknowledge of the fact that these individuals will do acts deserving of salvation, is alluded to by Aquinas, and strongly and expressly repudiated as explaining away predestination altogether. He insists on this very point, that predestination is divine action, and not divine knowledge only; and that it is the positive *cause* of all that individual salvation of which it is also the foresight:—

'Art. 5. Whether the foreknowledge of desert is the cause of predestination.—It might appear that the knowledge of desert was the cause of predestination: because (after mentioning other points) it might be argued that predestination is an act of the Divine Will; and that we cannot suppose the Divine Will to act without reason; and no other reason can be given for it to act upon but this foreknowledge of desert in the individuals predestinated. But the contrary is asserted by S. Paul, Epistle to Titus, iii. 5, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he saved us." As He hath saved us, so hath He predestinated us to be saved. Therefore He hath not predestinated us to be saved on account of any works of righteousness foreseen to be done by us.'[1]

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[1] This is at variance with the statement in Archbishop Laurence's Bampton Lectures, pp. 142, 145, that the Schoolmen 'grounded election upon foreknowledge;' that they only maintained in their doctrine of predestination that 'God foresaw that some would deserve eternal happiness and elected them,' and 'considered the dignity of the individual as the meritorious basis of predestination.' The text in Aquinas is clearly a denial and disavowal of this mode of stating the doctrine of predestination. The Archbishop's mistake seems to arise from his not drawing a sufficient distinction between the leading statements on a theological question, and the subordinate statements, *i. e.* the subsequent explanations entered into, when the leading statement is found to come in collision with some opposite truth which demands our recognition as well. The predestinarian who is not prepared to allow that God is the cause of evil, must come to a point at which he will admit his leading statement respecting divine predestination, to be opposed to another truth respecting the human will. But does he therefore give up that leading statement? No: he only appends to the leading statement the subordinate or explanatory or balancing truth on the other side; and underneath the former, as a great head, constructs a complex frame of doctrine on the subject, which will, on the whole, answer to the whole truth of things, so far as we know it. Archbishop Laurence has discovered in the general explanations which Aquinas appends to one of his leading statements on the subject of predestination, viz. that it is not caused by any foreknowledge of man's works, various admissions of a certain kind of causality belonging to man's works, viz. a *disposing* of the man to the reception of grace,

Here, then—for we have extended our extracts as far as our limits allow—we find expressed in very strong, and pointed, and what many will consider extreme language, the doctrine that God from all eternity predestinated a certain number of persons to everlasting happiness; that that number is a certain fixed number, which cannot be added to or diminished; that those who are of

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which is the effect of predestination. He infers from this that Aquinas gives up the leading statement that predestination is not caused by good works foreknown. But Aquinas does not give this up; but retains it as a leading statement, as we see on referring to his work.

Archbishop Laurence is too intent on simplifying the scholastic theology, and does not allow sufficiently for its various gradations of meaning, and the multiplicity and interdependence of its terms. He stops before he ought in the series, and thinks he has an ultimate term, when that term still has to receive a further use, which will somewhat bend and modify its last one. Thus when he has got the *dispositio*, we have just referred to, that is, the disposition on man's part for the reception of grace, he supposes that he has got something ultimate at which he may stop, something simply and absolutely human; but it is not so. 'Dispositio' in scholastic theology has two uses, a passive and an active one; both being evidently two sides of the same term. In its passive use it means something human simply, something which we have previous to and disposing to the reception of Divine grace. But in its active sense it is the Divine act of disposing or arranging the primordial substance of the universe in its various grades of low or high existence. In other words, this 'dispositio' makes all the differences of nature which there are in the world. It is evident that this meaning of the word gives to those differences of nature, previous to grace, but affecting the reception of grace, a something more than simply human origin in man's will, making them in some sense the result of Divine action. In other words, it throws backward the operations of grace prior to the first regular act of grace upon the mind; and makes the disposition itself to grace the effect of grace. In this active sense the word is used in the following passage quoted by Archbishop Laurence:—'Dicendum quod electio divina non preexigit diversitatem gratiæ, quia hoc electionem consequitur; sed *præexigit diversitatem naturæ* in divina cognitione; et facit diversitatem gratiæ, sicut *dispositio* diversitatem *naturæ* facit.' The writer evidently supposes that 'dispositio' here means disposition in our common English use of the word, and claims the passage as meaning that our own disposition, our character as we have made it for ourselves, and by our own will, is the preparation for grace; but 'dispositio' here means the Divine act of disposing.

In the same way Archbishop Laurence makes another erroneous statement on another point connected with the Scholastic doctrine of predestination. He says, (B. L. p. 400), 'I have remarked that the predestination and reprobation of the Schools was universally maintained to be contingent; hence the following question:—"Utrum possibile est aliquem prædestinatum damnari et præscitum salvari" was always decided in the affirmative.' But this question was decided in the negative by Peter Lombard and Aquinas, as the reader will see on referring to Aquinas' Comment on Lombard, lib. i. distinct. 40. Archbishop Laurence quotes Occam as affirming the proposition; but Occam does not affirm it, but only says in what sense it is true, and in what sense false; as indeed the two former do as well. Here is another instance of the general mistake to which we have just alluded; that of supposing that what is admitted in explanation of a statement, is to be taken as a contradiction of it. There are other more important points, and ones involving a longer discussion than we can here afford, in which the writer has mistaken the Schoolmen; and on the whole, while we readily acknowledge the great value of Archbishop Laurence's work, and its effectiveness, with reference to its main object, that of proving the non-Calvinistic origin of our articles, we are bound to say that the portion of it which is concerned with the Scholastic theology abounds in misstatements, and is not to be taken as a guide in forming our ideas of that theology.

this number will undoubtedly be saved, and that those who are not of it will undoubtedly be condemned. It is further explained that the class thus predestined is not a mere general body or church, which is called out of paganism and the world at large, for the enjoyment of certain Christian privileges and means of grace; but that they are a certain number of individuals, and are predestinated not to the means only but to the end also. And in opposition to a certain interpretation of this doctrine, proposed by some in order to reconcile it with the Divine justice, and soften its apparent harshness, it is expressly asserted that this predestination is not caused by any foresight of good works in the persons who are included in it, but, on the contrary, precedes them. Here then is undoubtedly the doctrine of predestination, held by S. Augustine, and by the schools of theologians who followed him, that is to say, by the principal divines of the middle ages. And yet it is quite certain that S. Augustine held the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. His pages are full of statements which couple the words in a way which leaves no manner of doubt that he considered regeneration and baptism to go together; and one who denied that he held this doctrine would have to fight against the obvious and plain meaning not of particular passages here or there, but of whole books and treatises. In the same way no one can doubt that Peter Lombard and Aquinas held the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, or that S. Bernard or S. Anselm did. And if these follow the language of S. Augustine upon predestination, we must reconcile the two facts as we can, but there is the fact that, together with this language, these divines undoubtedly held that all infants were regenerated in baptism. And if divines of the patristic and mediæval times held the doctrine of predestination, and that of baptismal regeneration too, it follows immediately that divines of the sixteenth century may have done the same. And therefore the argument, which has been drawn from their holding the one doctrine to their not holding the other, has been shown to be unsound. For it must be observed we are not called upon for our purpose to prove any logical consistency between the two doctrines thus asserted to be held together; but only the fact that the two have been held together. Because, if other theologians have held both together whether logically or illogically, it follows directly that the reformers, whether logically or illogically, may have done the same; and it is sufficient for our purpose if they may have done it either way, for we are only concerned with the fact of their doctrine, and not with the logic of it.

However, if we may extend our remarks beyond the necessary limits of our argument, we must profess ourselves unable to see any logical inconsistency between the two doctrines; any intellectual reason to prevent a person who held the one from holding the other too. The doctrine of predestination undoubtedly confines the ultimate gift of eternal life, and that which is involved in the gift of eternal life, the ultimate holiness and goodness of the individual on whom that gift is conferred, to the class of the predestinate. But it does not necessarily confine other gifts, of a subordinate character and short of this ultimate personal holiness and the eternal life included in it, to this class. Thus a reprobate may enjoy, in perfect consistency with the doctrine of predestination, a great number of privileges and means of grace of which the tendency is to raise his spiritual condition and prepare him for eternal life. Thus he can enjoy the blessing of pious parents, and useful friends, and good instructors; he can have from the beginning of life all the inducements to a holy course which outward and inward providence can supply, comparative freedom from temptations, perpetual mementos of duty, gifts of the understanding and of the heart. He can have these privileges in a peculiar and pre-eminent way, and such as leaves the ordinary state of man in these respects, far behind hand; because these are subordinate gifts of God, and not ultimate ones, means and not ends. The question then is to what class of gifts, the gift which we assert to be imparted in baptism, and which we call regeneration, belongs. And on this point there can be no doubt or uncertainty. It is quite evident as a matter of fact, that vast numbers who receive baptism do not lead good and holy lives, but both live and die in sin. And therefore no sane person could ever imagine that the gift imparted in baptism was that of ultimate personal holiness, or that regeneration as applied to this gift, meant the ultimate spiritual and sanctified state. But if the gift of regeneration as imparted in baptism, is not this ultimate gift, it may then, without any remonstrance whatever on the part of the predestinarian, be conferred upon the reprobate just as well as upon the elect. In fact the predestinarian has no more difficulty in attaching this regeneration to baptism than any other religionist has. In the sense of ultimate personal holiness nobody, predestinarian or not, can so attach it; for actual facts refute it; and facts are exactly the same whether a person is not a predestinarian, or is one. In the sense of a subordinate gift, both can with the utmost facility attach it; because both can, according to their different systems, provide a most satisfactory reason why it does not issue in any ultimate benefit to the individual, or raise him to a state of personal holiness and goodness. According to the system of free will, the individual's own exertions are the condition of the fruitfulness of the baptismal gift, and if they are wanting, that which is necessary for the development of the gift into the holiness and goodness of the individual is wanting; and therefore the inefficacy of the gift is fully accounted for. According to the predestinarian's system, an additional gift of God is the condition of the fruitfulness of the baptismal gift, and where that gift is wanting, that which was necessary for the development of the gift into the holiness and goodness of the individual is wanting; and therefore, with him too, the inefficacy of the gift is fully accounted for. Thus both can equally admit the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration into their systems; they only differ in their modes of incorporating it, and draw their adjustments and reconciling expedients from different quarters. The gift is the same in both; the complement of the gift only differs. Both schools make its efficacy conditional, but they give the conditions differently; both leave a void, and fill it up according to their respective theories.

Take, for example, the following passages of S. Augustine, in which he supposes quite clearly and definitely a certain real gift, called regeneration, to have been imparted, while he simultaneously supposes a certain other gift not to have been imparted, which latter gift was necessary for the development of the former.

> 'Wonderful indeed, most wonderful, that God should to some of his own sons, those *whom He has regenerated in Christ*, and to whom He has given faith, hope and love, *not give perseverance*, while He imparts forgiveness, grace and sonship to the sons of strangers.'[1]

He is alluding to the fact, which he calls mysterious, that God should show so much gratuitous liberality in admitting the sons of heathens, who have no claim upon him on account of their fathers' faith, to baptism; while the sons of His own faithful worshippers, that is to say Christian parents, who, as being born of such parents, have been brought to baptism, and been regenerated, are not given, what we might think God was now bound in justice to give them, the legitimate development of their gift; not receiving that additional gift of perseverance, which alone could develop it, and made it efficacious.

Again, in referring to the same mysterious fact, he remarks—

> 'We see some infants regenerated before they are taken out of this life, and others not regenerated, (he alludes to children dying before baptism); and of *those who are regenerated*, we see some taken away before they have fallen, and so admitted to persevere to the end; others detained in this life *till they have fallen*, who would not have fallen if they had been taken away before; and again, of the lapsed, we see some allowed to live till

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[1] 'Mirandum est quidem, multumque mirandum quod filiis suis quibusdam Deus *quos regeneravit in Christo*, quibus fidem, spem, dilectionem dedit, *non dat perseverantiam;* cum filiis alienis scelera tanta dimittat, atque impertita gratiâ faciat filios suos.'—*De Corrept. et Grat.* cap. viii.

they have returned, who would have perished if they had been taken away before they had returned.'[1]

He plainly asserts here that some have been regenerated, who yet afterwards fall away finally. Again he quotes Cyprian—

> 'We ask and pray, that we *who have been sanctified in baptism may* persevere in that beginning.'

And remarks—

> 'Without doubt, whoever asks the Lord for perseverance, admits that this perseverance is His gift.'[2]

This is saying quite clearly that some *have been* sanctified in baptism, of whom it is uncertain whether they will have afterwards a certain additional gift, the *donum perseverantiæ* imparted to them or not; thus recognising the reception of regeneration, or sanctification, in baptism, together with the absence of final perseverance or reprobation, in the same person. In the same way he speaks (*De Corr. et Grat.* c. ix.) of persons 'whom we see to have been *regenerated,* and to live piously,' (quos *regeneratos* pie vivere cernimus); who yet fall away afterwards, and do not attain salvation. In these passages we have the actual word regeneration mentioned. Numbers of other passages do not use the actual word regeneration, but—what is exactly the same as far as our argument is concerned—mention grace generally as having been given to persons who yet afterwards fall away, and that finally. We say the same as regards our argument, for if S. Augustine held that persons could fall away finally after they had been in a state of grace, he clearly does not consider that for persons to have been put into a state of grace in baptism, is inconsistent with the fact of their finally falling away. Thus he speaks (*De Corr. et Grat.* c. ix.) of persons who have received a temporary grace (*susceptam temporaliter gratiam*) from which they fall away, and that without recovering themselves. Indeed, as S. Augustine maintains all good whatever that Christian men do, and all the goodness that Christian men show, to proceed from grace as distinct from being their own, if he acknowledges that men have ever lived a good life at first, and then fallen away finally from it, (and this he not only acknowledges as a fact, but writes a book to account for it,) he acknowledges by the most certain implication possible, that men have been in a state of *grace,* and have fallen away finally from it. He says of such men, '*in bono erant,*' they were in good; they were not, that is, as he proceeds to explain, merely good '*ficte,*' fictitiously and externally, but were genuine and sincere in their goodness. Such goodness as this is the effect of grace, according to Augustine, for God is the author and maker of all good, moral and spiritual, in His creatures. They had therefore been, according to S. Augustine, in a state of grace; from which state, however, they finally fell. In this way S. Augustine explains to us himself *how* he holds the doctrine of Predestination, and holds the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration too. His writings from one end to the other show the *fact* that he held the latter doctrine in combination with the former: these passages show the *mode* in which he held them together, viz. that he believed in temporary grace, grace which could be finally fallen away from; for the immediate result of such a belief is that grace can be conferred upon the reprobate, and therefore that it can be conferred upon them in baptism, and therefore that the doctrine of predestination need not prevent any one from holding the regeneration of all infants in baptism.

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[1] 'Cum videant alios parvulos non regeneratos ad æternam vitam, alios autem regeneratos ad æternam vitam tolli de hac vita; *ipsosque regeneratos*, alios perseverantes usque in finem hinc ire, alios quousque decidant hic teneri, qui utique non decidissent, si antequam laberentur hinc exissent; et rursus quosdam lapsos quousque redeant non exire de hac vita, qui utique perirent, si, antequam redirent, exirent.'—*De Dono Perseverantiæ*, c. xiii.

[2] 'Id petimus et rogamus, ut qui in baptismo sanctificati sumus in eo quod esse cœpimus perseveremus.'—'Ecce gloriosissimus Martyr hoc sentit, quod in his verbis quotidie fideles Christi petant ut perseverent in eo quod esse cœperunt. Nullo autem dubitante, quisquis a Domino ut in bono perseveret precatur, donum ejus esse talem perseverantiam confitetur.'—*De Corrept. et Grat.* c. vi.

It is quite true, indeed, that another class of passages are to be found in S. Augustine, going further than the class we have just spoken of—a class of passages which in one particular sense, and as the result of one particular point of view, deny the reality of the gift of regeneration, as conferred upon reprobates, *i.e.* those who will not ultimately attain to personal regeneration, to actual holiness and goodness of life, but will ultimately take their rank among the wicked and condemned. For it is the natural, and almost inevitable tendency of the doctrine of predestination, allowed its free course and expression, to anticipate the ultimate result from the very first, and antedate the end from the beginning. Τέλος *ὅρα* is its great maxim: the end is first and foremost in thought in all estimations of human character and condition; and life, present and past, is made to bear the stamp of the future, as well the actual future itself. All things seem unreal, viewed simply as they are now at the present moment: good and evil is alike unreal: present character, condition, state of mind, present action, and present grace, cannot be judged of by themselves: they are not determinate things, viewed simply as things present. In the estimation of human character indeed, this is a rule which all acknowledge. Take a man at any one point in his state of probation, and see if your understanding will allow you to assert definitely this or that character of him as being truly and really his. We see the present phenomena of character, various acts and expressions, various indications of present sentiment, and feeling, and will. But supposing he lives another twenty years, and this character disappears, and another comes in its place, shall we say that he was really and truly of that former character, even when he had it? In one sense we may, and the ordinary forms of speech adopt this sense, and do so describe him. We talk commonly of such an one having been once a very good chracter, and now being completely changed, and become a very bad one. But it is evident that the human mind cannot rest in such a simple cutting a man into two as this, but probes for some unity of the moral being underneath this surface of division and duality. It seems unreal to rest contentedly in the former character of the man, as if it were substantial, even for the time of its duration—for true substance ought to continue: if it vanishes and comes to nothing, it was not true substance. In moral scrutiny then, and the estimation of human character, the philosopher makes the end tell backwards upon the beginning, and antedates it from the first. The predestinarian does the same thing in the department of grace. He asserts in the first place the communication by God to man of temporary grace, that is to say, grace which is really and truly grace for the time, though it afterwards stops, and stops finally. And on this principle he speaks of all men as put into a state of grace in their infancy by baptism, whatever they turn out in their after life, and whatever be the futurity of that grace, whether to continue or to terminate. But he is ready to admit that in another, a peculiar, and a philosophical aspect of the matter, that never was a state of grace, which was not, in the divine spiritual administration, continued in the individual; but stopped and came to nothing. He is taken to the end, as the test of reality in the case of grace, just as the moralist was taken to the end, as the test of reality in the case of human character.[1] He probes for a unity in the work of grace, just as the moralist probes for a unity in the moral being. A man was once good, and ends in being bad; grace was once a man's state, and afterwards ceased to be; both are true in an ordinary sense, and neither are true in an esoteric. In an esoteric sense the man is one moral being from the first, and not first one and then another:

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[1] It may be said that the two cases differ, because grace may have been *given* ever so genuinely and substantially, although neglect on the part of the individual caused it afterwards to be withdrawn: but it must be remembered that the predestinarian, *as such*, regards graco as absolutely creative of human goodness, just as the moralist regards the will. That grace, therefore, according to him, which stopped short of this creation, had not the true quality of grace; and the ultimate failure threw back an unsubstantiality upon the beginning, and proved that grace, so called, had not been real grace at all.

grace, or the absence of it, is grace, or the absence of it from the first, and not first the one, and then the other. The end decides which it is, and is antedated from the first either way.

While S. Augustine, however, occasionally holds this language, he expressly guards it from being used in the least degree to the supplanting or the qualifying of the recognised language of the Church, respecting baptism, that it is the instrument of regeneration, and that all in their infancy receive regeneration, and are made the sons of God in baptism. There is a passage, for example, of some length, in the book *De Correptione et Gratia*, which begins :—

'Nor let us be disturbed, if to some of His own sons God does not give that perseverance. God forbid indeed that this should be the case of those who are predestinated and called according to His purpose, who are *truly* the children of the promise. But of those others it may be. For, as for them, on account of their pious life (*present* life he means), *they are* CALLED *the sons of God, but inasmuch as they are going to live wickedly and die in this wickedness, they are not pronounced the sons of God by the foreknowledge of God.*' [1]

The passage proceeds—

'Of such John saith: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us." "They went out from us, but they were not of us"—that is to say, they were not of us when they were seen among us. . . . . *They were not sons, even when they had the profession and name of sons:* not that their goodness was feigned, but that it did not continue. . . . . They were in good, but because they did not abide in it, *i.e.* did not persevere to the end; they were not, he says, of us even when they were with us—that is, *they were not of the number of the sons of God, even when they were in the faith of sons: inasmuch as those who are truly sons are foreknown and predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son, and called according to His purpose, that they may be chosen.*' [2]

The passage concludes—

'*We* CALL *them then elect, disciples of Christ, and sons of God, because those whom we see to have been regenerated and to live piously are thus to be* CALLED; *but they really are what they are called, if they have remained in that on*

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[1] Nec nos moveat quod filiis suis quibusdam Deus non dat istam perseverantiam. Absit enim ut ita esset, si de illis prædestinatis essent et secundum propositum vocatis, qui *vere* sunt filii promissionis. *Nam isti cum pie vivunt dicuntur filii Dei; sed quoniam victuri sunt impie et in eadem impietate morituri, non eos dicit filios Dei præscientia Dei.*

[2] De quibus ait Joannes: 'Ex nobis exierunt, sed non erant ex nobis; quod si fuissent ex nobis, permansissent utique nobiscum.' . . . . 'Ex nobis exierunt, sed non erant ex nobis;' hoc est, et quando videbantur in nobis non erant ex nobis. . . . *Non erant filii etiam quando erant in professione et nomine filiorum;* non quia justitiam simulaverunt, sed quia in ea non permanserunt. . . . . Erant itaque in bono, sed quia in eo non permanserunt, id est non usque in finem perseverarunt, non erant, inquit, ex nobis, etiam quando erant nobiscum; *hoc est non erant in numero filiorum, etiam quando erant in fide filiorum;* quoniam qui vere filii sunt præsciti et prædestinati sunt conformes imaginis Filii ejus, et secundum propositum vocati sunt ut electi essent.

> *account of which they are thus called.* If they have not perseverance, however, *i.e.* do not remain in the course they have begun—*they are not truly thus called; inasmuch as what they are called they are not. They are not this, that is, in His eye who knows what they will be,* and foresees the bad in which their end goodness will end.'[1]

Again, in a passage which occurs in the book *De Dono Perseverantiæ*—

> 'Have not lastly both been called, and followed the call, both been justified, both renewed by the laver of regeneration? True; but if he who certainly knew what he said [S. John, whose words "they went out from us, &c." he had just quoted] were asked this, He would reply, and say,—All this is true: in all these respects they were of us; *nevertheless, according to a certain division [discretionem] they were not of us;* for if they had been of us, they would have continued with us. And what is that division? The divine books are open: the Scripture cries aloud for us to hear. *They were not of us, because they were not called according to His purpose; they were not elected in Christ before the foundation of the world; they did not obtain their lot in Him; they were not predestinated according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things.*'[2]

Now what is the language held in these passages but this: that in one particular point of view, namely, with reference to the ultimate issue of things, and making that the test of all that had gone before it, many who are regenerate and are the sons of God in the ordinary acceptation of the terms, are not regenerate and not the sons of God really; but that this is only one particular point of view, and that in all common acceptation, these persons are regenerate and are the sons of God now. He allows, he sanctions, he demands the liberty, to deny in one sense the equal regeneration of all members of the Church; but he immediately adds that that is an esoteric sense, a philosophical sense; and that the liberty so used is not to interfere at all with the counter assertion that all *are* alike regenerate. While he does not assert that in all points of view all members of the Church are regenerate, he does assert that all are regenerate, though not in all points of view. This is the point. The holder of Baptismal Regeneration does not require us to say that all baptized infants are in every sense of the word, regenerate; he only requires us to say, that all baptized infants are regenerate. And here he has S. Augustine, in the very passages which would be pointed to as favouring his opponent, most clearly and decisively on his side. S. Augustine, to the question whether persons subsequently proving reprobates, 'have been called, justified, renewed by the laver of regeneration' answers, 'All this is true; in all these respects they were of us:' *(Vera sunt hæc, secundum hæc omnia ex nobis erant.)* He says expressly of such persons, *'We call them elect and children of God; and they are thus to be called,' (Appellamus nos electos etDei filios quia sic appellandi sunt.)* It will be said, 'S. Augustine, you see, only says they are to be *called* so; he adopts our language and mode of speaking, the hypothetical one.' But this is just what he does not do. How is a man called elect, and how is a man called the child of God? Is the way of calling him elect to say it is doubtful whether he has ever been chosen? And is the way to call a man a child of God to say that it remains to be seen whether he is one or not? How do we call a man honest, and how do we call a man true, or brave, or faithful? Do we call him honest by saying that we do not know whether he is honest or dishonest? Is that the mode and way of calling a man honest? If it is it is a very unserviceable one, but we apprehend it is not. We call anything that which we do call it, by saying that it is that thing which we call it. We call a thing round, or we call a thing square, by saying that it is round, or is square. We call a man honest by saying that he is honest. And in the same way we call a man elect, by saying that he is elect, and we call a man a child of God, by saying that he is a child of God. S. Augustine then imposes, as plainly as words can show, the assertion that we are all, as members of the Church, made regenerate and children of God. Will those who claim S. Augustine's authority, do what he tells them? Will they *call* the baptized members of the Church regenerate, say, that is, that they are regenerate? Will they make that statement? If they object to do so, they are clearly not followers of S. Augustine. For it would be a strange inference to draw from S. Augustine's express direction that something was to be said, that therefore he meant that that something was not to be said; and because he pronounced that all members of the Church were to be called regenerate, that therefore he meant they were not to be called so.

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[1] *Appellamus ergo nos et electos et Christi discipulos, et Dei filios, quia sic appellandi sunt quos regeneratos pie vivere cernimus; sed tunc vere sunt quod appellantur, si manserint in eo propter quod sic appellantur.* Si autem perseverantiam non habent, *i.e.* in eo quod cœperunt esse non manent, *non vere appellantur quod appellantur et non sunt: apud eum enim hoc non sunt, cui notum est quod futuri sunt,* id est, ex bonis mali.—*De Corrept. et Grat.* c. ix.

[2] Nonne postremo utrique vocati fuerant, et vocantem secuti, utrique ex impiis justificati, et per lavacrum regenerationis utrique renovati? Sed si hæc audiret ille qui sciebat proculdubio quod dicebat, respondere posset et dicere: Vera sunt hæc, secundum hæc omnia ex nobis erant. Veruntamen secundum aliam quandam discretionem non erant ex nobis; nam si fuissent ex nobis, mansissent utique nobiscum. Quæ est tandem ista discretio? Patent libri Dei, clamat Scriptura divina, adhibeamus auditum. Non erant ex eis quia non erant secundum propositum vocati; non erant in Christo electi ante constitutionem mundi; non erant in eo sortem consecuti; non erant prædestinati secundum propositum ejus, qui universa operatur.'—*De Dono Perseverantiæ*, c. ix.

This question indeed of Baptismal Regeneration is in a very large sense a practical question. The question is what ground is to be taken, and what line is to be pursued, in speaking and dealing with the mass of members of the Church whom you have to educate as children, and whom you have to instruct and exhort as adults. Are you to suppose, in your addresses and appeals to them, that they have received a particular grace, termed regeneration, in baptism; or are you to suppose that they have not; or are you to suppose it uncertain whether they have or have not? One of these three lines must be taken, and the question is which. S. Augustine says, as plainly as words can signify, that the first of these three lines is to be taken. He says that all the body of baptized are to be *called* regenerate and sons of God; *i.e.*, that we are to assert and state that they are regenerate and are the sons of God. He gives his unqualified support to that system of teaching and preaching which supposes the Christian body addressed, to have been regenerated; that system which sends men back to their baptism as the source of their spiritual life, appeals to them on the ground that they have received that gift, and are responsible for its use and improvement; and takes generally a certain past and conferred new birth as the status of the Christian body, instead of a future and uncertain one. Will those who appeal to S. Augustine adopt this system? If they will, we, for our part, will allow them the internal counterbalance to it if they like. If they will adopt S. Augustine's practical language, they may claim their right to his esoteric. It is nothing to us if a person, upon a distinct and peculiar ground, because he considers that the end as known and determined on in the Eternal foreknowledge of God really gives the character to all states of the individual previous to it; so that a person who is not ultimately regenerate has never been really regenerate; it is nothing to us if in the peculiar aspect which Eternal foreknowledge suggests, he declines to say that the body of Christians are regenerate. It does not weigh a feather with us, his holding the results of one peculiar and mystical point of view, simply as the results of such a view. He is as welcome to them as possible, and we would not attempt to tyrannize over such speculations in their proper place. But he must do something else too. It is contrary to every principle of common sense to suppose that a great practical system of teaching should be interfered with by such a peculiar esoteric aspect of things. It is impossible for us to say what things are or are not, with reference to this ultimate end, and as existing in the Divine Eternal foreknowledge. If we wait for this ultimate test, we may suspend our assertions at once about everything which takes place in this lower world. But in the meantime the Church does make assertions, and does require her members to make them. All her fathers and teachers have made assertions about the Christian body. The most speculative, and those most deeply impressed with the fact of the mere outside and surface, the mere husk and shell, which the visible Church is as compared with the invisible; have made assertions about that outside and surface, and about that husk and shell. S. Augustine, the great teacher of predestination and election,—of that doctrine which most of all undermines the pretensions of the visible church, and establishes a Church within a church, the inside one casting off the outside one as so much dross,—makes assertions about the whole visible Church. He asserts that all within that Church are regenerate, and are the sons of God; and those who take his authority should do the same.

Indeed, the more we examine the relation which the doctrine of Predestination really does stand in to that Baptism, the more we must see its entire irrelevancy, even in its most extreme form, to the denial of Baptismal Regeneration; its entire disconnexion with any denial of the mysterious benefits of baptism. The predestinarian asserts indeed that baptism confers no benefit upon one large division of the visible Church, and he adopts the consequences of this assertion, when these are pressed upon him. But observe who that portion of the visible Church are, in whose case he draws the distinction. They are the reprobate; those who ultimately prove to be without grace at all: but of the elect, and those who have grace, he asserts that they obtain that grace through the instrumentality of baptism. Then what does even the most extreme predestinarian assert, after all his previous appearance of diminishing the effect of baptism, but this, that all the grace *there is* in the Church, comes originally through baptism. He and the ordinary believer in Baptismal Regeneration agree in this common assertion, though they differ in some circumstances of it. Where there is not grace, there is not grace through baptism; where there is grace there is. He allows all the spiritual good there is to come through that instrumentality; where there is not that good, there is not that good through that instrumentality. It is evident that his ground with respect to baptism is altogether a different one from that of the religionist whose objection is to the connexion of form with spirit, and grace with sacraments. If all were holy, the predestinarian would assert, in a sense in which he does not now, that all had been regenerated in baptism, for he thinks all who are holy have been so; and is only disturbed at the fact that, some are holy, and some are not. But does the Puritan think that the elect and the spiritual have received the grace which has made them so through baptism? Does he attribute the state of the saints and the regenerate, of those whom he picks out of the world at large, as having been converted from carnal to spiritual-mindedness, and become vessels of grace, to any new birth given them in baptism? Or, does he not rather specially disconnect the new birth of the elect with baptism, and fix it at some critical period of their lives, some sudden moment perhaps, when they were first conscious of a secret change of heart, and felt a stirring within them, a new consciousness of sin, and an awaking to spiritual things? In whomever regeneration does take place, the predestinarian fixes it at baptism; but the puritan, in a most marked way, postpones it till the person grows up. The one makes it a mystery, the other a conscious process, undergone when the operation of reason has commenced in the mind. We see then that the puritan's objection is an objection to the principle of connecting form with spirit, grace with sacraments; while the predestinarian's is not; that the former's is a rationalistic ground, the latter's only an esoteric one.

We have gone on the principle throughout this article of making the very largest concessions possible, with respect to the predestinarian, and the liberty to be allowed him of pursuing his own line of thought in its proper place; because we are anxious to rest the reception of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration upon the very largest ground possible, and to show that this or that need not prevent any one from holding it. We therefore say, first, that the most rigid predestinarian still holds, *i.e.* is not prevented from holding, that the regeneration of all the regenerate whatever, that is to say, all the regeneration *there is*, comes originally through baptism. It must be admitted that that is going a considerable way toward holding the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Secondly, when it comes to the actual assertion about individuals, he can still hold, in perfect consistency with his system, that all the baptized are regenerated; because the grace, called by that name, need be only temporary grace; and he can allow this to be conferred upon all, even on the reprobate. Thirdly, if he entertains the esoteric view that such temporary ineffective grace is not real grace, he still can say, and in the person of his greatest authority, he does say most clearly and plainly, that all baptized persons whatever, are to be *called* regenerate, and that he does call them so, and say that they are so: that he makes the formal and open assertion of the fact, and leaves the internal truth of it to the issue of things to determine. Pushed, therefore, to its very utmost extent, predestinarianism need not prevent, as it has not prevented, its maintainers from holding the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. But a due respect, and common fairness to the great authority whom we have quoted, obliges us to add that the whole predestinarian doctrine may after all be only one side of the whole system of doctrine which the predestinarian holds. The predestinarian, as such, indeed holds the absolutely creative power of divine grace; he considers divine grace as absolutely creating the spiritual man, his good will, acts, and graces, as the divine power absolutely creates the natural man, his reason, and affections. It follows from this absolute power of grace for the creation of the spiritual man, that if the spiritual man is not made at last, the grace for the making of it, that is to say, real grace, has been absent; and therefore that it has been absent in baptism. But it is evident that this whole doctrine need not be any more than one side of the whole system which its maintainer holds. It is one line of thought derived from one great truth, the creatorial attribute of God. He may, together with it, follow another line of thought, derived from another great truth, the free-will of man. All predestinarians, however strong and rigid they may be, will admit at the bottom the existence of a truth on the other side of the question to the one they are maintaining, which must be taken into account, and allowed for. They differ widely in the degree of liberality and largeness with which they will allow it. S. Augustine is most liberal and large in his admission of it. He treats it, in fact, quite as equal side of truth to the one which he is specially called upon by circumstances to maintain. He will, in its own place, use all the natural language and phraseology of free-will without check or misgiving, just as in another he will use that of predestination. He has no fear of contradicting himself, or stating contrary truths. Against the Manichean he is the unflinching champion of free-will; against the Pelagian he is the unflinching champion of absolute grace, and the divine decree. Calvin, on the other hand, is so narrow, reserved, and stiff, in his admission of the counter truth, that he can hardly be said to admit it at all; and while his actual predestinarian statements differ but little from those of S. Augustine, the one whole theologian, differs *toto cœlo* from the other. With these differences, however, in the mode and degree in which different predestinarians will admit the counter-truth; still the fact remains that that counter-truth may be admitted by predestinarians, who will thereby be acknowledging that they only hold that doctrine as one side of the truth. To apply this fact to the question of Baptismal Regeneration, one result is very obvious. Even granting, for argument's sake, what we have proved not to be the case, that predestinarianism is inconsistent with the belief in Baptismal Regeneration, it would still remain to be proved that the predestinarian *himself* did not hold it. If he rejected it in accordance with one side of his whole religious system, he might still hold it in accordance with another. To make the argument conclusive against the holding of that doctrine, you would have to prove not only that your theologian held predestination, but that he held nothing else besides to counterbalance it. Until that fact is proved, there is in addition to the first argument which we used, that a predestinarian could believe in a subordinate grace of regeneration conferred upon all in baptism, and to the second that even if he rejected that esoterically, he could assert it formally and practically; the third argument, that even if, as a predestinarian he could not hold Baptismal Regeneration at all, he might still hold it, as not a predestinarian, that is to say in accordance with that other side of his theological system which counterbalanced his predestinarianism.

So much for one principal argument which has been used by our opponents in the late controversy. We enter now on the second division of our article, and turn to the authorities amongst our divines, which have been adduced.

With respect, then, to the authorities who have been quoted, the preceding remarks are a reply at once, without any further argument, to one very leading comment which has been made upon them, and its accompanying inferences. Other points noticed in them have to be answered; but one has already been. That predestinarian language which is undoubtedly found in many of them, and which has been adduced for the purpose of resting upon it the inference that such divines could not have held the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, has been proved not to authorize that inference.

We are desirous, however, of saying a little more on the subject of this predestinarian language, which has been held in our Church, because so much use has been made of it, not only in this present controversy, but generally, for throwing our Church's doctrinal system into the possession of a particular school. It has supplied the great material to all who have aimed at representing her doctrines as much as possible in a Genevan aspect. The 17th Article, upon Predestination, has always been pointed to, especially, as appearing to be a formal recognition by the Church herself of the doctrine of that school, and an incorporation of it into her creed. It is sufficient with many that they see a long Article, and see Predestination at the head of it. That word of itself is all-powerful; and the very short argument that the Church of England holds predestination, and that Calvin held predestination, leads immediately to the conclusion that the Church of England holds Calvinism. A more serious part of the community look through the Article itself, and while they recognise a protest at the end of it against an improper and rash use of the doctrine, are still somewhat staggered by the language in the body of the Article, which appears, at first sight, to deny the concurrence of free-will in producing holiness and good works, and to attribute them exclusively to a Divine decree external to the agent. This has produced the great show argument, the popular piece of criticism. It is decided that, while the services of the Church are Catholic, the articles are Calvinistic. And under the shelter of this criticism, the argument we have been noticing on the baptismal question has been put forward with the greater confidence—the disputant conceiving that he has not only a clear and easily stated argument on his side, but also one supported by a strong background of Calvinistic language in the Articles of the Church herself. The 17th Article, then, upon Predestination, as being the formal profession of our Church on this subject, and therefore the first and highest English authority which can be quoted; as the source, especially, of so much of the popular impression about the Calvinistic character of our Church teaching, deserves some attention, before we go to the language of individual theologians.

With respect to this Article, then, we must *in limine* confess our total inability to understand the extraordinary difficulty which some persons profess to discover in it, and the scruples of conscience which rise so much in connexion with it. We can understand a theologically uneducated person, who has only heard of predestination as a doctrine of Calvin, and who has a wholesome prejudice against that theologian, feeling some resistance in his mind, chiefly to the heading itself, and secondarily to the body of this Article; but how persons of theological reading and education, and acquainted with the history of theological language, can have entertained such suspicions, and imagined it an expression of puritan and—to use the conversational term—'low Church' views, is more difficult of comprehension. This Article is, in real truth and fact, nothing more than a very moderate statement of the Augustinian doctrine on the subject of predestination. It says nothing more than S. Augustine himself, in his ordinary mode of stating the doctrine, says; and indeed is couched in almost the *ipsissima verba* of that Father. We may add, as a consequence of this, that it simply says what the followers of S. Augustine, S. Bernard, S. Anselm, Peter Lombard, and S. Thomas Aquinas, whom we have quoted, and many others whom we have not, said before it; and that it is couched almost in their *ipsissima verba*. The reformers undertook to construct a series of Articles on the most important points of Christian theology. The doctrine of predestination was a sufficiently prominent, and sufficiently important doctrine to have an Article devoted to it; they accordingly devoted an Article to it; and worded that Article in the established orthodox language on the subject, as it had come down to them. It is quite certain that the doctrine was held and taught in the Church from S. Augustine's days downwards; that it occupied its regular established place in theological treatises and expositions, and was handed down from divine to divine, as a formal part of the Church's doctrinal system.

In this way it came before the eyes of the bishops and divines in this country who were engaged in the construction of the Articles. They took it as they found it, and expressed it as it had been expressed for them. It gained under them no one new notion, and no one new word. As for the part which Calvin, or Calvin's teaching, is supposed to have had in it—such an explanation is in the first place excluded, for the want of any call for it. There is no room for it, in the first place. The space is already occupied. There is a good, a sufficient, and a natural account of the appearance of the Article in the series, without any recourse to other modes of accounting for it being necessary. But there is another and still weightier reason for excluding it; and that is, that Calvin's name, as a theologian at all, was only just beginning to be known in this country at the very time the Articles were being constructed; and that Calvin's first work on Predestination was certainly posterior to the original construction of the Articles, at least one year. The 'Articles of Religion' came out in 1552, having been in course of construction throughout the preceding year, 1551: and Calvin's tract, '*De Eterna Dei Predestinatione*,' which was his first on that subject, came out in 1552. If it be replied, that though Calvin might not have influenced the construction of this Article, those who held the opinions subsequently called by his name, among the German reformers, may have done so; it is enough to say that Melancthon, the chief referee in this quarter, had, so early as 1529, (as is proved by his letters,[1]) that is to say, twenty years before the construction of this Article, abandoned the Calvinistic ground, and censured those who maintained it; and that in an edition of his '*Loci Theologici*,' in 1533, he expunged some passages, which had stood in a former edition, favouring it.

We have already given extracts from the authorities we have mentioned; but to save our readers the trouble of referring back, we will put the language of the Article and the language in these extracts side by side, that they may judge more easily. The case hardly requires this tabular juxtaposition; but if it would assist them at all, they will see one in the next page. The language of the Article, as compared with the language of those writers, has indeed, if anything, rather a more moderate tone than theirs. Some parts of Peter Lombard's language—that where he touches on reprobation, and in what sense it is caused by the deserts of the reprobate, and in what sense not caused at all by their deserts, but by the absolute and irrespective decree of God—though balanced by what he says elsewhere, and on the whole tolerably negatived, still touches on bolder ground than what the Article does, and has more a Calvinistic look about it. The same may be

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[1] Archbishop Lawrence's Bampton Lectures, p. 250.

XVII. ARTICLE.	S. AUGUSTINE.	S. BERNARD.
Predestination to Life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour. Wherefore, they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God be called according to God's purpose by his Spirit working in due season: they through Grace obey the calling: they be justified freely: they be made sons of God by adoption: they be made like the image of his only-begotten Son Jesus Christ: they walk religiously in good works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity.	Whoever therefore are separated by Divine grace from that original damnation, we doubt not but that there is procured for them the hearing of the Gospel; that when they hear, they believe; and that in that faith which worketh by love they continue unto the end: that if they ever go astray they are corrected, and being corrected grow better; or that if they are not corrected by men, they still return into the path they left. All these things in them He worketh, whose handiwork they are, and who made them vessels of mercy; He who chose them in his Son before the foundation of the world according to the election of grace: 'and if of grace, then no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace.' These were not called so as not to be chosen, as those of whom we hear, 'many are called but few chosen;' but they are called according to his purpose, and therefore elected according to the election of grace. Of such the Apostle saith, we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose. Of them none perish, because all are elect, and they are elect because they are called according to His purpose; and that purpose not their own but God's: of which He elsewhere saith—'that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works but of him that calleth.' . . . If any of these perish, God is deceived; but none doth perish, for God is not deceived. If any of these perish, God is overcome by man's corruption: but none doth perish, for God is conquered by nothing.—*De Corrept. et Grat.* c. vii.	With this glue hath that Divine Intuition glued us unto Himself from the foundation of the world, that we might be holy and without spot in His sight, in love. For we know that he that is born of God sinneth not, because the heavenly begetting keepeth him. And the heavenly begetting is the eternal predestination whereby God foresaw that they would be conformed to the image of his Son. Of these none sinneth—*i. e.* persevereth in sin; because the Lord knows those that are His, and the purpose of God remaineth stedfast. And though the mark of ever so horrible crimes be burnt into David, and Mary Magdalene be overwhelmed with seven devils, and the chief of the Apostles be sunk in the abyss of denial, there is none that can take them out of the hand of God. For whom He hath predestinated him He hath called, and whom He hath called him he hath justified. —— *S. Bernard's Works.* Paris Edit. 1640, p. 364. Showed him the kingdom of God. The kingdom of God is granted, is promised, is shown, is received. It is granted in predestination, is promised in vocation, is shown in justification, is received in glorification. Whence the invitation—'Come ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom of God.' For thus saith the Apostle: 'Whom he predestinated them he also called; and whom he called them he also justified; and whom he justified them he also glorified.' In predestination is grace, in vocation is power, in justification is joy, in glorification is glory.—P.392.

S. ANSELM.

This is the predestination of Saints, the foreknowledge, that is, and preparation of the Divine benefits, in consequence of which those who are saved, are saved. For of those who are predestinated none perisheth with the devil, none will remain till death under the power of the devil. If any one of these perish, God is deceived. But none of them does perish, because He is not deceived. Again, as whom He foreknew He predestinated, so whom He predestinated he called. Here we must understand 'according to His purpose.' For there are others called but not chosen, and therefore not called according to His purpose. Again, whom He called, *i.e.* according to His purpose, them He also justified. Just as an emperor, if he determined to elevate a humble person to the consulship, would supply him with the necessary expenses, and equip him suitably to so high an office: so to those, whom He hath predestinated to life, God giveth the degrees of virtue and good works, which are to raise them to that sublime state. He calls them, and justifies them, and glorifies them. And these gifts, to whomsoever He giveth them, He foreknew beyond all doubt He would give to these persons; and so prepared them in His foreknowledge. Those whom He predestinated, then, He also called, with that calling of which it is said, the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. For the arrangement of infallible and unchangeable foreknowledge, and nothing else, is predestination. Not any others, then, but those whom He predestinated, He called; nor others but whom He called, He justified; nor others but those whom He predestinated and called, and justified, He glorified. — *Anselm*, tom. ii. pp. 55, 56.

LOMBARD.

Predestination is the preparation of grace, or that divine election by which God has chosen those whom He willed before the foundation of the world, as saith the Apostle. Reprobation *e converso* is the foreknowledge of wickedness and preparation of its punishment. And as the effect of predestination is grace, so the effect of reprobation is obduration. * * Jacob was elected and Esau reprobated, neither on account of any deserts which they then had, because they had none, inasmuch as they were not yet born; nor on account of any future ones which were foreseen. God hath elected those whom He willed, according to His free mercy, and He hath reprobated those whom He willed, not on account of any future merits foreseen by Him, but according to a most absolute truth, removed from our cognizance. — *Lombard. Libri Sententiarum*, i. Distinct. xl. xli.

AQUINAS.

As respects some, those, viz. whom He predestinates, God represents His goodness *per modum misericordiæ*, by sparing them; as respects others, those, viz. whom He reprobates, He represents it *per modum justitiæ*, by punishing them. This is the reason why God elects some and reprobates others. It is the reason which the Apostle assigns in the Epistle to the Romans, when he says—'God, willing to show his wrath (*i.e.* the vengeance of his justice), and to make his power known, endured (*i.e.* permitted) with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction, that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory.' And again—'In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and earth, and some to honour and some to dishonour.' But why God hath elected some and reprobated others there is no account to be given, except the Divine Will, as S. Augustine says—'Why he draweth this man, and draweth not that, desire not to explain, if thou desirest not to err.' * * * No charge of injustice can be brought against God on this account; because He provides unequally for beings who are to begin with equal. This would, indeed, be contrary to justice if that which predestination conveyed to a man were given him because it was owing to him. But this is not the case. That which predestination conveys is the result of free grace; and in matters of free grace a person can give more or less, exactly as he likes, without infringing any rule of justice. — *Summa Theologica*, p. i. Q. 23, A. 5.

be said of the extract from Aquinas: it states things more boldly, and confronts and sets down the difficulty of injustice on the part of the Deity, with a decision that offends more than the simple description of benevolent Power given in the Article. The Article avoids entering at all into any dealings of God with the wicked, with the wrathful side of His providence, altogether: it simply states His dealings with the good, and the work of grace. It can, therefore, raise no hostile feeling in any minds which are ready to accept the Augustinian dicta, '*Deus in nobis dona coronat sua,*' and '*Da quod jubes, et jube quod vis.*' Nobody can object to attribute all the good that there is in him to God; the principle of humility in human nature compels him so to do. But if he attributes all the good he has and does to God, he makes God the author and maker of this good, the creator of the spiritual man. It is this spiritual creation, simply, that the Article describes. It takes us through several processes, indeed, but these are only so many successive stages in the work of creation. First comes the *purpose* of creation; for God designs to create before He does actually begin to create the new creature; and this is the 'everlasting purpose of God, whereby before the foundations of the world were laid, He hath constantly decreed by His counsel, secret to us,' to make some men vessels of honour. In accordance with this previous determination to make them vessels of honour, God then begins to make them such; and the first step of this work is to call them, giving them at the same time the grace to obey the call; the next, to justify or pardon them; the next, to sanctify them, or give them such grace as that they walk religiously in good works; the next, to give them the reward and crown of these good works in the gift of eternal felicity. The whole is simply the work of spiritual creation described, with the addition of that creation having been foreknown and purposed from the first. It is 'that foreknowledge and preparation of the Divine *acts of grace,*' which S. Augustine speaks of: it is that 'foreknowledge whereby God foreknew what He Himself 'was *about to make,*' which S. Anselm speaks of: it is that 'glueing by which the Divine intuition hath glued us unto Him- 'self from the foundation of the world, that we might be holy 'and without spot in His sight, in love,' which S. Bernard speaks of: it is the 'predestination which causes every thing in 'man fitting him for salvation (quicquid est in homine ordinans 'ipsum in salutem[1]) of Aquinas. S. Augustine is full of language which describes the formation of human goodness as a simple work of creation on God's part, just as the formation of man out of the clay of the earth was. '*Ipse ergo illos bonos*

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[1] Summa, I. xxiii. 5.

'FACIT,' he says—'*Ipse eos facit perseverare in bono qui* FACIT '*bonos*'—'*Ipse igitur fidem gentium* FACIT'—'*His operibus in* '*quibus te Deus* FINXIT, i. e. FORMAVIT, *et* CREAVIT:'—'*Non illa* 'CREATIONE *qua homines facti sumus sed ea de qua ille dicebat,* '*qui utique jam homo erat, cor mundum* CREA *in me.*'—'*Sed Deus* '*quos dignatur vocat, et quem vult religiosum* FACIT,' quoted from S. Cyprian. And all that language of his which represents human goodness simply as a *gift;* the '*donum obedientiæ,*' the '*donum bene vivendi,*' the '*donum meriti,*' the '*donum fidei,*' the '*donum justitiæ,*' speaks exactly to the same purport. It is this view of human goodness as the simple creation, and the simple gift of God, which is put forward in the 17th Article. Indeed so far from there being any reason for fixing upon this Article any charge of puritanism, and superseding of good works; its language is positively valuable in the very direction of good works; because it makes the legitimate necessary fruit of grace to *be* good works: 'they (to whom grace is given) walk religiously 'in good works.' As it is Augustinian in deriving all good works from grace as their true cause, so it is strictly Augustinian also in assigning to grace good works as its true effect. This is what S. Augustine is so perpetually insisting on. Every cause has its effect. What is the effect of grace? the question is: S. Augustine answers unhesitatingly and summarily—Good works. The Article does the same.

With such patristic language, with such mediæval language, with such a general doctrine handed down from one age of the Church to another, with which the language of this Article and the doctrine of this Article can be identified, it does appear then, we must say, most unnecessary, and indeed a simple misapprehension, to treat this Article as it had a puritan and a Genevan aim; as it were something which, after all explaining and qualifying, it were all that a high-churchman could do to subscribe to. There is no necessity thus to hand it over to the Genevan school. It does not belong to it. It belongs to a school which thought and which taught before that school existed. Were S. Augustine, and S. Bernard, and S. Anselm, and Peter Lombard, and S. Thomas Aquinas puritans? If they were not, then there is nothing puritan in this Article. It is needless to add, when its predestinarian language has nothing puritan in it, that its protest against the abuse to which that language is liable, is certainly not puritan. Persons have an image upon their minds of 'a long Article' upon predestination; and regard its length as a proof of some extraordinary prominence which was meant to be given to this doctrine by our Church. But what makes the length of the article? Not the statement of the doctrine of predestination itself, which is short, but a protest against the abuse of the doctrine. The latter occupies more than half. So that, of an Article, thought especially puritan, the lesser half is occupied in statements which have no puritanism in them; and the larger half in a positive protest against puritanism.

One word more; we have reserved another authority, which imperatively requires notice in connexion with this subject to the last; to avoid risking the appearance of mixing human authorities and inspired together. But if persons feel scruples about this Article, it is only proper to remind them that its language is almost the very language of an inspired writer. We are aware that men approach language with very different minds, according to the situation in which they find it; and that the very words which they would interpret as a matter of course in an unobjectionable sense, as used in some quarters, they would take in an objectionable sense, as used in others. Thus persons find certain language in S. Paul on the subject of predestination, which rather perplexes them, viewed as language: but they have no doubt whatever about its unobjectionable meaning; because they argue in this way: S. Paul was inspired, and therefore he says nothing which is not true: Calvinism is not true, therefore, whatever awkward appearance it may have, this that he says is not Calvinism. Whereas in coming to the very same language in the Articles, they cannot come to this conclusion about it, because they cannot use this argument; there not being that ultimate salvo of an unobjectionable meaning in the case of the Articles, which inspiration affords in the case of Scripture; but the language appearing to rest on its own merits. The issue is, that certain words in the Epistle to the Romans are, as a matter of course, not Calvinism: the very same words in the 17th Article are Calvinism. Now, it is quite true that language may be used by different persons in different meanings; but it is no less true, that language in itself must always mean the same. In the present case it is language in itself with which we are concerned: for persons who go to the probable opinions of this or that Reformer, who may have had some influence direct or indirect upon the persons who worded this Article, are introducing a totally irrelevant subject into the discussion. The language of the Article is the sole index of its meaning; the language of S. Paul is the sole index of his. It follows immediately, that this language, whatever its meaning may be, has the same meaning in the one situation that it has in the other. Do you think S. Paul a Calvinist because he uses this language? If you say, Yes, then you admit Calvinism to be true, and the sooner you abandon your objections to the Article on that ground the better. If you say, No, then neither is the Article Calvinistic,—for the Article only says what S. Paul says. It is indeed extraordinary how persons forget, when they come across the difficulty which the 17th Article presents, that they had exactly the same difficulty in reading the Epistle to the Romans; and that if they entirely got over it in the latter case, it is rather too late to revive it in the former. In admitting, when the inspiration of S. Paul obliged them, this language as unobjectionable and true, they admitted it for ever after as such. Indeed, the language which has been used by an inspired writer, no longer rests on its own merits simply; it has the important certificate which that use conferred, for ever after attached to it. We know for ever after that that language means something which is most certainly true. Let persons carry with them to the consideration of the 17th Article the Epistle to the Romans, and if the difficulty which the human composition presents is not nearly neutralized by that which the inspired does, we can only say, that such critics possess greater capacities for comparing and estimating language than we do. For we must confess plainly and briefly, that we see not a shadow of difference between the language of the 17th Article and that in the above-named Epistle.

And now to go from the formal statements of our Church on this subject, to the language of her individual divines, at the time of the Reformation and immediately subsequent to it. It is, in the first place to be admitted, indeed, it is a familiar historical fact, that for a certain period subsequent to the Reformation, to speak broadly, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a species of Calvinism was strong in the Church, or rather in the leading portions of it, on the Episcopal bench, and among the chief divines of the Universities. The exiles of Queen Mary's reign came back embittered by their adversity, and considerably biassed by their recent personal intercourse with the continental reformers. It was the obvious policy of the government of the day to put these theologians forward. The Crown required all the securities which could be procured for it; and those divines who, by their trials and by their theology, were most pledged against the pretensions of the Church of Rome, and whose zeal and ardour in controversy could most safely be counted on, were a valuable body-guard round the queen upon her new, and as yet not wholly established throne. Put forward by government, and occupying the posts of dignity, this school had the influence which such a position gives; and the Calvinism which they advocated, had, as we may say, a run. Not, however, that it has ever been at all proved that the mass of the clergy, even at that period, were affected by it. The occupiers of the leading posts represent the Church on the pages of history for the time they occupy them: but subsequent history must prove whether they represented her truly or not;

and had the substance and body of the Church with them. Subsequent history did prove this in the case of Laud and his fellow-workers; for the whole body of clergy took their lot with theirs; left their livings, and underwent imprisonment, destitution, and death, with the downfal of the Church at that day. Moreover, the names and the writings of the divines of the later period have come down to us: they are household names; their writings are used. Hooker, Laud, Hammond, Taylor, Herbert, Ken, Bull, Pearson, are familiar to the ear; the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' the 'Life of Christ,' the 'Practice of Divine Love,' are common reading: the 'Exposition of the Apostles' Creed,' and the 'Defence of the Nicene Creed,' are school books with the clergy. But subsequent history has not proved this in the case of the Calvinistic divines of the Elizabethan era. Jewell's is a known name, indeed, though even Jewell is not read, and Whitgift's is a known name, though his writings are as completely forgotten as if they had never existed. But who knows even the name of Grindall except the explorers of Strype? Who except such explorers knows anything about Sandys? About Pilkington? Who has read Abbott, Whittaker, Benefield, Davenant? Of the great majority of the writers whom the Parker Society has exhumed, not one in a hundred has ever heard the names; and none but the most recondite rummager of our libraries has ever read one line. They were in the profoundest abyss of oblivion when an artificial movement brought them out again into the eye of day. But who reads them now that they are brought out? A temporary excitement and a party object may effect the printing and the binding of so many volumes, but can it effect the use of them? These men had sunk into oblivion, simply because it was their natural lot to be forgotten. They were respectable men, religious men; but the Church did not, as a fact, care about preserving their names, or sustaining their writings. They come out again now, simply to lie on the shelves till some future Parker Society, two centuries hence, shall again discover that they are celebrated divines, and again print them and bind them. It must be admitted by any candid observer of facts in our Church, that what has formed the reading of the clergy and the laity, and what has been by this practical confession the standard divinity of our Church, has not been that divinity of the Reformation period, or the one just following it of which we are now speaking, but one of another school. Those Calvinistic divines, whatever their merits or ability were, did not gain hold of the Church. They *were* superseded, *were* forgotten: others took their place and maintained it. *Fact* is against them. Their substantial hold over the Church, even for the time of their prominence, is disproved, if we are to adopt the test which their own predestinarianism so insisted on, of the issue. They flourished upon the surface of the Church, by means of government influence, and the stimulus of a reaction from the Marian persecutions, and of a sojourn among the continental reformers. But their theology was a fashion of the day, and no more. It was patronized under the Elizabethan government for a particular object, just as latitudinarianism was patronized under the first Georges. But it would be quite as unsafe to draw the inference, that the Church itself was Calvinistic under the reign of Elizabeth, because its dignitaries were, as to draw the inference that the Church itself under the Georges was latitudinarian because its dignitaries were. No Church can be protected from fashions in theology coming in and lasting their time; but nobody can fairly hold a Church to be committed to all such fashions, or to have incorporated them, because she tolerated them.

To apply these remarks now to their proper purpose:—The period of which the opponents of baptismal regeneration principally avail themselves for their authorities, is exactly this period which we have been describing. They cannot make much of the language of the leading reformers themselves, even the surface of it, on this subject; they do not profess to make any thing of the language of the Church writers who succeeded this period; but to this one period there is a Calvinistic tone attaching, which they exhibit in their favour, with some plausible effect, if not with the most solid truth, as we shall see. But—and we beg attention here—if the object of reference to authorities is to obtain evidence of the *animus exponentis,* of the intention of the framers of the formularies whose meaning is the subject of dispute, (in this case the Church's formulary of baptism), why lay such stress on a period which was only a short interval in the theology of the Church, and which commenced not at, but subsequently to, the era of the Reformation? If the *animus exponentis* is to be taken at all from individual writers, to which we should highly object, let it at any rate be taken from the individual writers who framed the formulary, and not from individual writers who rose after the formulary had been framed. Here is a particular school of divines, who have a distinct historical origin subsequent to the Reformation; who came in upon a particular event—the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and for whose Calvinistic tone a special known historical reason exists, independent of the English Reformation, an intercourse in exile with the Calvinists of the continent during Mary's reign. How are they to be made the exponents of a Reformation and a Prayer-book, established before them?

Show that Cranmer or Ridley held strong Calvinistic language, and there will be something, at least on the surface, to take advantage of; though, we apprehend, it will be difficult to show this; for the leading Reformers themselves display nothing at all of the Calvinistic tone, which came in from the continent afterwards. But this intervening school, has neither the authority of being contemporary with the original Reformation, nor the authority of maintaining their own development of it; they occupy neither the posterior ground nor the prior either. They succeeded some, and they were succeeded by others who supplanted them finally. For that tone has never reappeared in recognised English divinity since.

However, to waive the marked distinction which certainly exists between the leading Reformers themselves and this succeeding school, on the point of Calvinism, it still remains to be proved what sort of Calvinism that was, after all, which these divines maintained. It was plainly a different sort of Calvinism from that which actually flourished at Geneva; for many of these Calvinistic divines were great maintainers of form and ceremonial; and stood out strongly for what the Reformation had left of it, against the ecclesiastical innovators of the day. Whitgift might be rigid and extreme in his view of predestination and reprobation; but the sentiments and bias of the whole man were very different from those of Calvin. Some of the early members of this school, indeed, and Jewell amongst them, objected, at the first return from their continental exile and its theological atmosphere, to the surplice; but the school as a whole soon lost their scruples, and fought the battle of the surplice, the cross in baptism, and other forms with the puritans of the day pertinaciously. So then theirs was, at any rate, a different Calvinism from the Genevan one. Then of what sort was it? What did it make them think and say, which was opposed to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration? We are told in reply that they held strong predestinarianism. But we have proved that that in itself does not involve the denial of that doctrine. Here then at one stroke we get rid of one and the most strong and popular class of evidence, that would prove this result against them. For what if passage after passage is brought out, in which predestination and reprobation are taught, and the Church of the elect is contrasted to the visible Church; what then? This has been shown not to be evidence to the point, and we must have something farther.

To show, for example, how wrongly a person may be judging who draws such an inference from this language in these divines, we will quote some passages from some short treatises of Bradford, one of the inferior Reformers, and chaplain to

Bp. Ridley. He does not appear to have been a regular author, but a few theological pamphlets which he wrote have been collected into a volume. They, of course, date prior to the Calvinistic school of Queen Elizabeth's reign, but the following passages on predestination are perhaps as strong as what are to be found in many of that latter school.

> 'This word of God, which is written in the canonical books of the Bible, doth plainly set forth to us, that God hath of his own mercy and good will, and to the praise of His glory in Christ, *elected some and not all;* whom He hath predestinate unto everlasting life in the same Christ; and in His time "calleth them, justifieth them, and glorifieth them," so that they shall never perish and err to damnation finally. . . .
>
> 'That God the Eternal "Father of mercies," before the beginning of the world, hath of His own mercies and good will, and "to the praise of His grace and glory," *elected in Christ some and not all the posterities of Adam,* whom He hath predestinate unto eternal life, and calleth them in His time, "justifieth them and glorifieth them," so that they shall never perish, or err to damnation finally; that this proposition is true, and according to God's plain and manifest word; by the help of His Holy Spirit, I trust so evidently to demonstrate, that no man of God shall be able by the word of God even to impugn it, much less to confute it."—*Ed. Parker Society*, p. 311.
>
> 'That election is of some of Adam's posterity and not of all, we may plainly see, if we consider that he (S. Paul) maketh the true demonstration of it, "believing," "hoping," and having "the earnest" of the Spirit. "In whom you hoped," saith he, "after you heard," &c.; "in whom you, believing, were sealed up," &c. Again, in attributing to the elect forgiveness of sins, holiness, blameless living, being in Christ, &c. "That we should be holy," saith he, &c.; "we have received forgiveness of sins," &c.; "who seeth not that these are not common unto all men." "All men have not faith," saith Paul elsewhere. None "believed," saith Luke, but "such as were ordained to eternal life." None "believe" but such as are "born of God." None believeth truly but such as have "good hearts," and keep good seed, to bring forth fruits by patience.'
>
> 'So that it is plain (faith being a demonstration of God's election to them that be of years of discretion), *that all men are not elect, because all men believe not;* for "he that believeth in the Lord shall be as the Mount Zion;" that is, he shall "never be removed;" for if he be removed, that is, finally perish, surely he never truly believed.
>
> 'But what go I about to light a candle in the clear sunlight, when our Saviour plainly saith that all be not chosen, but "few?" "Many be called," saith He, "but few chosen." And in the second chapter following, the Apostle plainly saith, that the great riches of "God's mercy through His exceeding love" hath saved them before their parents, and many other Gentiles, who were excluded from Christ, and strangers from the promise, hopeless, Godless,' &c.

Now, these passages in Bradford, it will be admitted, display a somewhat strong predestinarianism; and therefore, according to the Archbishop of York's argument, Bradford could not have believed in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. But let Bradford speak for himself. After showing that the unregenerate man has not free will in spiritual things; 'for can a dead man have any will?' he proceeds :—

> 'Yet but, saith one, "What free-will hath man that is regenerate?" This I will briefly show. . . .
>
> 'Justification in Scripture is taken for the forgiveness of our sins. This is only God's work, and we nothing but patients and not agents. After this work, in respect of us and our sense, cometh regeneration, which is altogether God's work also. . . . Now, to the question. *A man regenerate (which we ought to believe of ourselves, I mean that we are so by our baptism, the sacrament thereof requiring no less faith)*, a man, I say, regenerate, that is, "born of God," hath the Spirit of God. And as a man born of flesh and blood hath the spirit thereof, whereby he can stir up himself to do more and more the deeds of the flesh, so the other can, by the Spirit of God in him, stir up in himself the gifts and graces of God, to glorify God accordingly.'—P. 218.

Again:

> 'A man that is regenerate and born of God (*the which thing that every one of us be our baptism, the sacrament of regeneration, doth require under pain of damnation; and therefore let every one of us, with the Virgin Mary, say, "Be it unto me according to thy word," according to the sacrament of baptism, wherein thou hast declared our adoption*; *and let us lament the doubting hereof in us, striving against it as we shall be made able in the Lord*); a man, I say, regenerate, consisteth of two men, as a man may say, viz. of the "old man" and "new man"—one man, therefore, which is regenerate, well may be called always just and always sinful; just in respect of God's seed, sinful in respect of Satan's seed.'—P. 297.

Leaving these passages to speak for themselves, we proceed to the Elizabeth school of divines, with whom we are now more immediately concerned; and we will give in order the extracts from their writings bearing on this point, which Mr. Gorham's advocate himself has selected, as the most telling and most decisive. The following are the extracts from Whitgift:—

> 'You muste of necessitie admitte this distinction (some be *of* the Church, and some be onely *in* the Church), else can you not make any visible Church, for we only know, who be *in* the Churche: but who be *of the Churche* is knowne to him alone, who knoweth those that be his. If they communicate with us in hearing the worde, and receyving the Sacramentes, thoughe otherwise they be drunkardes, supersticious, or infected with errours in doctrine, &c., yet must we count them in the Church, until they be cut off from it by excommunication. . . .
>
> 'The outwarde sacramentall signes, are seales of God's promises, and whosoever refuseth the same, shall never enjoy the promises, and although the necessitie of salvation is not so tied to the Sacraments, that whosoever hath the externall signes, shall therefore be saved, yet is it so tyed unto them that none can be saved, that willingly and wittingly is voide of them, and not partakers of them. Circumcision, which is a figure of Baptisme, had that necessity joined unto it, that whosoever lacked it, was not counted nor reckened amongst the people of God. . . . .
>
> 'I must tell you, that I *make the holy Sacrament of Baptisme* no other kinde of passage, than God himself hath made it, and the Church of Christ hath ever used it. Good and evil, cleane and uncleane, holy and profane, must needes passe by it, except you will in deede in more ample and large manner tye the grace of God unto it, than ever did the Papists, and say that all that be baptized be also saved: or else ioyne with the Anabaptistes in this, that after Baptisme a man cannot sinne.

'Who can tell whether he be holy or unholy, good or evill, cleane or uncleane, elect or reprobate, of the household of the Church, or not of the Church, that is baptized, be he infant, or at the yeares of discretion? I tell you plaine this assertion of yours savoureth very strongly of heresy, in my opinion.' . . . .

'You knowe very well that we teache farre otherwyse, and that it is a certayne and true doctrine of all suche as professe the Gospell, that the outward signes of the Sacrament, doe not conteine in them grace, neither yet that the grace of God is of necessitie tyed unto them, but onely that they be seales of God's promyses, notes of Christianitie, testimonies and effectuall signes of the grace of God, and of our redemption in Christe Jesus; by the whiche the Spirite of God dothe invisiblye worke in us, not only the increase of fayth, but confirmation also.' . . . .

'These things being considered, it is no superstitious toy, but a godly and true saying, that Christe hathe sanctified all waters (used in baptysyng) to the mysticall washyng awaye of synne: not ascribing, or attributing washyng awaye of synne to the externall elemente, anye otherwyse, than instrumentallye, or in anye other respecte than for the similitude that Sacramentes have with the things whereof they be Sacramentes; for we know that wicked men may receyve these externall signes, and yet remaine the members of Sathan.'—*Dr. Bayford's Speech*, pp. 159, 160.

Now, what do all these extracts together come to? Simply to this. Whitgift sees with his eyes that a number of baptized persons live and die practically altogether unregenerate. And so far he simply asserts a fact. He then argues from that event, and says that in the case of such persons the grace of God did not accompany the sacrament; ['the grace of God is not of necessity tied unto them'—the sacraments;] that is to say, His *effective* grace, for his whole argument is concerned with that only,—that grace by which God predestinates a man to eternal life, and determines absolutely to create an entire fitness in him for it. And here again, on the supposition there is such a grace, Whitgift simply asserts a truism; but the supposition is a predestinarian one. Dividing this passage, then, into fact and into theory; the fact in it is certain, and the theory at any rate one that S. Augustine had held before Whitgift. But S. Augustine held baptismal regeneration: there is nothing in this passage therefore to show that Whitgift did not.

Next comes Rogers, chaplain to Archbishop Bancroft. 'Writing on the 17th Article,' says Mr. Gorham's advocate, 'he lays down these propositions:—

'First. There is a predestination of men unto everlasting life.
'Second. That predestination hath been from everlasting.
'Third. They that are predestinate unto salvation cannot perish.'—*Ib.* p. 160.

'"Baptism is a sign or seal of the regeneration or new birth of Christians.

'"The Proof from God's Word.—Baptism, by St. Paul, is called the Washing of the New Birth—by others, the Sacrament of the New Birth—to signifie how they which rightly (as all do not) receive the same are ingraffed into the body of Christ; and, as by a seal, be assured from God that their sins be pardoned and forgiven; and themselves adopted for the children of God, confirmed in the faith, and do increase in grace by virtue of prayer unto God." '—*Ib.* p. 161.

These two extracts are simply the language of the 17th and 27th Articles; and therefore unless those Articles are in themselves denials of baptismal regeneration, these extracts are not.

Abbott, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford from 1612 to 1615, says:

> 'Neque aliter sententiæ Scriptorum, sive veterum, sive recentiorum, interpretandæ sunt aut certe non recte sapiunt, si aliter sacramentis efficacitatem attribuunt, quam *secundum propositum gratiæ, secundum beneplacitum voluntatis Dei.*'—*Ib.* p. 163.

The sacraments have only effect *secundum propositum gratiæ, secundum beneplacitum voluntatis Dei.* There are many passages in S. Augustine that say exactly the same. And yet S. Augustine believed in baptismal regeneration.

In proceeding to some other extracts of this class, we must call attention to one particular fallacy which runs through the argument attempted to be drawn from them; we mean, the fallacy of supposing that wherever writers deny regeneration, in some senses of the word, to take place in baptism, that therefore they deny it in all. It is obvious to our senses that all baptized persons are not good. And we also know that there is an acceptation of the word 'regenerate' in which it means good. In sermons and practical addresses we speak of a certain true regeneration, a regeneration of the heart and life, as contrasted with the regeneration conferred on us in baptism. We tell people to aim at this regeneration, as if it were something which they could not be sure they had at present. It is both impossible and undesirable so to stiffen language, as that one word will not flow into two or three meanings. And in the present there is the special reason for the word having two meanings, which is afforded by one of these meanings being the natural fruit of the other. Regeneration in baptism is the seed of the future holiness of the grown man: what more natural, then, than to call the fruit by the seed, the seed by the fruit? In this way two distinct meanings of the word regeneration grow from one common stock: baptismal regeneration imparted by a sacrament, and practical personal regeneration as evinced by acts and habits of mind. Writers will adopt different ways of treating these two kinds of regeneration; they will call one external, the other internal; the one sacramental, the other spiritual. They will say one regeneration is nothing at all without the other, empty, formal, and the like. They will go further, and on the natural principle which makes the highest meaning the true meaning of a word, they will deny the lower meaning at all, and, because the regeneration of personal sanctity is unquestionably a more perfect kind of regeneration than that of simple baptism, they will use the word regeneration as meaning that personal sanctity simply. In that way they will sometimes say in words, that regeneration and baptism do not go together, when it will be quite evident by the context that they are only speaking of regeneration in the sense of personal sanctity, and not in every sense. There being, however, these two senses of the word, whenever regeneration is denied in one of them of baptism, it is argued, that regeneration is denied altogether. The inference is not at all sound. If there is a real distinction between these two kinds of regeneration, writers must be allowed the liberty of expressing that distinction in some way. And no fair or sound critic will argue too minutely from the mere terms employed to express it.

Thus Davenant, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge from 1609 to 1621, and subsequently Bishop of Salisbury, says—

> ' " Non frustra est quod fides exigitur ab Apostolo, ut beneficium spiritualis resurrectionis obtineamus. Nam ut in Baptismo adultorum requiritur fides prævia, juxta dictum Salvatoris, Mar: xvi. 16.—'Qui crediderit, et baptizatus fuerit, salvus erit; qui non crediderit, condemnabitur: Sic ab illis qui baptizati cum jam infantes sunt, requiritur fides subsequens: quam si non præstiterint postea, retinent externam tantummodo Baptismi sanctificationem, interna sanctificationis effecta non habent." " Ne operi operato fidamus cum Papistis, sed inquiramus insuper an adsint nobis cætera omnia sine quibus interna Baptismi effecta non habentur." '—*Ib.* p. 162.

The wicked, *'retinent externam tantummodo baptismi sanctificationem,'* only possess the outward sanctification of baptism. Could any reasonable man say that the wicked *had* real inward sanctification and holiness? And if so, is this a denial of regeneration, in every sense, in baptism?

Prideaux, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford from 1615 to 1641, says—

> ' " In Baptismo regeneratio urgetur, ut opus Sacramenti operatum, quod est Papisticum.
>
> ' " *Resp.*—Regenerationem tantum externam et Sacramentalem spondet Baptismus, quam internam S. S. regenerationem perficere, ex charitate pronunciat Ecclesia." '—*Ib.* p. 163.

Exactly the same remark may be made on this extract. It denies the necessary connexion of one kind of regeneration with baptism, viz. that which it calls the internal regeneration of the Holy Ghost; meaning evidently by it, the same that Davenant meant, practical personal regeneration. But because it denies this, does it deny *all* regeneration? The very words of the extract show that it does not:—*'Regenerationem sacramentalem spondet baptismus.'* It asserts regeneration in *a* sense to take place in baptism, and therefore it asserts regeneration to take place in baptism.

Whittaker, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge from 1580 to 1595, says—

> '"Sacramenta non modo significant, sed et obsignant, et actu exhibent id quod significant, in legitimo usu; ut qui aut ad Baptismum aut ad Eucharistiam *recte præparatus* accedit, is una cum signis res ipsas percipit: non enim inania aut vacua signa sunt.'"
>
> '"Sacramentum definitur ex *legitimo usu et fine*, ut Baptismus lavacrum regenerationis dicitur, *non tamen regenerantur omnes qui aqua Baptismali lavantur*, sed ex parte Dei offerentis sic vocatur: hominum vero culpa est quod illis lavacrum regenerationis non sit, qui coram Deo et hominibus simulant.'"
>
> '"Parvulos, etsi non credant, nec conscientias habeant, tamen *in futuram fidem et pœnitentiam et conscientiam bonam baptizari*; non nempe necesse est, ut Calvinus ait, rem esse priorem signo temporis ordine; ergo infantium conscientiis divinæ benevolentiæ promissio obsignatur, non dum infantes sunt, sed postea cum adoleverint, et usum rationis habere cœperint.'"
>
> '"Baptismum esse Sacramentum regenerationis, non negamus, etiam in parvulis; sed non ex opere operato. *Deus operatur libere et in Baptismo sanctificat*, QUOS VULT."'—*Ib.* p. 164.

Now the view which runs through these passages is plainly this: Baptism is real regeneration to every one who will make it such to himself. To adults it is, if they improve it to that end; it is their own fault if it is not; *hominum culpa est quod illis lavacrum regenerationis non sit.* To infants it is if they subsequently realize that spirituality which baptism represents. It is obvious throughout that he is speaking of regeneration in the sense of personal holiness of life. And he says the gift, though always imparted by baptism, where it is imparted, is not imparted to all in baptism,—*Deus operatur libere et in baptismo sanctificat, quos vult.* But the fact of regeneration not being given to all baptized persons in this sense, is quite compatible with its being given to all in another sense.

Benefield, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge from 1613 to 1626, says—

> '"Neither should this seem strange, that hypocrites, dissemblers, and godless men are called *holy*. For whosoever give their names to Christ and are *baptized into his name*, though all of them be not *truly grafted into Christ*, nor all of them be truly baptized into Christ's death and resurrection; *that is, though all of them be not new born and regenerate;* yet in the Scripture phrase, after the custom of the Scriptures, they are all called *holy*, and have other such titles given them, as indeed may beseem the *blessed of the Lord.* In this sense S. Paul saith, that all the Romans are *saints, beloved of God*, Rom. i. 7, and that all the Galatians are *sons* of God, Gal. iii. 26, and that all the Corinthians are *washed*, and sanctified, and justified, 1 Cor. vi. 11.
>
> '"It followeth, that the places now alleged must be understood of that general sanctity, by which men may be said to be sanctified, justified,

cleansed, washed, and the like; though *not truly not before God*, yet *in the face of the Church, and before men:* as it were, sacramentally."

' "What thou art inwardly, and in the sight of God, God alone knoweth; he alone is *καρδιογνωστης*, and sees and knows thy heart. Since thou hast given thy name to Christ, and hast *had the washing of the new birth, the Church* in charity *must judge of thee, as of one truly grafted into Christ, and truly regenerate:* but (I say) *what thou art inwardly and in the sight of God, God knoweth:* examine thou thyself." '—P. 165.

It is obvious that Benefield throughout this passage uses regeneration in the sense of personal holiness of life; the simple 'regenerate' in the former part of the passage is the '*truly* regenerate' of the latter; both meaning the same, and being opposed to 'hypocrisy, dissembling, godlessness.' The same remark therefore applies in this case, that has been made in the case of the preceding extracts: what is said of regeneration in one sense, is not necessarily said of regeneration in all. It must be admitted that this school of divines does not directly contemplate any intermediate state of grace between the absolute and final, and none at all; but their view is quite compatible with such an intermediate state, and with that state being the baptismal one. And still more is it compatible with the *assertion* of grace and regeneration in the case of all; for the '*calling*' all the members of the Church 'holy, and other such titles as beseem the blessed of the Lord,' among which regenerate ranks foremost; '*the judging of them* as truly grafted into Christ, and truly regenerate,' is expressly imposed by Benefield in this very passage. 'We look abroad,' he appears to say, 'and see as a fact that the members of the visible Church 'are some good and others bad. I cannot call these latter regenerate, in the true sense of that word; but I will call all regenerate nevertheless: I will call them so, and upon them lies the 'blame, if I call them what they are not.'

To this whole school, indeed, of divines, the remark we made some pages back of the simple predestinarian as distinguished from the mixed, or popular one, with whom we are most familiar, may be applied—that whatever qualifications they entertain of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, proceed from the predestinarian source, and not from any other. They do not proceed from that source from which the exceptions to that doctrine at the present day substantially come, the objection to the sacramental principle; the connexion of form with spirit, and the invisible with the visible. They have no objection to this; for all the regeneration there is amongst men, they connect unequivocally with baptism; and if a man *is* regenerate, they tell him—you became so through baptism. But they see the fact that few men are really regenerate; and being predestinarians, and wishing to be extreme and systematic in their predestinarianism, they take their own view of that fact. They regard it as showing a defect of grace from the first, on the view that God's grace being omnipotent for the creation of human goodness, if it has not created, has not been present at all. But this is predestinarianism after all, it is not rationalism. It is a view taken of Divine grace itself, not of the instrumentality by which that grace is communicated. It leaves itself perfectly open to take any view of what the instrumentality in the communication of grace, when grace *is* communicated, is,—the strictly sacramental one, or any other. In these divines it does take the sacramental view. The Sacraments are only efficacious *secundum propositum gratiæ, secundum beneplacitum voluntatis Dei,* says Abbott: yes: but he says they *are* on this condition, efficacious, and *are the* channels of grace. 'Deus operatur libere, *et in baptismo sanctificat quos vult,*' says Whittaker; yes: but he says those whom God wishes to sanctify, are sanctified *in baptism.* 'God having purposed,' says Barlow, 'in his eternal counsel to save some, which he 'cannot do before he has remitted their sins, *therefore in bap- 'tism,* he both confers this grace, and confirms it unto them.' Barlow, that is, says that those who are saved are saved *in baptism.* 'Qui aut ad baptismum aut ad Eucharistiam recte præpa- 'ratus accedit, *is una cum signis res ipsas percipit, non enim 'inania aut vacua signa sunt,*' says Whittaker again. The view then of these divines is not one opposed to the sacramental principle, but only opposed to the comprehensiveness of that grace which works upon that principle. It is esoteric, it is not rationalistic. Take them off the esoteric ground and they are ready to say that *all* are regenerate in baptism: regenerate in this or that sense indeed, but still regenerate. With S. Augustine they *call* ALL holy; *call* all blessed and new-born, as Benefield does in the extract quoted: they make, that is, the assertion that they are so. They maintain the ground of suspense with S. Augustine, they abandon it where he does. They are esoteric and internal where he is, they come out into open day with him. If these men are heretical on the subject of baptism, all we can say is that S. Augustine is heretical too. For, though greatly deficient in that largeness of mind which he had, and which enabled him to throw off his predestinarian language whenever he liked, and whenever he thought that truth was best expressed the other way; still in their predestinarian language itself, and their application of it to the doctrine of baptism, they do not, if we may state the result of the best comparison we have been able to make, substantially differ from S. Augustine.[1]

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[1] 'Sacramenta in solis electis efficiunt quod figurant:'—Lombard explains this dictum of S. Augustine thus: 'Ita est accipiendum quia, cum in aliis efficiant

We turn now to some other points of language which have been noticed in some English divines quoted on Mr. Gorham's side, and been converted into an argument that those divines did not hold the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

It is observed then, that some of these divines insist on certain previous conditions being fulfilled in all cases, infants and adults as well, in order to insure the benefit imparted in baptism; and the inference is then drawn, that these could not have believed in the regeneration of *all* infants in baptism; but only of those in whose cases those conditions had been fulfilled. Thus great stress is laid on the words of the 25th Article, with respect to the Sacraments, that 'in such only *as worthily receive* them, they have a wholesome effect and operation.' And this is proved specifically to include infants coming to baptism.

'In further proof of the same fact, I will next call the attention of the Court to the Liturgy of Edward VI., on Public Baptism (I quote from the Parker Society's Edition). The words are very strong:—

'"Then shall the Priest demand of the child (which shall [is to] be first baptized), these questions following."

'It is a remarkable expression, inasmuch as the child could not answer, and there were two sponsors there present to answer for him. But the words are, that he is to "*demand of the child*," and each successive answer is set forth as by the child, shewing how strong the impression was in the minds of the framers of the Liturgy, *that the profession of faith should be considered as coming from the child itself.*'—P. 95.

Peter Martyr is then quoted as requiring this previous condition of faith in infants:—

'"Et cum rogaveris eos, quare baptizent infantes, qui sciant illos non percipere quæ dicuntur, neque fœderi assentire quod in Baptismo illis proponunt. Fortasse respondebunt ex Augustini sententiâ: Salvari eos alienâ fide, id est parentum. *Sed propheta inquit, quemque servari sua, non alienâ fide.*"

'The answer to that is, everybody must be *saved by his own faith.*'—P. 110.

Ridley is then quoted as showing the same thing:—

'"Children cannot have faith, say the Anabaptists, wherefore they say that children should not be christened. To this reason I answer and say that *children may have faith*, although they have it not by hearing, yet they have faith by infusion of the Holy Ghost as the holy prophets had, and many holy men in the old law had * * * * * *Therefore it is not impossible for children to have faith*, as these Anabaptists falsely suppose."'

If infants are capable of faith, it is argued that they must have it as a condition of receiving the proper effect of baptism; and therefore Ridley is claimed as imposing this condition of faith upon infants coming to baptism. Archdeacon Philpot thinks 'that Christ reputeth infants for believers:' therefore Philpot

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sacramenta remissionem, non hoc eis faciunt ad salutem, sed solis electis.' (Libri Sent. l. iv. distinct. 4.) The language of the Elizabethan divines is the same language as S. Augustine's, and equally admits of Lombard's explanation.

thinks that faith is a condition in the case of infants. Grindall thinks that '*to the faithful receivers* the water of baptism is the blood of Christ.' Dean Turner thinks the same. There being, then, some divines who expressly include infants under the requirement of faith as the condition of baptismal benefit; and a long string of divines who maintain faith to be such a condition generally, and so implicitly maintain it of infants; it is argued, here is a condition which infants have to fulfil; and therefore the regeneration of infants in baptism is conditional, and cannot be asserted positively.

The learned counsel arrives at the same conclusion again by an entirely opposite route. Cranmer thought that infants had not faith. Bucer thought that infants had not faith. Bucer had a dispute with Luther on the question whether infants could have faith or not, and from that dispute it appears that there were three parties on this grave question: some 'affirming that infants when they are baptized understand the words of the Gospel, and believe by an act of their own minds;' Bucer affirming the contrary; and Luther adopting a judicious *via media* between the two extreme theorists, and maintaining an unconscious incipient faith in infants. The majority of divines, however, adopted the negative on this subject; and therefore did not maintain that the infant's faith was a condition of benefit in infant baptism. But then if the infant's own faith was not, some other's faith was: he was baptized on the condition of the faith of his parent, or the faith of those who brought him to baptism, or the faith of the Church at large. Anyhow therefore he was baptized upon a condition; and that produced the same conclusion as before, that the regeneration of infants was not unconditional, and therefore could not be asserted positively.

We have stated this argument with becoming gravity, and we shall endeavour now to refute it with the same. It must be evident to any person of ordinary understanding, that it makes no difference as to the uniformity of a result, whether we say that it takes place without conditions, or whether we say that it takes place upon conditions, but make those conditions fulfil themselves. The present question is as to the uniformity of the result in infant baptism; whether all infants are regenerated by it, or some are and some not. It makes no particle of difference, with respect to this result, whether we say that that result follows uniformly because it depends on no conditions; or whether we say that it follows uniformly because it depends upon conditions, but those conditions are *ipso facto* fulfilled whenever an infant is baptized. A condition only prevents uniformity, as having the capacity for obstructing; but a condition which fulfils itself cannot be an obstruction. By fulfilling itself, it negatives itself.

The English law protects the king on the condition of his doing no wrong; and at the same time fulfils that condition for him by saying that he *can* do no wrong. It is obviously the same in the result whether the king is protected unconditionally, or *thus* conditionally: his security is alike the same. In the case of infant baptism, so long as the sacrament itself is performed rightly, all the conditions for a worthy reception of the sacrament are *ipso facto* fulfilled. We may call them what we like, imputed faith, the faith of the parent, the faith of the Church; they are performed in the very act of an infant being brought to baptism. To make any distinction between the faith of one parent and the faith of another, so that the child of a believing parent or guardian was regenerated, that of an unbelieving not, would be absolutely unreasonable; and it is not pretended that any divine of our Church has ever made one. Then upon whose faith are children baptized? plainly upon some faith which is always supposed to be at hand, and to be true and genuine. Then the condition of benefit in infant baptism is always *ipso facto* fulfilled: and therefore that benefit is quite as uniformly and invariably received, as if there were no condition at all. So much for any conditions of *present* fulfilment imposed on infants: with respect to any of future and after-life fulfilment, that belongs to and is included in the predestinarian part of the subject which has been already discussed.

There is another branch of language in use among many of our divines; which has been argued from in much the same way, and which admits of much the same defence from that argument, as the preceding one. There is a strong amount of language against the power and effectiveness of the Sacraments, as such, that is to say, of the elements themselves, for conferring grace; the grace which is received in them being specially referred to our Lord and His promise, and not to the sacrament as such. It is evident to any one who will examine this distinction candidly that it is mainly a verbal one, involving no diminution and no unsettling of the real virtue of the ordinance whatever. No sane man ever really thought that either the water in itself in Baptism, or the bread and wine in themselves in the Eucharist, had virtue of their own apart from the goodness and the power of God, through which they become the channels of grace which they are. Only in controversy the disputants on either side are apt partly in over warmth and partly for the sake of greater clearness and more striking effect, to state their adversaries' positions in an extreme form, and in short forget that they are reasonable creatures. The difference therefore between saying that the sacrament imparts the benefit it does, and that the grace of God imparts that benefit through the sacrament, is verbal; every reasonable person would mean the same by both. In the former that is expressed, which in the latter is implied. But however this may be, the distinction can make no sort of difference as to the uniformity of the result in baptism, which is the present question. Because the uniformity of a result does not depend at all on the particular mode in which that result is brought about. Let us suppose that the element of water itself has a certain virtue imparted to it, which meeting with a proper recipient, produces regeneration. In that case the result is uniform in proper recipients, because the water is always the same. Let us suppose that it produces the same result by means of the promise accompanying it; there is the same uniformity because the promise is always the same. The protest against the supposed virtue in the elements themselves was directed against a certain superstitious notion of the sacrament, that it regenerated all alike whether worthy recipients of it or not, so long as the material water touched them. Whether that notion was ever, as a fact, held by any person of sound natural understanding, is questionable; but controversialists on the Protestant side thought it was held, or thought there were strong tendencies to it. Against a certain virtue then in the water itself regenerating all without distinction of worthiness, this protest is effectual; but grant the distinction of worthiness and unworthiness, and the rest is wholly nugatory as regards the result in baptism. Are all infants brought to the baptism of the Church, worthy recipients of baptism? If they are, the promise of Christ accompanying the sacrament is as sure a pledge of regeneration to them, as any virtue in the water. And therefore what if Cranmer says that 'Christ is not really and corporally in the water,' (Dr. Bayford's Speech, p. 99); if Ridley says that 'the sacrament hath not grace included in it, but only annexed to it instrumentally,' (p. 146); if Ridley says again, 'It is not water that washes us from our sins, but Christ 'by his word and Spirit, that washes away our sins that we have 'of Adam by carnal nature,' (p. 153); if Bullinger says that the sacraments have not received 'power to confer or give grace; 'inasmuch as Christ giveth not his glory to any, either saint or 'mortal man, *much less to a creature without life;*' and that grace is bestowed on us 'by the Lord only, and not by any 'creatures, not by any elements', (p. 131, 132); if Nowell says that 'we do not obtain forgiveness of sins by the outward washing 'or sprinkling of the water, inasmuch as it is not lawful to give 'this honour to the outward element, but to Christ, who hath 'with his blood washed our souls,' (p. 139); if Grindall says that 'in baptism men regard not greatly the water, but account them- 'selves washed with the blood of Christ,' (p. 157); if Becon says that 'the baptism of water availeth nothing without the baptism 'of the Spirit,' (p. 150); if Bishop Cooper says 'that we do not 'attribute the operation in the sacrament to the water or outward 'element, but to the might of God's word and the power of the 'Holy Ghost working by faith,' (p. 187); if Dr. Fulke says 'we 'do not include grace, virtue, and efficacy within the external 'elements,' (p. 189);—what then? No argument is to be drawn from the attribution of the grace in baptism to the Divine promise, as contrasted to the virtue of the element, against the fact of such grace itself; its communication to all worthy recipients, and to all infants, if all infants are worthy recipients.

Another branch of language noticed in this class of divines, and made use of for the same controversial purpose for which the preceding ones have been, is that which speaks of the Sacraments as *seals* of grace. The character of a seal differs from that of channel, or instrument, or mean, in this—that a seal is the formal part of the conveyance of a gift; whereas a channel is the real conveying thing itself. Accordingly, when we say that baptism is a medium or channel of grace, we assign some real and substantial conveyance to it; on the other hand, when we speak of it as a seal, we give it a formal part in the work of conveying. It is argued, then, from the use of this language describing baptism as a seal of grace and regeneration, among our divines, that they only make baptism a formality appended to the work of regeneration; the real gift being made through another and an internal agency, viz. the free working of the Holy Spirit at some or other part of a man's life. In other words, from the idea of baptism as a seal, is deduced the idea of baptism as only a symbol. But this inference admits of two answers. In the first place, supposing the meaning of the term seal was reducible to this one, it would still have to be proved that the authors referred to spoke of baptism in no other terms than that of a seal. It does not follow that if a writer sometimes applies a lower attribute to baptism, that therefore he does not believe in a higher one. For it is not necessary that a writer should always be using his highest language. Baptism is unquestionably a symbol, and is spoken of as such by almost all writers; 'it doth represent unto us our profession,' as our Prayer-Book says. But it would be a very unsound inference to draw, that all these writers held baptism to be nothing more than a symbol; and that our own service only asserted it to represent our profession. The same writers who use the lower language, will be found using the higher too. If seal, then, only means symbol, it does not follow that because various writers speak of it as such, that therefore they believed it was nothing more. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the very same persons who use the term seal, use also the term channel, and instrument, and means of grace, as applied to baptism. But, in the second place, does the term 'seal' mean legitimately symbol, and nothing more? When the seal is put to the king's letters patent, conferring upon some person a grant of crown land, or a state office, is that seal a symbol of royal generosity only—a beautiful metaphor, a simile and trope? or is it a real part of the act of giving—the crowning, consummating part? Here is the question. The setting of a seal is, doubtless, a formality only in this sense, that no one supposes the wax with the stamp upon it to have had any intrinsic power in the conferring of the grant. That power resided in the monarch's will. But, though the seal had no intrinsic power, it had a conventional and a legal power, from which real effects flowed, in the shape of property or office, to the individual in whose favour it was used. Going, then, upon the legitimate meaning and force of the term seal, the sealing in baptism is not simply symbolic of the conferring of grace, but is part of the act of conferring it. The baptismal water has, indeed, no more intrinsic power than the wax had to impart the benefit connected with it; but it has that power by Divine ordinance and imputation, answering to the legal and conventional power of the royal seal. Thus, even Calvin says—

> '" *As a prince, having purposed a favour to his subjects, grants it by his patents of mere indulgence, and ratifies it by his seal for more assurance; so God* having purposed in his eternal counsel to save some, which he cannot do before he has remitted their sins, therefore in Baptism he both confers this grace and confirms it unto them." '—P. 168.

It will be said, however, that the 'seal' of grace in baptism, though connected by these divines with the actual conferring of grace, and not understood as simply symbolic of it, is yet connected, in their view, with *our own* faith and consciousness as regards that divine act, rather than with that act itself: that they rather say that baptism is a seal *to you* that you have received the Divine grace, a pledge to certify you of the bestowal of that grace; than that baptism is a seal of the bestowal itself. Thus, Archbishop Sandys says—

> '" If a Prince gave out his Letters Patent of a gift, so long as the seal is not put to, the gift is not fully ratified; and the party to whom it is given thinketh not himself sufficiently assured of it. God's gift, without sealing, is sure; as he himself is all one, without changing; yet, to bear with our infirmity, and to make us more secure of his promise, to his writing and word he added these outward signs and seals, to establish our faith, and to certify us that his promise is most certain." '—P. 158.

And Jewell says—

> '" As princes' seals confirm and warrant their deeds and charters: so do the Sacraments witness unto our conscience that God's promises are true, and shall continue for ever. Thus doth God make known his secret purpose to his Church. First he declareth his mercy by his word; then he

sealeth it and assureth it by his Sacraments. In the word we have his promises; in the Sacraments we see them." '—Pp. 198, 199.

Now, without at all saying that such language is not both erroneous and inadequate, if taken as the *only* language to be employed on the subject of baptism; thus much we can say without fear of disproof, that it is very different language from that which is claimed to be used now, by those who appeal to these authorities. Both of these extracts lay it down quite positively that baptism is the *evidence,* to which we refer in our minds and thoughts, of God's forgiveness to us, and adoption or regeneration of us. 'The Sacraments are the *witnesses to our consciences,*' says Jewell; 'God hath *made known* His secret purpose' through them. Of the Sacraments, then, though no more is said of them in these particular passages, thus much certainly is said, that they are the channels of the *knowledge* of having received grace to us. If we want to assure ourselves that we have been made the children of God, we must go to the sacrament of Baptism as the evidence of it: if we want to assure ourselves that we are continued in that adoption, we must go to the sacrament of the Eucharist, as the evidence of it. This is the purport of these extracts. Now, a mind that really did use the sacrament of Baptism as the evidence of its regeneration would, for every practical purpose, acknowledge it as the means and instrument of its regeneration. The door of entrance by which the knowledge of the thing comes to us is the door of entrance by which the thing itself, as something known, comes to us. And on the principle that, as *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio,* so, *eadem est ratio de apparentibus et existentibus,* we go back in thought to that thing as known, exactly as if it were the thing. Leaving the question of what God's dealings and acts in themselves are, and what that spiritual process by which we become regenerate really is, we make baptism that process, as far as our minds are concerned. Whenever we form the image in our minds of that original adoption being imparted to us, that image of its imparting is necessarily a baptismal one, because we only know of its imparting by the sign of baptism: when we go back in thought to the original entrance of grace into our hearts, we go back to baptism, because that is its entrance, as known and certified to us. We thus rest our belief that we are the children of God upon baptism, and faith adopts the sacramental ground as its basis and support. Do those who appeal to such extracts as these do the same? Do they make baptism the evidence of their adoption? and do they go back in thought to baptism when they want to assure themselves of their being God's children? If they do not, but treat such language as the above as they treated S. Augustine's—if they draw from Jewell's statement, that baptism is the evidence of our adoption, the inference that what Jewell meant was, that baptism was *not* the evidence of our adoption; just as from S. Augustine's injunction, that all were to be called regenerate, they inferred that Augustine meant that all were *not* to be called so:—we can only say, that the very passages which they bring forward on their own side condemn them. If they appeal to some internal conscious change of mind, as the evidence of adoption, as distinguished from baptism, they certainly do not follow Jewell in appealing to baptism as the evidence of it.

This language however, which describes Baptism as a 'seal,' runs out into some further language, which is the complement and correlative of it. For those who speak of baptism as a seal, go on to speak of the grace of baptism being in fact given *before* the baptism itself, before the seal itself is formally set. Thus Jewell says—

> '"This marvellous conjunction, and incorporation, is *first begun* and wrought by faith; *afterward* the same incorporation is *assured* unto us, and *increased* in our Baptism." "The holy mysteries do *not begin*, but rather continue and confirm this incorporation."'—P. 72.

Peter Martyr says:—'De adultis non est dubium, quando 'fideliter baptismum suscipiunt, *quin prius in divinum fœdus tran- 'sierint:*'—and again of infants—'Parvuli qui vere ad elec- 'tionem Dei pertinent, *antequam baptizentur,* Spiritu Domini 'sunt instructi.' There are other extracts from other divines to the same effect. Now of this language which describes the benefit of baptism anticipating the actual rite; we can only say: if it is used with the intention of disconnecting grace with baptism it is very erroneous: but, though hazardous language always, it need not be so used. When we come to so very mysterious and incomprehensible a conjunction as that of a Divine act with a visible form, to define the commencement of that act with such determinate accuracy, as to say, that there could be nothing anticipatory of it before the moment at which the visible form declared it to take place, is hardly reasonable or warranted by the nature of the subject. And there is all the difference between claiming a liberty to use in opposition to, and claiming a liberty to use in subordination to the sacramental principle. If it be only clearly understood that the visible baptism is the consummation and seal of the Divine act of regenerating, so that without it regeneration is not a determinate affirmable thing, with it it is, we need not place any such precise and stiff boundaries to the Divine working. Certainly Peter Lombard gave himself this liberty, for he speaks of persons who are both sanctified and justified before they approach to baptism. He asks the question—*Quid prosit baptismus his qui cum fide accedunt?* and proceeds—'Solet enim quæri de illis qui *jam 'sanctificati Spiritu* cum fide et charitate ad baptismum acce-

'dunt, quid eis conferat baptismus? Nihil enim eis videtur ' præstare, cum per fidem et contritionem *jam remissis peccatis* '*justificati sunt.*' He answers the question by saying that those who are already, *i.e.* before baptism, 'justified by faith and repentance' (per fidem et contritionem justificati), are yet benefited by baptism in this, that they are released by it from the temporal or ecclesiastical penalties of their sins; and also in this, that the assisting grace already imparted to them is *increased: adjutrix gratia, omnisque virtus in eo augetur, ut vere novus homo tunc dici possit.* 'Vt vere novus homo *tunc dici possit;*'—that is to say, the visible baptism is the consummation, as we have just said, of the Divine act, so that after it regeneration is a determinate affirmable thing. Lombard proceeds—' Jerome says that faith ' which makes men faithful (quæ fideles facit—*i. e.* justifying ' faith) is either given, or *increased* by baptism; that to him ' who hath it not, it is given; and to him who hath it, it is made ' more full. The same may be said of other things. He that ' comes clean to baptism is made cleaner by it, and he that hath ' any grace at all, hath that grace amplified by baptism.' He concludes: ' Baptism then confers much even on him who is ' already justified by faith. Coming to baptism he is carried, ' as the bough was by the dove, into the ark (*i. e.* into the Church); ' he was in in it (the Church) *before indeed by the judgment of* ' *God,* but now he is in by the judgment of the Church.'[1] Lombard then undoubtedly held that the benefits of baptism could precede actual baptism itself: and yet Lombard undoubtedly held the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Such passages, therefore, as those just referred to in our divines, which speak of the baptized having grace before baptism, do not in themselves prove anything against their holding the doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism. If Lombard held this language, and yet held that doctrine, they may have done the same.

Indeed, the question as to this language is one, if we examine, wholly irrelevant to the real question of Baptismal Regeneration, as discussed in the present controversy. The question now in dispute as to baptism concerns the universality or uniformity of the result in the case of baptism; whether all are regenerated or only some. This language only concerns the time at which this result may be supposed to take place;—whether in any sense before the actual rite; or in no sense before, but only in the rite itself. But the uniformity of the result is not at all affected by the time, whether this or that, at which it takes place; whether it takes place at one moment in the sprinkling of the water, or in any sense anticipates that act. So thought Lombard, and therefore he did not hesitate to say—'Sacramentum et rem simul suscipiunt *omnes parvuli;*' simply because the one question had nothing at all to do with the other. The question as to the anticipatory power of grace, is a question of detail only, making no difference as to the conclusion; for all this grace comes under the head of baptismal grace, looking forward to baptism as its consummation and seal. The grace, as Lombard explains, sometimes anticipates the sacrament, sometimes follows long after it: in either case it is baptismal grace; in the one case looking forward to baptism, and in the other backward upon it. '*Nec mireris rem aliquando præcedere sacramentum,* '*cum aliquando etiam longe post sequatur,* ut in illis qui ficte 'accedunt, quibus cum postea pœnituerint, incipiet baptismus 'prodesse.'

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[1] 'Multum ergo confert baptismus, *etiam jam per fidem justificato;* quia accedens ad baptismum quasi ramus a colomba portatur in arcam: *qui ante intus erat judicio Dei, sed nunc etiam judicio ecclesiæ intus est.*'—Libri Sententiarum, lib. iv. distinct. 4.

These passages in Lombard, it is true, only suppose the case of adults whose own faith and repentance have obtained grace for them before the rite of baptism. The passages in our divines rather suppose the case of infants; allowing a previous sanctification and favour, in God's eye, to them as the infants of Christian parents, and recommended by those parents' faith. The principle, however, is exactly the same in either case, nor does it matter at all on what ground the anticipatory grace takes place, the baptismal question being only concerned with the fact of such grace. If we have Lombard's authority for such grace in the case of adults, and as the consequence of their own faith; the same authority is committed to such grace in the case of infants too, as the consequence of their Christian birth and parents' faith, provided the hereditary and vicarious claim is recognised by God as well as the personal one. However, we need not confine ourselves to an authority by implication. S. Augustine speaks of the children of Christian parents as being, in a sense, in God's favour on that ground, or as having a peculiar claim to that favour, which is the same thing. He calls them *filii sui* (of God), in contrast to *filii alieni,* the children of unbelieving parents. Even the matter-of-fact expression *filii fidelium,* as contrasted to *filii infidelium,* shows the same view; for there would be no meaning in expressing the fact of the distinction unless there were some result from it. Such language, indeed, has a very natural and almost inevitable rise out of the text of S. Paul (1 Cor. vii. 14): 'Else were your children unclean, but now are they holy.' This text cannot upon any ordinary rule of interpretation be understood as referring to baptismal holiness; the Apostle is plainly speaking of some holiness ensuing to the children from their relation to their parents. Indeed what objection can there be to admitting that the children of faithful Christians are upon that ground regarded with some peculiar favour by God? the idea is certainly a most natural one, and it has a large amount of Scriptural authority on its side; for the children of Israel are represented throughout the Bible as loved for their fathers' sake. Within reasonable limits, and not pushed too far, a certain holiness of Christian children, as being the children of Christians, is perfectly admissible. And if they are in any sense holy, there is an anticipation of baptismal holiness—a state, and a peculiar state, of grace or favour before baptism. And therefore if some of our divines put forward this ground of the holiness of Christian children for their parents' sake, and describe in consequence a holiness or grace which they have on the hereditary ground previous to baptism, and with which they are presented at the font, it remains to be seen whether they hold this idea to the denial of proper grace to baptism.

We shall finish this counter-criticism we have been engaged in upon the language of the Elizabethan divines, by a reference to one great English name.

It is admitted by Mr. Gorham's counsel that Hooker did hold a doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration in Mr. Gorham's view objectionable. Dr. Bayford professes to show us 'from what he (Hooker) departed'—viz. from 'the doctrine held and taught by the Reformers.' There was 'a change in the opinions of Hooker on sacramental grace' as he grew older, 'a partial retrogression toward the Romish doctrine of the Sacraments.' If the learned Counsel does not mean by this that Hooker held, as his later and mature view, a doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, much like what the Bishop of Exeter claims from Mr. Gorham, we do not know what he does mean. So then the doctrine of Hooker is confessed.

Now the learned Counsel himself admits, and takes the trouble to adduce, an extract to prove that Hooker was a predestinarian.

> '"For as we are not naturally men without birth, so neither are we Christian men in the eye of the Church of God but by new birth; nor according to the manifest ordinary course of divine dispensation new born, but by that Baptism which both declareth and maketh us Christians. In which respect we justly hold it to be the door of our actual entrance into God's house; the first APPARENT beginning of life; A SEAL, PERHAPS, TO THE GRACE OF ELECTION BEFORE RECEIVED, but to our sanctification here a step that hath not any before it." (B. v. § 60.)'—P. 196.

Again, he shows that Hooker did not hold the Sacraments to impart grace by any virtue of their own.

> '"The benefit he that hath it receiveth from God himself the Author of the sacraments, and not from any other natural or supernatural quality in them." "For of Sacraments the very same is true which Solomon's Wisdom observeth in the brazen serpent: He that turned toward it was not healed, by the thing he saw, but by thee, O Saviour of all."'

Again, he proves that Hooker held that the reception of grace in baptism was conditional.

'"They [the Sacraments] are not physical, but moral instruments of salvation, duties of service and worship; which, unless we perform as the Author of grace requireth, they are unprofitable. For all receive not the grace of God which receive the Sacraments of his grace."'—P. 198.

Again, he shows that Hooker speaks of baptism as '*a seal.*'

'A seal perhaps to the grace of election before received.'

Again, he shows that Hooker thought that grace could precede baptism.

'"If outward Baptism were a cause in itself possessed of that power either natural or supernatural, without the present operation whereof no such effect could possibly grow; it must then follow, that seeing effects do never prevent the necessary causes out of which they spring, *no man could ever receive grace before Baptism*; *which is apparently both known, and also confessed, to be otherwise in many particulars.*"'—P. 197.

Now all these points have been insisted on in the former part of the learned Counsel's speech, as evidences to prove that the writers who entertained them could not believe in the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. First, the doctrine of election and predestination, then the refusal of intrinsic virtue to the Sacraments, then the language descriptive of baptism as a 'seal,' then the admission of a grace antedating baptism, proved this; but now it appears that all these views may be entertained by a divine who held a doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, which was a 'retrogression to Romanism;' and which therefore must be, in Mr. Gorham's opinion, much the same with what the Bishop of Exeter claims from him. It seems that Hooker was a predestinarian, and yet held such a doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; that he refused intrinsic virtue to the Sacraments, and yet did; spoke of the grace of baptism as conditional, and yet did; spoke of the sacrament as a seal, and yet did; spoke of grace previous to baptism, and yet did. The inference is plain. The learned Counsel has answered his own objections, and refuted his own arguments.

We shall conclude this article with one summary reflection, which will need, however, one or two subordinate ones to usher it in.

The reader, then, has now had a string of authorities on Mr. Gorham's side laid before him. We are not particularly called upon to defend every phrase or every position which these authorities use. These men did not compile our Services, or construct our Articles. Had they done so, those formularies would not have depended on their private opinions. But they did not. These authorities, as a body, are posterior to the

Reformation, and only represent one particular interval, and that a short one, in English theology. It is little to us if this or that individual in the reign of Queen Elizabeth writes Calvinistically about Baptismal Regeneration. He is no more an authority than a divine of the reign of Queen Victoria, who might do the same—suppose Mr. Gorham himself, or Mr. Goode. But thus much we are bound to say:—In the first place, these extracts come after all to much less than they are proclaimed to do. Let any fair person carry his eye over them; he will see a whole predestinarian line of thought running through them, with which he may not at all sympathise; he will see some single statements on baptism in Mr. Gorham's favour. But even throughout these extracts—picked carefully out of whole volumes of theology, as the most telling on Mr. Gorham's side, the very essence of the phraseology antagonistic to baptismal grace which could be found in the school most antagonistic to that grace—even throughout these extracts, as a whole, there runs a most unequivocally superior estimate of baptism, to what is put forward by 'evangelicals' now. Throughout, baptism appears either as a real and *bona fide* channel of grace, (though of permanent grace to the elect only,) or as the seal which consummates the giving of that grace, or as the true evidence of God's grace, to which all Christians are to refer in thought, whenever they want to assure themselves that they have grace. There is no reduction of baptism to a mere symbol, no erection of a mere internal and conscious new birth.

But supposing these extracts were much more favourable to Mr. Gorham than they are, there remains still a question of some importance—Are these the *only* statements which these divines make on the subject of baptism, or are there others in the background? And, what is more to the purpose still, Are these the great cardinal statements and professions which these men make as members of the Church; or are they qualifications and explanations, which they make as theologians, of some cardinal statement which has preceded, and is supposed throughout? This is an important distinction. Give, on any doctrine whatever, only the secondary and not the primary part of a writer's whole expression of himself about it, the part where he begins to explain and qualify, separated from the first simple and cardinal statement, and he may be made to appear a denier or a doubter of it. Take the explanatory statements on the doctrine of the Trinity, distinct from the cardinal one, and the doctrine of the Trinity will crumble into pieces. With the doctrine of the Incarnation, with the doctrine of Original Sin, or any other, it will be the same. No doctrine could stand such a test. It is the leading statement which in every doctrine binds all together, and presents the whole, as a whole, to our view. The doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, then, as held by any writer, is not to be judged of by the explanations and qualifications of it, which he enters into subsequent to the cardinal statement of the doctrine, taken alone. He makes this first; and, when he has made it, enters on the department of explanation; but it would be plainly unfair to him to take all his explanations as if he had never made the previous statement. He carries this with him, and it is supposed throughout. Such being the relation, then, of, and the distinction between, explanatory and primary statement, we see at once, on looking at these extracts on Mr. Gorham's side, that we are looking at a quantity of explanation simply; a critic at once sees with the eye of a comparative anatomist, that there is some head or top wanting to and supposed in all of it.

What the school represented by Mr. Gorham in this trial wants, is the right to deny in words that persons are regenerate in baptism; to contradict, *i. e.*, the primary and leading statement of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Now we have looked through the whole of these extracts, and, without pledging ourselves for every single one, we have no hesitation in saying that, as a mass, they completely fail Mr. Gorham at this point. Whatever explanatory liberty they may allow him, they do not give him *the* precedent which he and his school want—the literal denial of regeneration in baptism. They fail to do so, because they are, in fact, themselves explanations and qualifications of that cardinal statement. This appears, constantly, in the very form of the language in them; the very form evidently supposing it: and sometimes, for it cannot be suppressed, the very statement itself comes out. 'In baptism, Christ and the Holy 'Ghost be given to them that be truly baptized in the water:' (Dr. Bayford, p. 99)—that is Cranmer's statement: and it is one which Mr. Gorham's school wants to deny. Baptism 'is 'regeneration, when a man is received into the holy Catholic 'Church of Christ, and is now to be accounted for one of the 'lively members of Christ's own body:' (p. 145)—that is Ridley's statement. Baptism is '*sacramentum a Domino institutum, 'ex aqua et verbo constans, quo regeneramur, et Christo inserimur, 'ad remissionem peccatorum et eternam vitam:*' (p. 107)—that is Peter Martyr's statement. Baptism 'is a figure, indeed; but 'such as hath the truth of things joined and knit unto it: for 'as in baptism God truly delivereth us forgiveness of sins and 'newness of life, so do we certainlyreceive them:' (p. 139)—that is Nowell's statement. '"By Baptism is he your Father, 'and you are born of him, and so become his son: therefore, 'can he none otherwise than love, tender, and favour you, and 'give you the inheritance of his heavenly kingdom. By Baptism are you made the brother of Christ, heir of God, and 'fellow-heir with Christ of everlasting glory; then may 'you be certain to be of that number that shall inherit 'eternal life. By Baptism is the Holy Ghost given you; 'then are you the sons of God, and cannot perish:' (p. 149)—That is Becon's statement. 'In baptism our sins are taken 'away, and we from sins purged, cleansed, and regenerated in 'a new man:'—that is Launcelot Ridley's statement. 'Baptismum esse sacramentum regenerationis non negamus:'—that is Whittaker's statement. 'That infants are regenerated in baptism is the language of Scripture and antiquity:'—that is Archbishop Sharp's statement. 'All infants are in baptism regenerated by the Holy Ghost:'—that is Bishop Hopkins' statement. Here are (and they are only specimens) so many assertions, simple and decided, of Baptismal Regeneration, appearing in the very extracts which Mr. Gorham has picked out of all English theology for disproving that doctrine. Now, our opponent will say: Yes, here are the statements, doubtless: but do not be in a hurry; the writers, or at least some of them, will *explain* them soon: you will see what they mean by that statement, when you see the appendage to it. But this is exactly what we say. Supposing the statement is explained afterwards, still the statement is made first. But our opponents will not make the statement. They claim all the explanation, without any of the assertion; all the liberty, without any of the yoke. It is true, some writers do explain: and some may exceed the just limits of explanation: but those who are most jealous of the baptismal gift, and reduce the meaning of the statement most in the explanation, make, and never abandon, the statement itself. They may call the sanctity imparted by baptism external, ecclesiastical, relative; the regeneration, sacramental: but they maintain that it does impart sanctity, and does confer regeneration. They give no sanction, then, and supply no precedent to those who refuse to make that statement.

We will even take their assertion—and this is the concluding observation for which we have been preparing—as made upon Mr. Gorham's own ground;—the ground which has been put forward throughout this contest, and of which it has been the professed object of this contest, on his side, to obtain the concession;—the ground of charitable presumption. Extracts are adduced to prove that the ground of charitable presumption is the ground put forward in explanation of the assertion of regeneration in baptism, by various divines of our Church. 'Who be of the Church,' says Whitgift, 'is known to Him alone who knoweth those that are His.' But 'we must count all in the Church,' who are in it visibly. 'What thou art inwardly,' says Benefield, 'and in the sight 'of God, God alone knoweth; He alone is καρδιογνώστης, and 'sees and knows thy heart. Since thou hast given thy name to

'Christ, and hast *had the washing of the new birth, the Church* '*in charity must judge of thee, as of one truly grafted into Christ,* '*and truly regenerate:* but (I say) *what thou art inwardly and in* '*the sight of God, God knoweth:* examine thou thyself.' (P. 165.) 'All that receive baptism are called the children of God, regenerate, justified,' says Bishop Carleton; 'for to us they must be 'taken as such in charity, until they show themselves other.' '*Our Church,*' says Dr. Mayer, '*doth not usurp the gift of prophecy, to take upon her to discern which of her children belong to* '*God's unsearchable election, but in the judgment of charity* '*embraceth them all, as God's inheritance: and hereby teacheth* '*every of us so to believe of ourselves by faith, and of others by* '*charity.*' (P. 191.[1]) There are higher authorities than these brought forward. Hooker is quoted:

> '"*We speak of infants as the rule of piety alloweth* both to speak and think. They that can take to themselves in ordinary talk a charitable kind of liberty to name men of their own sort God's dear children (notwithstanding the large reign of hypocrisy) should not methinks be so strict and rigorous against the Church for PRESUMING *as it doth* of a Christian innocent. For when we know how Christ in general hath said that of such is the kingdom of heaven, which kingdom is *the inheritance of God's elect,* and do withal behold how his providence hath called them unto the first beginnings of eternal life, and presented them at the well-spring of new birth *wherein original sin is purged,* besides which sin there is no hinderance of their salvation known to us, as themselves will grant; hard it were that having so many fair inducements whereupon to ground, we should not be thought to utter at the least a truth as *probable and allowable* in terming any such particular infant an elect babe, as in presuming the like of others, whose safety nevertheless we are not absolutely able to warrant." (B. v. § 64.)'—P. 197.

Pearson is quoted: 'Without something appearing to the 'contrary, we ought to presume of the good effect: therefore all 'such as have been received into the Church may in some sense 'be called holy.'

If various divines, however, be put forward, the ground of charitable presumption as an admissible ground on which to make the assertion that all baptized persons are regenerate, a permissible explanation to give. The permission to make that assertion upon that ground, and with that explanation, is no more a licence for not making the assertion itself, than the permission of any other explanatory ground would be. This explanation, like any other, is subsequent to the assertion which it explains, and not prior to it: so far from preventing it from being made, it supposes it to be made. No precedent then has been set, and no authority gained hitherto, taking even Mr. Gorham's own ground, for refusing to make the statement that all infants are regenerate in baptism.

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[1] We may state generally that we have given the extracts throughout this Article with the italics, as they appear in Dr. Bayford's speech, in order not to appear to suppress any of their meaning.

Indeed it is not very easy to understand what Mr. Gorham means by professing the ground of charitable judgment, and then refusing to make the assertion of which that is the ground. The Bishop of Exeter asks him, Will you assert that all baptized infants are regenerate? Mr. Gorham refuses to make that assertion. But the assertion is the test whether the charitable judgment is made or not: it is the expression of that judgment. Take the question of a man's honesty: he is honest; it is uncertain whether he is honest or dishonest; he is dishonest: which of these three is the charitable judgment? Not the last certainly; it may be a just one, but the epithet charitable is not applicable to it: not the middle one; it may be a charitable abstaining from judgment, but it is not a charitable judgment: there remains the first, to which the expression charitable judgment is alone applicable. Supposing we want in general society to give any one the benefit of a charitable judgment relative to his character: do we think it fulfils the scope of a charitable judgment simply to express uncertainty about it? But whether a charitable judgment in social life and ordinary acceptance, involves assertion or not, among theologians with respect to baptismal regeneration it does. The divines whom we have just referred to use the ground of charitable presumption indeed; but they all in succession use it in order to found an *assertion* upon it. 'I must *judge of thee as of one truly grafted unto Christ,*' says Benefield: that means a positive judgment surely, not a mere negative one. 'All who receive baptism are *called*, the children of God, regenerate, sanctified,' says Bishop Carleton: that is, are affirmed to be so. 'The judgment of charity embraceth them all as God's inheritance,' says Dr. Mayer: that is a positive judgment again; a judgment which asserts. All are to be '*called* holy,' says Pearson; to be '*termed* elect,' says Hooker; to be '*called* saints, members of Christ, and children of God,' says Bishop Hopkins. 'Judge of them' as, 'embrace them as,' 'call them,' 'term them:'—if this is not to make the assertion that they are so, what is it? For how, as we said before, do we call a thing this or that, except by saying that *it is* that which we call it? We call a man honest by saying that he is honest; and in the same way we call him regenerate by saying that he is regenerate. That is what we mean by calling: we do not mean by calling abstaining from calling, refusing to call, suspending our voice altogether. Can any one believe that any one of these divines, had the Bishop of Exeter[1] called upon them to say—all the baptized are regenerate,—would have hesitated a moment to give an explicit affirmation? If they had, they would have been simply contradicting their writings. The judgment of charity adopts, in their view, the assertion, as its natural expression; it is not dumb, it speaks. So then this ground, it appears, the favourite and claimed ground, after all turns against its advocates, and condemns them. It demands an expression: and it is refused. It is idle and dormant in their hands: suppressed the instant it begins to operate, and silenced the moment it begins to speak. Talk of the judgment of charity indeed! this is the very thing which Mr. Gorham refuses to make. Called upon to make an assertion, he refuses, because such an assertion would be, in his view, a charitable one, in distinction to being a matter of fact one. He selects a ground on purpose to frustrate it; and judges charitably by abstaining from judgment altogether.

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[1] We cannot mention the Bishop of Exeter's name without expressing our admiration of the disinterested courage with which his Lordship has come forward, on various recent occasions especially, to maintain the doctrines, and encourage and protect the practical efforts, of the Church. His defence of Miss Sellon and her Sisterhood against a storm of popular prejudice, will long be remembered.

As we have said before, the question of Baptismal Regeneration is in a large sense a practical one. The question is, How are you to treat with, and in what state are you to suppose, the visible members of the Church of Christ whom you have to instruct as children, and whom you have to exhort as adults? The Church Catholic from the beginning to the present day has laid down one supposition to be made; all schools in her, predestinarian and the contrary, agree; Mr. Gorham's own authorities lay it down: there is a universal consensus for the supposition, of regeneration, adoption, and sonship in the visible Christian body, as the basis of ministerial teaching and appeals. Will Mr. Gorham make this supposition? Will he instruct the children in his schools, address the congregation in his church, on the idea that they are regenerate? Will he refer them to their baptism as the source of their spiritual life; appeal to them on the ground that they have received a great gift in it, and are responsible for its use and improvement; and take generally a certain past and conferred new birth as the status of the Christian body, instead of a future and uncertain one? If he will, we for our part will promise to ask no curious question on what particular ground he makes the supposition. But the test whether he will *bona fide* make the supposition of such regeneration or not, is whether he will make or not the assertion of it when called on to do so.

And the sacrifice of labour and anxiety which he has made in the case, which has been the subject of this article, will be long remembered too, whatever be the issue. His Lordship's name is now indissolubly connected with the history of the English Church. Times may be coming which will require a still further display of energy and courage from him; and show that though his Lordship has done much, he has yet more to do for the Church. In that case, we doubt not that one who has begun so bold and manly a course of ecclesiastical policy, will be fully equal to the task of maintaining it; and that it will be with him, as it has been with many—'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

ART. II.—*King Arthur.* *By* SIR E. BULWER LYTTON. London: Colburn.

THERE is something in the composition of an heroic poem, a poem of many parts, elaborate and sustained, which naturally awakes our sympathy. The author needs to be supported in his undertaking by far other than vulgar aims; he cannot hope for golden rewards, nor for general praise. When he sits down to his work, and its length stretches out before him, the most fluent pen will hang suspended, loath to begin a great labour; the most sanguine heart sink at the task before it, glancing over the visionary scheme, the Alps upon Alps which must be surmounted. How many bright expectations must fade in discouragement, how many fancied successes yield to the severity of a calmer judgment; how many images, clear in the distance, must pale into indistinctness when their place awaits them; how many harshnesses must be smoothed down, and resolute obscurities be made intelligible, before the end comes. What hopeless hours, what toilsome days loom upon the fancy when the poet's genius will seem to desert him, or treacherously elude his grasp, shining on the distant peaks of his plan, and leaving him dark and unaided to his present task. What breaks and chasms in the grand design, where over-arching imagination reveals no path; what links wanting in the golden chain which conscious poverty knows not how to supply! Wakeful nights and care-worn days, and haunting perverse measures sounding on wearied ears, self-mistrust, dread of others, all these casting their shadows before, must dog the steps, and float dark phantoms round the man who aspires to write an epic; who entertains that lordly ambition, who would concentrate all his powers in that struggle for fame; who would try that all but hopeless passage through unknown poetic seas. Facing the strictures of sharp criticism, the indifference of common readers, the contempt of the practical world; resting on the future as the hopes of the present slip away from him, he makes the hero's choice noble labour for inglorious ease; and he must needs brace and purify his mind, as the athlete his physical powers, by stern discipline, for the conflict. A great poem is a great labour; even the attempt at one is self-denial, and toil, and pain; it is the sweat of a man's brow, though airs from heaven fan him, and hope, and gleams of a loftier joy cheer him on his way. And so it is that with little respect for Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton as an author, with a deep sense of the danger of that literature to which he is a leading contributor, which undermines the broad principles of right and wrong, by the systematic substitution of sentiment for principle, which nicely discriminates between vice and crime, and sees something sublime in the perpetration of enormous sins; though we are well weary also of his vague philosophical speculations, and all the mannerism and affectation with which they are put forth, the yearnings after the Beautiful and the True, which end too often in some horrible breach of God's and man's laws; yet we have felt sympathy for him as a poet. It is a step in advance. The hero of an epic poem, for such 'King Arthur' aspires to be, must embody juster and nobler thoughts than the melo-dramatic hero of a novel. The very construction and outward form of the work is an earnest of higher aspirations, and persuades us beforehand to expect better things. Its very length, its twelve books, and innumerable stanzas, its careful arrangement, and adjustment of parts to the whole, and of subordinate interests to the main one, its attention to precedent, and obedience to critical laws, its fable and episodes, its allegories and morals, its similes and descriptions, its learning and research, the patient toil of mature years expended on the first dream of young romance, all forward this expectation; that must be a better and higher work which at such expense of thought and labour chooses the fabled prince of honour and chivalry for its theme, than those which indulge in such impersonations as Pelham, or Philip Beaufort, or Eugene Aram; there must be some chastening of the fancy, some preliminary purification of heart and mind for such an enterprise.

And in a popular writer, who has won the public ear, there is some real sacrifice in thus renouncing the lighter toils of fiction, with their instant meed of appreciation and praise, as well as more substantial rewards, for the ordeal of critics, who in poetry constitute a far larger proportion of the whole amount of readers than in prose. In these days the mass of readers will not read poetry. Poetry used to be called light reading, and young people, in the morality of a former generation, were warned against wasting too much time on its fascinations. But the ingenuity of the present age has invented something much lighter, and easier of digestion, and the popular class of readers will not now endure the labour of extracting the sense from verse. To most minds poetry is a labour; it will not reveal its meaning to the absolutely passive and lazy; they must take some trouble to enter into it, and that trouble need not now be taken by those who seek only amusement from reading, the case of the majority: for the popular literature of the day needs no more thought, or study, or preparation of mind, than any scene or pageant got up for the eye alone. The novels of society, which have poured forth within the last thirty years, with the vast facilities for skipping, which prose presents, should the author ever attempt to introduce more serious matter than stirring incident and sprightly dialogue, the more modern invention still of serials, where even the fatigues of sustained attention are avoided, and the voluntary effort of closing the volume on the unfinished story is spared the reader, the author doing this for him—all have tended to make the most attractive, and least abstruse poetry, something of an effort and exertion. Most of our readers will feel that it is easier to spend half an hour on a half-forgotten number of Martin Chuzzlewit, or Vanity Fair, than in reviving the early fascinations of Thalaba, or the Lady of the Lake; and people commonly choose, not the noblest or most intense pleasures, but those which are easiest come at. Watch a crowd passing along the street of a gay watering-place, on the one side are glittering shops and gay equipages, on the other that plain of illimitable waters they have travelled so many miles to see: all eyes are fixed on the gay scene, and the fine things; the billows of the eternal ocean roll and flash in vain.

And no one could be better aware of all this than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, himself one of the main props and pillars of the circulating library, and who has tasted the glories of extensive popularity. All the honours of the greasy volume are his. The open page, redolent of cigars and candle-snuff, and contaminated with the stains and odours of a hundred slatternly tables and untidy homes, scored and underscored too, with many a comment of untaught but earnest sympathy, however disgusting to the refined reader who follows in the wake of popular appreciation, are like so many rents and tatters in the battle-flag, to the victorious author. And these are to be found only in the prose volume; or if a page of poetry occurs therein, that page is not more distinguished by difference of type, and arrangement of its lines, than by its fewer thumb-marks, and whiter margin. None we say, could know all this better than our author; he could never even hope to see a soiled copy of 'King Arthur;' he wrote for a smaller, a more deserving, a more fastidious class of readers, to whom he must present his thoughts in their fairest, purest, and most chastened guise. This was the task he must have set himself, however much formed habits might interfere with these resolves: and therefore by the very publication of a long poem our respect is raised. It is a more magnanimous ambition, a search for a higher fame. It runs risks, it braves neglects, it has essayed a hard, though it may be a pleasant task. Nor has this sympathy, which arose from the very nature of the case been abated by our perusal of the poem. In these days of skimming and glancing, and passing over uncut leaves, it is no usual, no inconsiderable task, to have read through deliberately, a poem of twelve books, averaging 170 or 180 stanzas each. What then must it have been to have written them? We may really feel lost in the greatness of the undertaking, and feel a generous pity too for an author whose chosen, whose darling labour it has been, when experience suggests how small the ultimate success and consideration is likely to be for such an outlay of thought and energy.

There are many striking passages, many picturesque scenes, many eloquent descriptions, and yet the conviction strengthens and grows upon us, that the book will not be read. That it has already come to a second edition is no contravention of this belief: the author's name would cause his poem to be bought and ordered: people will do this to a certain extent, but they will not read it. It is therefore that pity mingles with our sympathy. A long poem in these days is a sort of forlorn hope; the chances of failure so far outbalance success, that just as we may always boldly hazard that that assemblage of human beings called the World, will on any given trial behave ill, so without reading it we may safely conjecture that a long heroic poem by any author whose standing and reputation are known will not be read. We take no credit to ourselves for the prophecy. The sight of the book, the very turning over the leaves, the difficulty inherent in the plan of throwing the mind into the narrative, or comprehending the trials and adventures of the hero, speak for themselves. They give a distaste, which a well-founded hope might perhaps overcome, but people are slow to entertain such hopes when they involve some real exertion on their parts. Not yielding to such forebodings, however, it is thus feelingly that our author speaks of his own finished work, in the concluding words of his preface.

> 'Here ends all I feel called upon to say respecting a poem which I now acknowledge as the child of my most cherished hopes, and to which I deliberately confide the task to uphold, the chance to continue its father's name.
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> 'To this work, conceived first in the enthusiasm of youth, I have patiently devoted the best powers of my maturer years; if it be worthless, it is at least the worthiest contribution that my abilities enable me to offer to the literature of my country; and I am unalterably convinced, that on this foundation I rest the least perishable monument of those thoughts and those labours which have made the life of my life.'—P. x.

Nor do we wonder that he should entertain these sentiments. The book bears indications of fond and patient care. It is not an effusion, but it contains all his mind, all his best mind, that is:

all the philosophy and speculation of his prose is refined and sublimated into verse; and they look and sound the better for the change. But, after all, it *is* the same thing over again; not only would any reader acquainted with his numerous novels at once recognise the author, the resemblance is much closer; it not only betrays the same turn of mind, it says the same things, and images forth the same scenes. We could prove this by parallel passages, but space would not allow us to do so by examples numerous enough for our purpose. There is something in repetition, which perhaps gives the notion of poverty of invention more than it ought. An author may say the same thing a great many times, because he is struck with its importance, not because he has nothing else to say; but certainly this poem loses much by perpetually sending us back to where what is said in its pages was said for the first time, particularly where the thought has not become clearer by being retouched and dwelt upon. This is especially the case in the recurrence of Sir E. B. Lytton's most characteristic abstract speculations, what may be termed his Adverbial Philosophy. When the Far, the High, the Real, the Actual, the Here, the There, the Everywhere, which have haunted his prose so long, appear in their pristine vagueness in his verse, we are tempted to interrupt so much learning, and to inquire if we have not heard all this before? Nor is there much in the structure and harmony of the verse to atone for want of freshness in the thoughts. The language is always careful, the verse flowing, and often eloquent; all exhibits facility, and considerable power; it is the appropriate expression of an energetic and cultivated mind, but it wants the nameless, indescribable charms of poetry. The writers of poetical prose, indeed, do not often write poetical verse; with them the verse is only the *translation* of the prose, not that fresh coinage of the brain which does not exist at all till it starts into life complete in harmonious numbers. But we must leave preliminary remarks to enter upon the work, such as it is.

The author adduces with complacency, as he has reason to do, the examples of Milton and Dryden in support of his selection of a subject. But, with the utmost deference for these great men, we yet demur to the judiciousness of his choice. There is so much poetry in the name and traditions of the British Prince as might well suggest him as a fitting hero; but, on second and more deliberate thought, may his not have been found too shadowy and unreal an image for the mind to raise a great fabric upon? For, in truth, Arthur has been played with, and refined, and invested with new attributes and deprived of old ones, till it almost seems as if nobody ever did believe in him—as if he never had had an historical existence. The Troubadours who chose him as their hero discard every national or probable feature. They make him and his knights exactly what suits them at the moment; so that he is now only thought of in conjunction with a state of society—the chivalrous—which had no existence in his day. It was a name, and no more, which they took, and made what they liked of. But in this false image set up and acknowledged, the idea of the true British monarch is irrecoverably lost. Judging from Dryden's proposed plan of celestial machinery, he must have designed to set aside the Arthur of popular fable, with his wizards and fairies, and to have recourse to something more probable—adventures which might sanction the proposed introduction of angels and dominions, the celestial guardians of nations, who contend in heaven while their several charges fight on earth. What Milton's Arthur would have been we presume not to guess, and the thought probably never took a very definite form; only we may feel sure that he would not have been the Arthur of chivalry, for, while extolling his ultimate choice of subject, 'long choosing and beginning late;' he professes himself in a tone of contempt as—

'Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung.'

The Arthur of the popular fancy is not a more real personage than King Oberon or King Cole; and perhaps it is this very freedom from all the trammels of fact, which has made him a favourite thought and theme with the poets—poets of such different ages and such various genius.

But too unlimited a freedom is really as little to be desired in art as in morals. Lacking all substantial reality, Sir E. B. Lytton's hero vacillates between extremes—alternately the prince of fairy land, with magic gifts and unearthly trials, and the man of the present day, acute, intelligent, well-informed: and this breach of what the critics quaintly call 'manners' in the hero, with whom it has still been the author's wish to observe them, is more conspicuous in the general conduct of the poem. It is, in fact, too often a masque; the personages are men of our own time, wearing the disguise of knights or ancient Britons, as the case may be; much as the fine ladies of the last century arrayed themselves in flowers and crooks, and, in spite of hoops and high-heeled shoes, called themselves Arcadian shepherdesses. In the author's elaborate portraits of the Knights of the Round Table, the reader's attention is entirely engaged in seeking for their originals in our army or the senate; and sometimes disguise is so completely thrown off, that it is evident the modern has forgotten to assume the gorgeous habit of his part, and appears upon the stage in plain clothes. So it is with Ludovick, king of the Vandals, and his counsellor Astutio—in other words, Louis Philippe and Guizot. The introduction of this monarch is, indeed, as fatal to all illusion as was the appearance of the mouse in the fairy tale; the pretended princess did not more instantaneously change to her old feline form and nature, than does our poet into the eager politician at the scent of this outwitter of his house and name. Until we have had the whole quarrel out, and have witnessed all the revenge that words can take, we are withheld from all thought or interest in the remote theme which professes to engage our attention. A dangerous experiment in the poet, as those far seeing glasses into the past, through which he would win one glance, are not easily or readily re-adjusted, when once their focus has been rudely disturbed.

For the reader's sake, however, we will arrange them to the best of our power, and give to those who have not yet read for themselves some insight into the fable.

Such as he is, then, our poet has chosen Arthur for his hero; and has taken the popular view of him as the head and founder of chivalry, with all chivalric symbols and accompaniments, rather than adhered to the few and faint glimpses of his historical character; and we will not quarrel with this decision; for the popular mind knows very little of British life under the Roman sway, and may have too barbarous a notion of an ancient Briton whom history from earliest childhood described to us as a very unsophisticated personage, but by no means a theme for heroic song. At the same time, he prefers keeping so far to probability as to confine his kingdom to South Wales, instead of suffering him to reign over the whole of Britain, according to the *fabliaux*. He considers, too, that by thus circumscribing his dominions he preserves his heroic dignity, as still in his descendants preserving what he originally held, instead of being ultimately dispossessed by the Saxon.

The scene opens in the Vale of Carduel, synonymous with Carleon, in the Usk, and supposed to be the capital of Arthur's dominions. This city is invested by the poet with an importance and a beauty, which, though somewhat beyond our notions of rigid truth, is allowable in the very shadowy realm of his romance. However, it seems that certain chroniclers attest to the 'gilded domes of Carduel,' and other signs of Roman civilization. In this vale the king keeps holiday. It is spring time—the poet's month of May—and knights and ladies rejoice in the glad season. The king at once shares and reasons upon the universal joy:—

'"Man," say our sages, "hath a fickle mind;
And pleasures pall, if long enjoy'd they be."

But I, methinks, like this soft summer-day,
'Mid blooms and sweets, could wear the hours away,

'Feel, in the eyes of love, a cloudless sun;
Taste, in the breath of love, eternal spring;
Could age but keep the joys that youth has won,
The human heart would fold its idle wing!
If change there be in Fate and Nature's plan,
Wherefore blame US?—It is in Time, not Man.'—P. 5.

And all the gay circle echoed, 'Time is but to blame.' When suddenly there gloomed upon the circle, 'the shade of some phantasmal thing,' which muttering from its spectral veil, (much after the fashion of that Dweller of the Threshold which haunts the pages of Zanoni,) summons the king away. Arthur rises from his dream of pleasure, and follows the phantom within the thick shade of a neighbouring forest.

It was long before he reappeared, his countenance bearing traces of an unearthly conflict, with its pale features and involuntary shudderings; though repressed by kingly pride. Stedfastly refusing to give any account of his adventure, he returns with his discomfited train to the city. At midnight he rises from his sleepless couch, and walks out upon the walls of the city. There the lone taper shining from Merlin's tower strikes his eye, and at once he resolves to make the enchanter a sharer in his dread secret. We will give, in his own words, the author's description of the great magician: these possessors of unearthly knowledge are a favourite theme with him:—

'45. Mutely the door slides sullen in the stone,
And closes back, the gloomy threshold cross'd;
There sat the wizard on a Druid throne,
Where sate DUW-IOU, ere his reign was lost;
His wand uplifted in his solemn hand,
And the weird volume on its brazen stand.

'46. O'er the broad breast the heavy brows of thought
Hung, as if bow'd beneath the load sublime
Of spoils from Nature's fading boundaries brought,
Or the dusk treasure-house of orient Time;
And the unutterable calmness shows
The toil's great victory, by the soul's repose.

* * * *

'48. A hundred years press'd o'er that awful head,
As o'er an Alp, their diadem of snow;
And, as an Alp, a hundred years had fled,
And left as firm the giant form below;
So, in the hush of some Chaonian grove,
Sate the grey father of Pelasgic Jove.

'49. Before that power, sublimer than his own,
With downcast looks, the king inclined the knee;
The enchanter smiled, and, bending from his throne,
Drew to his breast his pupil tenderly;

And press'd his lips on that young forehead fair,
And with large hand smooth'd back the golden hair.'—P. 14.

There is something in this parenthesis of the wizard—'The young, perchance, are right,'—a little too commonplace and merely moral to suit our notions of the character; but, throughout, Merlin—of all antique conceptions the most ancient—has too much of the modern talker and philosopher about him. The author desires only to make him a sage—and a sage with him is a man of modern discoveries and ways of thought—so that he gives him none of the characteristics of one conversant with and master of the unseen demon world, a lore which must necessarily separate him from merely human instincts.

'Thrice sigh'd the monarch, and at length began:
"Can wisdom ward the storms of fate from man?
What spell can thrust affliction from the gate?
What tree is sacred from the lightning flame?"
"Son," said the seer, "the laurel!—even Fate,
Which blasts Ambition, but illumines Fame."—P. 15.

Arthur then reveals to the enchanter his mysterious adventure in the forest, where the phantom had led him to a black, sunless pool, and there shown him, as in a mirror, the miseries and final conquest of his race by the Saxon; accompanying this fatal pageant with words of gloomy prophecy. To this Arthur had replied in indignant despair, and the phantom vanished. The enchanter then has recourse to his magic arts, and there ensues a great turmoil of unseen spirits, which shakes the tower to its foundations, and casts Arthur into a swoon. When day returns he wakes, to find Merlin by his side with the mystic answer his charms have won. It is ordained that for one year the king must leave his kingdom, to wander forth alone in search of three gifts, by which alone the evil augury of the demon-pool can be averted.

'The Falchion, welded from a diamond gem,
Hid in the Lake of Argent Music-Falls,
Where springs a forest from a single stem,
And moonlit waters close o'er Cuthite halls—
First taste the herb that grows upon a grave,
Then see the bark that wafts thee down the wave.

'The silver Shield in which the infant sleep
Of Thor was cradled—now the jealous care
Of the fierce Dwarf whose home is on the deep,
Where drifting ice-rocks clash in lifeless air;
And War's pale Sisters smile to see the shock
Stir the still curtains round the couch of Lok.

'And, last of all—before the Iron Gate
Which opes its entrance at the faintest breath;
But hath no egress; where remorseless Fate
Sits weaving life, within the porch of Death;
Earth's childlike guide shall wait thee, in the gloom,
With golden locks, and looks that light the tomb.

'Achieve the sword, the shield, the virgin guide,
And in those gifts appease the Powers of wrath;
Be danger braved, and be delight defied;
From grief take wisdom, and from wisdom faith;—
And, though dark wings hang o'er these threatening halls,
Though war's red surge break thund'ring round thy walls,

'Though, in the rear of time, these prophet eyes
See to thy sons, thy Cymrians, many a woe;
Yet from thy loins a race of kings shall rise,
Whose throne shall shadow all the seas that flow;
Whose empire, broader than the Cæsar won,
Shall clasp a realm where never sets the sun.

'And thou, thyself, shalt live from age to age,
A thought of beauty, and a type of fame;—
Not the faint memory of some mouldering page,
But by the hearths of men a household name!
Theme to all song, and marvel to all youth—
Beloved as Fable, yet believed as Truth.'—P. 23.

'Up sprang the king,' in ardent hope and firm resolve, and that day departs on his mission, while the prophet summons a council in the halls of Carduel, and reveals to the assembled princes their king's self-exile. A tender parting between Arthur and his bosom friend, Sir Lancelot, closes the first book.

The second opens with some caustic reflections on the great fact, that let who will be missing, who will depart from us, the world still goes on its way; still the same hopes and fears actuate us; and Carduel, though the most loyal of cities, did without its king—all but his three faithful friends, Lancelot, Caradoc, and Gawaine, who are leading personages in the after narrative. The last knight is a sort of butt in the *Fabliaux*, and therefore occupies the same post in the present poem. We feel him to be a great misfortune to the book. It is no real recommendation of a joke that it is five hundred or a thousand years old; yet this is the only justification of the grotesque incidents and dilemmas which form this knight's career. These adventures are, however, evidently great favourites with the author; who dwells upon them, and returns to them, and secretly chuckles over them. They are also vehicles for satire of modern ways of thinking and acting, which he thinks felicitous, and which, indeed, sometimes do possess humour. Sir Gawaine, then, is the lawful depositary of all the wit and waggery of the volume; but what infatuation could have induced an author aspiring to the highest walk of poetry—building himself a name and place for his fame to dwell in—what evil genius, we ask, could have led him to introduce his bard—the bard of song who is destined for so bright a career and so glorious an end—whose muse is to sway men's hearts, and teach them to triumph over pain and death—to exhibit him first in a ridiculous light. When, in the eleventh book, Caradoc has to do heroic deeds—to lead on a despairing nation to victory—does the author suppose that his readers can forget the original epic? No; he has placed us permanently above his bard; he has constituted us critics. It is irrevocably fixed and settled in our minds that Sir Caradoc was a scribbler of bad verses, which would have been pronounced great stuff in these enlightened days.

'And gentle Caradoc had half forgot
That famous epic which his muse had hit on,
Of Trojan Brut—from whom the name of Briton.

'Therein Sir Brut, expell'd from flaming Troy,
  Comes to this isle, and seeks to build a city;
Which devils—then the freeholders—destroy;
  Till the sweet Virgin on Sir Brut takes pity,
And bids St. Bryan, hurrying from the sky,
Baptize the astonish'd heathen in the Wye!

'This done, the fiends, at once disfranchised fled;
  Sir Brut repaid St. Bryan by a chapel;
Where masses daily were for Priam said;—
  While, thrice a week, the priests, that golden apple
By which three fiends, as goddesses disguised,
Bewitch'd Sir Paris,—anathematized.

'But now this epic, in its course suspended,
  Slept on the shelf—(a not uncommon fate;)
Ah! who shall tell if, ere resumed and ended,
  That kind of poem be not out of date?
For, of all ladies, there are none who chuse
Such freaks and turns of fashion as the Muse.'—P. 40.

While these three faithful friends mused over their absent lord, Merlin presents himself to them, and informs them that one of them is destined to join and aid the object of their thoughts. After some mystic trials, the choice falls on Lancelot, who receives from the enchanter a ring, in which a fairy hand ever points the way he should go; and the story returns to Arthur's adventures. Arrived at the sea-shore, he is gifted with a mysterious guide in the form of a dove, which deserves some distinct notice at our hands, as to the sacrifice of the probable, which Sir E. B. Lytton, in common with the critics, considers essential to the interest of an epic poem; the snow-white bird develops, towards the end of the book, into the fair bride of song, the spotless Genevieve:—

'Where the sea flashes on the argent sands,
  Soars from a lonely rock a snow-white dove;
No bird more beauteous to immortal lands
  Bore Psyche, rescued side by side with Love.
Ev'n as some thought which, pure of earthly taint,
Springs from the chaste heart of a virgin saint,

'It hovers in the heaven;—and from its wings
  Shakes the clear dewdrops of unsullying seas;
Then circling gently in slow-measured rings,
  Nearer and nearer to its goal it flees,

And drooping, fearless, on that noble breast,
Murmuring low joy, it cooes itself to rest.

'The grateful King, with many a soothing word,
And bland caress, the guileless trust repaid;
When, gently gliding from his hand, the bird
Went fluttering where the hollow headlands made
A boat's small harbour; Arthur from the chain
Released the raft,—it shot along the main.

'Now in that boat, beneath the eyes of heaven,
Floated the three, the steed, the bird, the man;
To favouring winds the little sail was given;
The shore fail'd gradual, dwindling to a span;
The steed bent wistful o'er the watery realm;
And the white dove perch'd tranquil at the helm.'—P. 48.

The first flight of the mystic bird brings our hero into the court of Louis Philippe, and right into the thick of modern politics. An author should not thus play tricks with the harmony and consistency of his poem. No bird files its own nest. It is hard enough, without these rough shocks, to keep up our belief in a tale of wildest romance—by belief meaning a state of mind to receive things in a certain order, in fit harmony and relation. If the author is so intent on unmasking the wiles of his personal enemy, and triumphing over his downfal, as to forget his story, can he expect of the reader that he shall obediently take up the thread of the real narrative when he chooses to resume it, and follow the hero with due credence, in his fairy conflicts with wild men and beasts and demons? In fact, however much the scheme of this poem may have been a boyish fancy, the conduct of it betrays, throughout, the man of modern times and modern ways of thinking. He has none of that *infatuation* for the age and the scene he portrays to carry him clear over, or only faintly to touch upon the modern analogies which present themselves. However there is a slight attempt to identify Arthur with the modern scene. It occurs to King Ludovick at first as a subject of regret that he should have no unmarried daughter to propose for so excellent a match as the British king: but he may have a sister:—

'Much grieved the Vandal, "that he just had given
His last unwedded daughter to a Frank;
But still he had a wifeless son, thank heaven!
Not yet provision'd as beseem'd his rank,
And one of Arthur's sisters——" Uther's son
Smiled, and replied,—"Sir king, I have but one,

'"Borne by my mother to her former lord;
Not young"—"Alack! youth cannot last like riches!"
"Not fair."—"Then youth is less to be deplored."
"A witch."—"*All* women, till they're wed, *are* witches!

> Wived to my son, the witch will soon be steady!"
> "Wived to your son?—She is a wife already!"
>
> 'O baseless dreams of man! The king stood mute!
> That son, of all his house the favourite flower,
> How had he sought to force it into fruit,
> And graft the slip upon a lusty dower!
> And this sole sister of a king so rich,
> A wife already!—Saints consume the witch!'—P. 55.

In this dilemma he has recourse to his friend Astutio:—

> 'And yet, Astutio was a man of worth,
> Before the brain had reason'd out the heart;
> But now, he learn'd to look upon the earth
> As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
> Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
> And damn'd his fame to serve his master's will.
>
> 'Much lore he had in men, and states, and things;
> And kept his memory mapp'd in prim precision,
> With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
> And moral saws, which ran through each division,
> All neatly colour'd with appropriate hue—
> The histories black, the morals heavenly blue!
>
> 'But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
> "The golden medium" was his guiding star:
> Which means, "Move on until you're uppermost,
> And then things can't be better than they are."
> Brief, in two rules he summ'd the ends of man—
> "Keep all you have, and try for all you can!"'—P. 56.

The snow-white dove takes alarm at their conference, and compels her charge to take a hasty leave of the Vandal court, just in time to escape being betrayed by his unscrupulous host into the hands of a Saxon embassage come to ask the Vandal aid against their enemies the British. With the Saxon Harold we return to the legitimate story. He is a heathen, and a barbarian; and represents a brave foe under this twofold disadvantage. On hearing that Arthur has just quitted the Vandal court, he pursues with bloodhounds to track his unknown course; and, bidding adieu to the king and his ministers, and his marriageable son, and all the details of modern civilization on which for many stanzas we have dwelt, we pursue Arthur into the remote and desolate wilds where his destiny leads him. Here are some graphic scenes. In the two following extracts we see that taste for symmetry, as opposed to the picturesque, which always characterises this author; and which gives grace to so many of his pictures. In all his scenes, whether of beauty or terror, this symmetry is observable. The wolf and the savage, on opposite sides of the ravine, hold their equal course. The king takes his statue-like position on the circular mound, a grove on either side. And in subsequent scenes, however various in other respects, this love of order, of due balance and proportion, are conspicuous. Whether it be a procession of maidens, a ridge of ice-rocks, a circle of Titan giants—images of symmetrical arrangements are always occurring.

In the meanwhile the king has made some progress on his journey; and comes, towards night, to an idol shrine.

> 'Sudden starts back the steed, with bristling mane
> And nostrils snorting fear; from out the shade
> Soon the vast columns of a roofless fane,
> Meet for some god whom savage man hath made:
> A mighty pine-torch on the altar glow'd
> And lit the goddess of the dim abode—
>
> 'So that the lurid idol, from its throne,
> Glared on the wanderer with a stony eye;
> The king breathed quick the Christian orison,
> Spurr'd the scared barb, and pass'd abhorrent, by—
> Nor mark'd a figure on the floor reclined;
> It watch'd, it rose, it crept, it dogg'd behind.
>
> 'Three days, three nights, within that dismal shrine,
> Had couch'd that man, and hunger'd for his prey.
> Chieftain and priest of hordes that from the Rhine
> Had track'd in carnage thitherwards their way;
> Fell souls that still maintain'd their rites of yore,
> And hideous altars rank with human gore.
>
> 'By monstrous Oracles a coming foe,
> Whose steps appal his gods, hath been foretold;
> The fane must fall unless the blood shall flow;
> Therefore three days, three nights, he watch'd;—behold
> At last the death-torch of the blazing pine
> Darts on the foe the lightning of the shrine!
>
> 'Stealthily on, amidst the brushwood, crept
> With practised foot, and unrelaxing eye,
> The steadfast Murder;—where the still leaf slept
> The still leaf stirr'd not: as it glided by
> The mosses gave no echo; not a breath!
> Nature was hush'd as if in league with Death!
>
> 'As moved the man, so, on the opposing side
> Of the deep gorge, with purpose like his own,
> Did steps as noiseless to the blood-feast glide;
> And as the man before his idol's throne
> Had watch'd,—so watch'd since daylight left the air,
> A giant wolf within its leafy lair.
>
> 'Whether the blaze allured or hunger stung,
> There still had cower'd and crouch'd the beast of prey;
> With lurid eyes unwinking, spell-bound, clung
> To the near ridge that faced the torch-lit way;
> As the steed pass'd, it rose! On either side
> Here glides the wild beast, there the man doth glide.'—P. 66.

Unconscious of the double foe, Arthur lies down to sleep under a beech tree, the wakeful dove resting among its branches. The man and the wolf reach him at the same moment, the one prepares to spring; the other lifts the dagger to strike. The next moment the king is roused from his slumbers by a dull crash, a horrible discord from the howlings of the beast and the groans of man.

> ' Up sprang the king—the moon's uncertain ray
> Through the still leaves just wins its glimmering way,
>
> ' And lo, before him, close, yet wanly faint
> Forms that seem shadows, strife that seems the sport
> Of things that oft some holy hermit saint
> Lone in Egyptian plains—(the dread resort
> Of Nile's dethronèd demon gods) hath view'd;
> The grisly tempters born of Solitude:—
>
> ' Coil'd in the strong death-grapple, through the dim
> And haggard air, before the Cymrian lay
> Writhing and interlaced, with fang and limb,
> As if one shape, what seem'd a beast of prey
> And the grand form of Man!—The bird of Heaven
> Wisely no note to warn the sleep had given;
>
> ' The sleep protected;—as the Savage sprang,
> Sprang the wild beast;—before the dreamer's breast
> Defeated Murder found the hungry fang,
> The wolf the steel; so starting from his rest
> The saved man woke to save!'—P. 75.

By heroic strength Arthur strangles the wolf in his grasp, and releases his savage foe, whose first act is to renew his assault in vindictive impotence. Arthur with a noble pity disarms and reasons, and in the end converts the wild heathen to Christianity, and then passes on his way. Soon at the same spot arrives Harold with his bloodhounds still tracking the adventurer's path. They are observed in their furious pursuit by the Aleman convert, who, unperceived by them, suspects their design. At length, the hounds come within sight of their prey.

> ' The steadfast hounds outstrip the horseman's flight,
> And on the hills dim summit fade from sight.
>
> ' But scarcely fade, before, though faint and far,
> Fierce wrathful yells the foe at bay reveal.
> On spurs the Saxon, till, like some pale star,
> Gleams on the hill a lance—a helm of steel.
> The brow is gain'd; a space of level land,
> Bare to the sun—a grove on either hand;
>
> ' And in the middle of the space a mound;
> And, on the mound a knight upon his barb.
> No need for herald there his tromp to sound!—
> No need for diadem and ermine garb!
> Nature herself has crown'd that lion mien;
> And in the man the king of men is seen.
>
> ' Upon his helmet sits a snow-white dove,
> Its plumage blending with the plumèd crest.
> Below the mount, recoiling, circling, move
> The ban-dogs, awed by the majestic rest

Of the great foe; and, yet with fangs that grin,
And eyes that redden, raves the madding din.

'Still stands the steed; still, shining in the sun,
Sits on the steed the rider, statue-like:
One stately hand upon his haunch, while one
Lifts the tall lance, disdainful ev'n to strike;
Calm from the roar obscure looks forth his gaze
Calm as the moon on which the watch-dog bays.

'The Saxon rein'd his war-horse on the brow
Of the broad hill; and if his inmost heart
Ever confest to fear, fear touch'd it now;—
Not that chill pang which strife and death impart
To meaner men, but such religious awe
As from brave souls, a foe admired can draw.'—P. 83.

There follows a combat between Arthur and Harold, with such feats of valour on the hero's part as are becoming the occasion, concluding with a general skirmish between the Saxon retinue and a band of Aleman savages, whom the convert had brought to the rescue. The fray terminates in a truce between the hostile parties, and a picture is drawn of the hero and the hovering dove which would better suit our taste were it not obviously, though perhaps unconsciously, borrowed from a sacred scene of which we can endure no parody.

And now the story suddenly transports us to a very different scene. All poets of all times have loved to imagine a terrestrial paradise, a blissful region, somewhere short of Heaven. It is the imaginative child's earliest dream,—all ages and all climes have indulged in the vision: on the tops of mountains, in hidden valleys, on islands beyond the sea, in the spaces of mid air, in palaces below the deep, amid the secret glittering treasures of the hills, the fancy has sought to make for itself a home, a refuge from all the change and stir of this outer world.

The thought is no doubt a tradition—a memory of our lost Eden—however much each erring human fancy may tarnish its brightness or colour it with its own longings or impressions. Perhaps a Christian man ought not to build his fairy isle of rest in heathendom, but unquestionably a religion of definite faith and stern duty finds no fit home in these elysiums where duty has no place or where all duties are easy.

To one of these scenes of unbroken happiness we are transported by our author, who lavishes on it a wealth of luxurious description. The charge of plagiarism is so often unfair, and minds like those of the present writer so much oftener repeat themselves than consciously borrow from any other source, that we will not say that the idea of Ægle and her unchanging kingdom is *taken* from M. D'Israeli's similar fancy of a beautiful young queen and a last home for heathen deities; we only remark upon the close resemblance in several points between the realms of Astarte and of Ægle. Before Italy had yielded to the aggression of early Roman power, a wise Etrurian chief, forewarned of the conquest of his country, fled from 'fruitful Fiesolè' with his household gods and a chosen band of followers to seek a secure asylum beyond Ausonian bounds.

> 'So came the exiles to the rocky wall,
> Which centuries after frown'd on Hannibal.'

Here it chanced that one of their band fell from the top of some huge Alp, and in searching for his remains to perform the pious rites of sepulture they discovered, through some small chasm at the end of a rugged defile, a valley of most exquisite beauty and fertility. The access to this sunny region was only through a long and narrow cave. Through this they passed, and taking possession, built themselves a Sylvan city. Nothing now failed them but the smiles of home—an adventurous few returned, and wives and children soon gladdened the hearth. With these objects of dearer care they brought the gifts of their parent soil, corn, the grape, and the olive, and now every want and wish supplied, 'they closed the rocky portals of the place' to preserve their posterity from the evils of the outer world. And centuries passed by and brought no change:—

> 'Lull'd was Ambition; each soft lot was cast;
> Gold had no use; with war expired renown;
> From priest to priest mysterious reverence past;
> From king to king the mild Saturnian crown;
> Like dews, the rest came harmless into birth;
> Like dews exhaling—after glad'ning earth.'—P. 97.

This fairy scene is now peopled by expectant bands,—bands of maidens who remind the poet by turns of the Naiads, the Oreads, the Napææ, the Hours. These wreathed with garland fetters and linked hand in hand are waiting the coming of some glorious stranger, they know not whom, some gifted messenger from the gods.

And thus it is. The kingly race is now reduced to its last scion—a princess more lovely than a poet's dream, and by the laws of that ancient and unchanging realm the daughters of the royal race may not marry or intermingle with the meaner tribes of the valley, their choice being confined to the 'pure circle of the Lartian race.'

Who, then, is to wed the fair Ægle? The Arch Augur in the difficulty consults the archives, and finds that *twice* before in their annals the stock has been reduced to one solitary stem; and to renew the race,—rather than break through the laws of custom and introduce the seeds of ambition and consequent anarchy,—the priests had secretly opened the portal into the outer world, and lured in from thence some wanderer into their hidden valley, announcing the stranger to their simple flock as a gift from the gods. As such he was the idol of an hour, but his season of bliss and homage was short as it was blissful. Sir E. Bulwer's priests never share the harmless or generous qualities of the people whom they govern. Whether they worship Odin, or Freya, or the gentler Etrurian divinities, or a Master indeed Divine, they are equally merciless and inexorable. He has a notion of priestcraft which places them all in the same category. The Priests therefore made no difficulty of getting rid of their troublesome guest when his task was done.

> 'Soon as a son was born,—his mission o'er—
> The stranger vanish'd to his gods once more.'

They lead their unconscious victim to the temple of the god of the Shades, which bounds the opposite end of the valley; there a dark rushing stream engulfs the hapless bridegroom.

For nine days the Augur had announced the coming of the heavenly spouse,—for nine days he had wandered in vain search through the wild outer region of rocks and caves, rarely trod by man; on the tenth, the signal torch streams from the temple, the divine stranger comes. We will not insult our reader's penetration by a more definite announcement.

> 'He comes for whom ye watch'd, O lovely band;
> Scatter your flowers before his welcome feet!
> Lo! where the temple's holy gates expand,
> Haste, O ye nymphs, the bright'ning steps to meet!
> Why start ye back?—What though the blaze of steel
> The form of Mars, the expanding gates reveal—
>
> 'The face, no helmet crowns with war, displays
> Not that fierce god from whom Etruria fled;
> 'Cull from far softer legends while ye gaze,
> Not there the aspect mortal maid should dread!

* * * * * *

> 'Wondering the stranger moves! That fairy land,
> Those forms of dark yet lustrous loveliness,
> That solemn seer, who leads him by the hand;
> The tongue unknown, the joy he cannot guess,
> Blend in one marvel every sound and sight;
> And in the strangeness doubles the delight.
>
> 'Young Ægle sits within her palace bower,
> She hears the cymbals clashing from afar—
> So Ormuzd's music welcomed in the hour
> When the sun hasten'd to his morning-star.
> Smile Star of Morn—he cometh from above!
> And twilight melts around the steps of Love.'—P. 101.

We need not say the mutual impression is as instantaneous as the augur could desire. The poor dove may well retire from the scene, and coo in solitude amidst the gloomy pines and rugged rocks without that paradise where her hero has found a rest; her guiding wing is desired no longer.

The same scene is resumed after some digression in the fourth book, the author endeavouring to relieve the luxury of florid description by some touches of his lighter manner.

'Calm on the twain reposed the Augur's eye,
  A marble stillness on his solemn face;
Like some cold image of Necessity
  When fated hands lay garlands on its base.
And slanted sunbeams, thro' the blossoms stealing,
Lit circled Childhood round the Virgin kneeling.

'Slow from charm'd wonder woke at last the King,
  Well the mild grace became the lordly mien,
As gently passing through the kneeling ring,
  The warrior knelt with Childhood to the queen;
And on the hand that thrill'd in his to be,
Press'd the pure kiss of courteous chivalry;

'In the bold music of his mountain tongue,
  Speaking the homage of his frank delight.
Is there one common language to the young
  That, with each word more troubled and more bright,
Stirr'd the quick blush—as when the south wind heaves
Into sweet storm the hush of rosy leaves?—

'But now the listening Augur to the side
  Of Arthur moves; and, signing silently,
The handmaid children from the chamber glide,
  And Ægle followeth slow, with drooping eye.—
Then on the King the soothsayer gazed and spoke,
And Arthur started as the accents broke;—

'For those dim sounds his mother-tongue express,
  But in some dialect of remotest age;
Like that in which the far SARONIDES[1]
  Exchanged dark riddles with the Samian[2] sage,
Ghostlike the sounds; a founder of his race
Seem'd in that voice the haunter of the place.'—P. 112.

The priest then with 'laboured words and slow' proceeds to acknowledge Arthur as a branch of the same parent stock; judging from his language that he, too, was of Phœnician origin. Arthur has never heard of Rasena, by which the augur designates Etruria, but owns to some dim recollection of the Phœnician name, and courteously expresses his satisfaction at hearing the priest speak—

'My native language (pardon the remark)
Much as Noah spoke it when he left the ark.'

The priest then anxiously inquires the latest news from Rasena.

'"With shame
I own, grave sir, I never heard that name."

---

[1] The Druids of Gaul

[2] Pythagoras.

'The Augur stood aghast!—"O ruthless Fates!
Who then rules Italy?"—"The Ostrogoth."
"The Os——, the what?"—"Except the Papal states;
Unless the Goth, indeed, has ravish'd both
The Cæsar's throne and the Apostle's chair—
Spite of the knights of Thrace,—Sir Belisair."

'"What else the warrior nations of the earth?"
Groan'd the stunn'd Augur.—"Reverend sir, the Huns,
Franks, Vandals, Lombards—all have warlike worth;
Nor least, I trust, old Cymri's druid sons!"
"O Northia, Northia![1] and the East?—In peace,
Under the Christian Emperor of Greece;

'Whose arms of late have scourged the Paynim race,
And worsted Satan!"—"Satan, who is he?"
Greatly the knight was shock'd, in that fair place
To find such ignorance of the powers that be;
So then from Eve and Serpent he began;
And sketch'd the history of the Foe of Man.

'"Ah," said the Augur—"here I comprehend,—
Ægypt and Typhon, and the serpent creed!
So o'er the East the gods of Greece extend,
And Isis totters?"—"Truly and indeed,"
Sigh'd Arthur, scandalized—"I see, with pain,
You have much to learn, my monks can best explain.'"—P. 116.

It is thus, that for the sake of a jest, the author again sacrifices reality and all those 'decencies' of which the critics make such point, and places the religion of his poem on as shadowy basis as the poetry of his bard. We speak of it as a matter of taste, being aware that we have no reason to expect from the poet the propriety of feeling inspired by an earnest faith; but, surely, in this view alone, he ought to identify himself with the creed of his hero, and be jealous for it, not, in his desire to exhibit an acquaintance with all religious systems, to admit flippant doubts and insinuations against articles of belief which all Christians hold in awe or reverence.

But to return to our story. While Arthur passes away his time in this garden of delights, the reader is carried back to Sir Lancelot, who has set forward on his search, after receiving the friendly ring; he encounters the wild Convert and his sons, but the meeting only produces an interchange of information and courtesies. They tell him of his royal master's combat with the Saxons; he in return acquaints them with some facts of his own history, his gifted infancy, and the fairy charm by which he is protected from each watery peril. He then passes on his way till he reaches the rugged walls of Arthur's luxurious prison, and there wanders, almost as much at fault as the child in the game of magic music; the ring, like the sounding strain, resolutely pointing one way, yet revealing nothing but inaccessible fastnesses. In one of these ineffectual searches he encounters what seemed a phantom horse, so 'fleshless, flitting, wan, and shadowy.' At the sight of Lancelot it paused, and feebly neighed, and the knight recognises Arthur's war-horse, still bearing its armour, and its master's accoutrements, soiled, rusted, and mouldering away. The heart of the seeker fell at these ominous indications, but leading the reluctant charger, he pursues his way through a narrow gorge of black rocks, down which invisible torrents sweep, till he reaches a broad lake, and his ears are greeted by the toll of a bell from a convent on its margin. Having brought help so near, the story returns to the hero, still in his happy dream of love, on which the poet dwells with many graceful expressions of sympathy, and lofty encomiums on the power and salutary wonders of that much-lauded passion. Arthur and Ægle have talked Phœnician together—we are not informed how long, to their mutual delight, when he is startled by a missive borne into the inaccessible valley by Merlin's fit messenger, the raven, who figures not seldom in the narrative; in this instance as a serious personage, more commonly in impish and grotesque fashion. The enchanter tells him that the Saxons are invading his native land. At this announcement all the king and the hero return upon him; he starts as from a trance; the silken ties of love and ease are broken. At once he seeks the augur reclining under Dodonian boughs, and bids him—

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[1] The Etrurian Deity.

'Rise, unbar
Your granite gates—the eagle seeks the sky,
The captive freedom, and the warrior war.'

The augur's reply is prompt and decisive.

'Man, see thy world,—its outlet is the grave,
Thou hast our secrets! thou must share our fate.'

Arthur promises secresy on his knightly word, but persists in his demand. The augur contemptuously upbraids him with treachery to Ægle; in vain Arthur protests his faith, and promises to return; the augur is inexorable, and still hopes through Ægle's charms and persuasions to detain him, but when these are vain, or rather when she submits, and acquiesces in those higher principles of action which he pleads, though only dimly comprehending his reasons for preferring war to peace, and duty to love; the indignant priest leads him to the only outlet permitted to him from that blissful kingdom, through dark forests, and cities of tombs, to the gloomy temple of the Shades. This passage gives room for a full description of an Etrurian temple, and of the mythology and divinities of this ancient people, about which modern research has discovered so much. Behind the inner doors of this fatal shrine, yawns a cavern where dark waters flow,—smoothly flow for a space,—but beyond, where the torch-glimmer cannot reach, is heard the turmoil of hidden cataracts. A boat like Charon's is moored to embark the self-condemned on this hopeless voyage. After giving the hero-king this glimpse of his fate, the augur again offers Ægle, and return to happiness; but Arthur defies death in lofty words, and seizing the torch descends into the frail bark as it drifts along the smooth treacherous waters. The dove, absent so long, wings its way before, into the dark void. Meanwhile Ægle recovers from her first trance of grief, and in the impulse of despair resolves to follow her lover. She appears calm and resolute, amongst her wondering people, and demands the way the augur and his victim have taken. A hundred hands point towards the gloomy fane. She will at least see him once more: to her are unknown the fatal secrets of that outlet—he is leaving her; she knows not that he is going to death. She reaches the aisles of the temple, and there the death-lights guide her to the yawning cave and the livid waters. She sees afar in the gloom that noble form, that fair and dauntless brow; but fast the bark drifts from her, soon the last gleam fades; she hears only the rushing cataracts beyond. Voiceless she stood in despair, voiceless the augur stood in triumphant revenge. He loved her more than child, but his only consolation were words of vengeance. He tells her she need now fear no rival; but his words only rouse and give strength to her grief. She yearns to follow her lover, even to death; and breaking away from the hands that would hold her back, she leaps into the dark stream: one gleam of her white garments, and she is seen no more.

The scene then changes to the outlet of that fearful torrent, where it falls impetuously into the lake, and Lancelot watches in vague expectation. But the dove soon appears, guiding his steps up cliffs and almost inaccessible chasms, to where the wild stream gains a temporary respite, forming itself a basin amid rocks and caves. And here on the verge lies Arthur, still wrapped in a swoon from the struggles of that fearful passage, and in his arms the dead form of Ægle; whom he had rescued too late from the vortex of maddening waters. This episode terminates with two funeral hymns for Ægle; one Eturian, and sung in her own vale, the other by Christian monks in the monastery to which her remains are borne; both commonplace, as well in ideas as language. Lyrical effusions breaking in upon the stately march of an heroic poem, should be distinguished by a peculiar grace of expression; they should soothe

the ear with music, and take our fancy with that gentle surprise which an harmonious happy choice of words always inspires in the treatment of a subject, however familiar; as all that can be said on death and the grave, and the loss of friends must needs be.

And now the hero enters upon the threefold search so long delayed. As he sits in gloomy apathy on the margin of the lake by Ægle's grave, Lancelot, who is gifted with fairy vision, discerns a shadowy sail float along the waters, and direct its course towards the royal mourner. But Arthur's eyes behold nothing of the phantom bark till the dove bears to him a leaf plucked from Ægle's grave. Then he remembers Merlin's prophetic words:—

> 'And doubt was o'er;
> He knew the lake that hid the boon he sought,
>   Both by the grave, and by the herb it bore;
> He took the bitter treasure from the dove,
> And tasted Knowledge at the grave of Love.
>
> 'And straight the film fell from his heavy eyes;
>   And, moor'd beside the marge, he saw the bark,
> And, by the sails that swell'd in windless skies,
>   The phantom Lady in the robes of dark.
> O'er moonlit tracks she stretch'd the shadowy hand,
> And lo! beneath the waters bloom'd the land!'—P. 182.

He steps into the magic bark; Lancelot in vain springs after him, the king alone enters upon his perilous search,—which ends the fifth book.

The sixth is devoted exclusively to Sir Gawaine's comic adventures, into which we need not enter at length. Merlin having also sent him forth to aid the king, gives the formidable raven as his guide, which maliciously leads him through a long course of scrapes, dilemmas, and adventures, some of them first sung by the troubadours, others the poet's original conception. Among these last the habits and peculiarities of the raven suggest to the perplexed knight the thought of exorcism, which, perhaps, the earlier poets would not have deemed a fit subject for a jest. With this view he proceeds to consult the bishop Henricus, in whom it is not difficult to detect the author's portrait of a modern prelate, who has made himself obnoxious to liberals prosaic as well as poetical, by his zeal for what they affect to call forms, which yet they attack with the bitterness principles alone can excite.

We extract a few stanzas of this graceful satire, only premising that something more than barren forms must be involved in a dispute which can bring an epic poet a thousand years out of his course to discuss the question of the black gown or the surplice.

'"Son," said Henricus, "what you now propose
Is wise and pious—fit for a beginning;
But sinful things, I fear me, but disclose
In sin, perverted appetite for sinning;
Hopeless to cure—we only can detect it,
First cross the bird, and then (he groaned) *dissect it!*"

'Till now, the Raven perch'd on Gawaine's chair,
Had seem'd indulging in a placid doze,
And if he heard, he seem'd no jot to care
For threats of sprinkling his demoniac clothes,
But when the priest the closing words let drop,
He hopp'd away as fast as he could hop.

'Gain'd a safe corner, on a pile of tomes,
Tracts against Arius—bulls against Pelagius,
The Church of Cymri's controverse with Rome's—
Those fierce materials seemed to be contagious,
For there, with open beak, and glowering eye,
The bird seem'd croaking forth, "Dissect me! try!"

'This sight, perchance, the prelate's pious plan
Relaxed; he gazed, recoil'd, and faltering said,
"'Tis clear the monster is the foe of man,
His beak how pointed! and his eyes how red!
Demons are spirits,—spirits, on reflection,
Are forms phantasmal, that defy dissection!"

'"Truly," sighed Gawaine, "but the holy water!"
"No," cried the Prelate, "ineffective here.
Try, but not now, a simple *noster-pater*,
Or chaunt a hymn. I dare not interfere;
Act for yourself—and say your catechism;
Were I to meddle it would cause a schism."

'"A schism!"—"The Church, though always in the right,
Holds two opinions, both extremely able;
This makes the rubric rest on gowns of white,
That makes the Church itself depend on sable;
Were I to exorcise that raven-back,
'Twould favour white, and raise the deuce in black.

'"Depart my son,—at once, depart, I pray;
Pay up your dues, and keep your mind at ease,
And call that creature—no, the other way—
When fairly out, a *credo*, if you please;
Go,—*pax vobiscum*,—shut the door I beg,
And stay,—on Friday, flogging,—with an egg!"

'Out went the knight, more puzzled than before;
And out unsprinkled flew the Stygian bird;
The bishop rose, and doubly lock'd the door;
His pen he mended, and his fire he stirr'd;
Then solved that problem—"Pons Diacororum,"
White equals black, plus × y botherorum.'—P. 193.

Through a variety of mishaps Sir Gawaine finally stumbles into the hands of a party of Vikings, on the point of sailing northwards, who receive him, and a hound he has picked up by the way, as a sacrifice the Fates have sent to their goddess Freya.

In this awkward predicament, but with spirits always alert, and equal to the occasion, he is left by the poet, who returns to his hero on the magic lake. Time does not allow us very closely to follow his adventures under its waves; he sees the forest growing on a single stem, and rejects its glittering, costly fruit, insidiously offered by the phantom for the sword of his search,—ambition for renown. She then unwillingly conducts him to the entrance of the cave: the allegorical scene which follows is one of the points of the poem, and characteristic both of the author's style, and turn of thought, but our limits only allow us to extract the first picture which meets the seeker's eye:—

'Now the black jaws as of a hell they gain;
  The Lake's pale Hecate pauses. "Lo," she said,
"Within, the Genii thou invadest reign.
  Alone thy feet the threshold floors must tread—
Lone is the path when glory is the goal;—
Pass to thy proof—O solitary soul!"

'She spoke to vanish; but the single ray
  Shot from the unseen moon, still palely breaketh
The awe that rests with midnight on the way;
  Faithful as Hope when Wisdom's self forsaketh—
The buoyant beam the lonely man pursued—
And, feeling God, he felt not Solitude.

'No fiend obscene, no giant spectre grim,
  (Born as of Runic or Arabian song,)
Affronts the progress through the gallery dim,
  Into the sudden light which flames along
The waves, and dyes the stillness of their flood
To one red horror like a lake of blood.

'And now, he enters, with that lurid tide,
  Where time-long corals shape a mighty hall;
There curtain'd arches on the dexter side,
  And on the floors a ruby pedestal,
On which, with marble lips, that life-like smiled,
Stood the fair Statue of a crownëd Child:

'It smiled, and yet its crown was wreath'd of thorns,
  And round its limbs coil'd foul the viper's brood;
Near to that Child a rough crag, deluge-torn,
  Jagg'd, with sharp shadow abrupt, the luminous flood;
And a huge Vulture from the summit, there,
Watch'd, with dull hunger in its glassy stare.

'Below the Vulture, in the rock ensheathed,
  Shone out the wild beam of the diamond glaive;
And all the hall one hue of crimson wreathed,
  And all the galleries vista'd through the wave;
As flush'd the coral fathom-deep below,
Let into glory from the ruby's glow.

'And on three thrones there sat three giant forms,
  Rigid the first as Death;—with lightless eyes,
And brows as hush'd as deserts, when the storms
  Lock the tornado in the Nubian skies;—

Dead on dead knees the large hands nerveless rest,
And dead the front droops heavy on the breast.

'The second shape, with bright and kindling eye
And aspect haughty with triumphant life,
Like a young Titan rear'd its crest on high,
Crown'd as for sway and harness'd as for strife;
But o'er one half his image, there was cast
A shadow from the throne where sat the last.

'And this, the third and last, seem'd in that sleep
Which neighbours waking in a summer's dawn,
When dreams, relaxing, scarce their captive keep:
Half o'er his face a veil transparent drawn,
Stirr'd with quick sighs unquiet and disturb'd,
Which told the impatient soul the slumber curb'd.'—P. 228.

The adventurer is greeted by the youthful Genius, and asks of the enthroned Three their names and office.

'The lords of time,
Answer'd the Giant, and our realms are three,
THE WHAT HAS BEEN, WHAT IS, AND WHAT SHALL BE!'

Under these arches lies concealed by a veil the vision of a three-fold future, amidst these Arthur is to choose, and by his judgment his fate is to be decided. The first is a future of pleasures and luxury; the next of gold and subject labour; in the third he beholds himself reposing in glorified death the darling of Poetry and Fame; and in shadowy succession pass by him, to do him reverence, all the kingly heroes and high actors in the drama of our country's history. The vision ends at the close of thirteen centuries, by Cymri's daughter on the Saxon throne, our queen, amongst her noble ancestry, being supposed to include the king of Welsh romance. Arthur chooses death as the life of Fame, and grasps the hilt of the diamond glaive, which, however, will not move to his touch. The dove flew forth and alighted on the thorn-wreath of the crowned statue; then rose the vulture and up-coiled the asp to seize their victim. The image announces itself as Fame, and demands the sacrifice which every altar claims. From Arthur he requires the sacrifice of the heart's affections figured in the dove; but the hero refuses even Fame, at the expense of trust betrayed, and renounces the prize:—

'Let then the rock the sword for ever sheathe;
All blades are charmèd to the patriot's grasp.'

At these heroic words his trial is over, the vulture sails sullenly back from its prey, the asps die of their own poison, the thorn-wreath blooms into roses, and light and joy blaze around. After this first achievement the story diverges to Sir Lancelot and a fair damsel, Genevra, the daughter of Saxon Harold, and bosom friend of Genevieve, youngest daughter of the Saxon King Crida, and Arthur's fabled queen. Both maidens have been converted to Christianity by a British female captive, and at their baptism took these similar names. The reader will readily perceive in this device a praiseworthy attempt on the part of the author to clear away the scandal which attaches to Arthur's Genevieve, current in Dante's day, who traces to that queen's baleful example, Francesca's eternity of woe. From Lancelot and Genevra and their innocent loves, we return to Sir Gawaine and his adventures with the Vikings, which, though out of place and offending the taste grievously where they stand, are written with ease and a certain Giant Grumbo kind of pleasantry. An extract from the argument will give the reader the only insight into them we have space for:—

> 'Meanwhile Sir Gawaine pursues his voyage to the shrine of Freya, at which he is to be sacrificed.—How the hound came to bear him company.—Sir Gawaine argues with the Viking on the inutility of roasting him.—The Viking defends that measure upon philosophical and liberal principles, and silences Gawaine.—The ship arrives at its destination.—Gawaine is conducted to the shrine of Freya.—The statue of the goddess described.—Gawaine's remarks thereon, and how he is refuted and enlightened by the chief priest.—Sir Gawaine is bound, and in reply to his natural curiosity, the priest explains how he and the dog are to be roasted and devoured.—The sagacious proceedings of the dog.—Sir Gawaine fails in teaching the dog the duty of fraternization.—The priest re-enters, and Sir Gawaine, with much satisfaction, gets the best of the argument.'—P. 250.

And now Arthur enters upon his second search. The silver shield of Lok — the Scandinavian Mars. It chanced that Genevra, at the moment of her first meeting with Lancelot, was on her way to be the bride of the heathen Norwegian king, under the escort of a fleet of his ships. A dream had warned her not to resist her father's will in this matter, but to embark on this most unwelcome errand. A tempest had cast her fleet on the coast, and the crews were recruiting their stores. Thus it was that in Arthur's need he found a ship to bear him on his way. The rest of the fleet, won over by Genevra's persuasions, bore herself and Lancelot back to Carduel. The ship with the raven flag sails northward into the regions of eternal winter, on which the author has expended all his powers of description, perhaps with too much labour and repetition of characteristic features. Still it is amongst the most new and striking portions of the book. The author thus alludes to it in his preface:—

> 'The great north, from which chivalry sprung—its polar seas, its natural wonders, its wild legends, its antédiluvian remains (wide fields for poetic description and heroic narrative), have been, indeed, not wholly unexplored by poetry, but so little appropriated, that even after Tegner and Oehlenschläger, I dare to hope that I have found tracks in which no poet has

preceded me, and over which yet breathes the native air of our national Romance.'

The north—the region of silence and cold, and luminous darkness and eternal snow—has indeed a great and mysterious fascination. There is something in its deep repose which haunts the mind of busy life; in the thought of its cold, which fans and soothes the feverish stir of action and passion; in its unchanging features which tranquillizes and sobers; in its mysteries which sustains our interest. But for such undefinable attractions how was it ever peopled, or how does it still draw adventurers towards its treacherous and fatal shores? It is to feelings like these that our poet seeks to give expression in his pictures of the north. Some of these, vivid and graphic as they are, we cannot but think suffer from that display of learning of which the author has made his boast, and jealously defended from the attacks of critics. For example, in referring to those bright hues which relieve the cold tints of the arctic region, we feel that nothing is gained to the general impression he seeks to produce by tracing effects to their alleged causes. We would rather not have the green of northern seas thus accounted for—

'The green that glads
The wave, is but the march of myriads;'

this and a similar assertion being further explained in the following note:—

> 'The phenomenon of the red snow on the arctic mountains is formed by innumerable vegetable bodies; and the olive-green of the Greenland sea by Medusan animalcules, the number of which Mr. Scoresby illustrates by supposing that 80,000 persons could have been employed since the creation in counting them.'

We frankly confess that this statistical statement does not give us any better notion of the number than we had before. Of course, if the animalcules are there at all, there must be a great many of them. For our part, we are rather tired of the subject of animalculæ, which positively becomes a disease of some minds, and sticks to them with a sort of parasitical tenacity. It is a point on which we indulge an obstinate incredulity. We will not believe that every drop of water swarms with those monsters if we could only see them; and, indeed, we know that it takes a great deal of cooking and doctoring to produce a drop which will do credit to the microscope, and that a sharp eye could detect most of the living creatures exhibited to us without its aid. However, they are a great fact with our author, and one of the pillars of his philosophy. Mejnour, the world-old sage, makes it the basis of a theory; and Merlin, whom we supposed occupied by another sort of invisible world, takes up the same theme:—

> ‘Can every leaf a teeming world contain,
> In the least drop can race succeed to race,
> Yet can death slumber in its dreamless reign,
> Clasp all the illumed magnificence of space?’

It is the vocation of science to develop impurities as a preliminary to counteracting or destroying them; but the sparkling health-giving stream of poesy need not so pollute its waves.

We have not space for the opening invocation to winter, a fine passage, though further illustrating what we have said. Into these regions, heralded by the dove, sails the ship of the wonder-seeker—the crew smitten down by sickness (the scurvy, we are informed in a note), and Arthur alone retaining his vigour and majestic resolution. The ship is attacked and almost overwhelmed by a herd of Walruses, when the collision of two icebergs separates the combatants. They escape one danger, however, only to fall into another; the vessel becomes ice-locked, and by Arthur's persuasion, is at length abandoned by her crew, who build themselves huts of its shattered relics. The dove has found an herb which heals their sickness, but their present life is a living death; Arthur alone is sustained by dauntless courage and the sense of a task to be performed.

> ‘Believe thou hast a mission to fulfil
> And human valour grows a godlike will.’

In this scene of desolation the mysterious sympathy between Arthur and the dove is further strengthened, and, indeed, this mystic guide acts so very much the part of a wife, that, in this respect, our hero must be considered to have the advantage over modern adventurers into the same inhospitable regions, where we believe the softer sex is now considered an incumbrance. While wandering in these dreary trackless wilds, the king one day, to his joy, discovers a human footstep, a sign, whether of friend or foe, almost equally welcome; and, following the track of feet, the dove guides him into the midst of a dwarf-like band of Esquimaux. These, emerging from the fog, like goblins out of the inner earth, at first make a show of hostilities, but recoil before Arthur's majestic presence; when suddenly steps from among them a nobler form, in whom, even in his rude garb of hides, is recognised a ‘son of light.’ At his appearance the clamouring pigmies are silent and bend the knee in reverence. The stranger approaches Arthur, and commences an address in his own tongue, when he starts—stops—springs forward, and at the same moment Arthur and Sir Gawaine recognise each other. The good knight has escaped the jaws of Freya to be the king of the Esquimaux tribes. The meeting is certainly one of those coincidences not to be looked for every day, but not the less joyful to the two adventurers. Arthur's followers are soon revived under the cares of the 'pigmæan crew,' and borne to their warmer huts, where Sir Gawaine has made himself as comfortable as adverse circumstances would permit. Here, while he regales the monarch on a slice of seal's flesh, he narrates his own vicissitudes from the commencement, and enters into a philosophical controversy with his royal master on the part, for good or evil, the raven, to which he still bears a grudge, has played in his destiny. In his turn, Arthur reveals to his light hearted friend such facts of his own history as he deems suited to his ear, and announces the object of his northern voyage, the silver shield of Lok, about which Gawaine remembers to have heard certain legends from his pigmy subjects. After this colloquy,—and for homely human interest, we think this meeting of the two friends in those inexorable northern wilds to be among the best points of the poem—Sir Gawaine wraps the king in bear-skins to seek needful repose, while he goes in search of more definite information. The description which follows of sunrise, after the long polar night, is very impressive:—

'Slumbers the King—slumber his ghastly crew;
How long they know not, guess not—night and dawn
Long since commingled in one livid hue;
Like that long twilight o'er the portals drawn,
Behind whose threshold spreads eternity!—
When the sleep burst, and sudden in the sky

'Stands the great Sun!—Like the first glorious breath
Of Freedom to the slave, like Hope upon
The hush of woe, or through the mists of death
The pard'ning Angel—comes to earth the Sun!
Ice still on land—still vapour in the air,
But Light—the victor Lord—but Light is there!

'On siege-worn cities, when their war is spent,
From the far hill, as, gleam on gleam, arise
The spears of some great aiding armament—
Grow the dim splendours, broadening up the skies,
Till bright and brighter, the sublime array
Flings o'er the world the banners of the Day!'—P. 311.

With the sun comes Arthur's second great trial; and a formidable description of the cave, the mouth of an extinct crater, where dwells the guardian of the treasure, opens the tenth book. This guardian is a monster, half giant, half dwarf, whose shadow plays ominously before the entrance of the cavern, himself still invisible; an idea to be found elsewhere in the author's works. Arthur's approach is scented from afar by a herd of white bears, who form the flock of this goblin pastor; and whose uncouth movements and clumsy ambuscades are very elaborately described. He comes, and hunger conquering awe and fear, they attack him; but the diamond glaive repels them with great slaughter; when from the cave rushes the owner of the shadow, the giant-dwarf; whose presence casts a double chill over the air, and even brings fear on the fearless. 'Fear was on the bold.' Here ensues a colloquy, wherein the dwarf, in rage at this invasion of his dismal region, seeks to awe and terrify the pale but dauntless king; but in the end is forced to admit him within the subterranean region: and Arthur enters upon a wild and terrible scene, where Nature carries on her chemical experiments on the largest scale. Here, in the glow of lava and the raging of hidden fire, he is conducted through countless geological remains, the wrecks of the antediluvian world—iguanadons, mammoths, and other 'lurid skeletons of vanished races,' who yawn and grin upon the invader of their realm. The watchful dwarf looks for some sign of fear at the hideous spectacle; for had the mortal faltered or quailed, he must become the fiend's prey. But, through all sights and sounds of dread, Arthur walks unmoved, fixing his eyes on the dove: the evil spirits of that place, who gather round him, being in their turn awed and held back by the glare of the magic sword. At length he enters upon a vast mine, the Hall of Lok, where the demon sleeps, guarded by the corpses of Titans, who kneel around in glittering armour—giants who perchance had heard the trump of Jubal,—whose guilt provoked the deluge. Within this outer enclosing circle sit the Valkyrs, or choosers of the slain—the Scandinavian Fates, spinning the webs of endless wars—guarding the unseen couch of Lok. Here the dwarf shows Arthur the end of his search; within those curtains rests the sleeping god, whom the Valkyrs themselves dare not waken into terrible and vengeful life. For an instant, Arthur's human heart fails; but faith, 'The Eos of the world to come,' came to his aid.

> 'Then terror fled,
> And all the king illumed the front he rear'd.
> Firm to the couch on which the fiend reposed
> He strode; the curtains, murm'ring, round him closed;'

and the story leaves the final unspeakable horrors of that conflict, unsung.

Meanwhile, Sir Gawaine and the Norwegians have tracked Arthur's course, and in their turn are attacked by the bears; in whose manœuvres the author takes peculiar pleasure; till the strife is interrupted by a tremendous earthquake and volcanic eruption, accompanied by unearthly sounds from the supernatural inhabitants of the cave. Pestilential vapours stupefy the whole band: when they awake to consciousness, the dove is poised in air hovering over the unconscious form of Arthur, his armour dinted, hewn, and crushed, the bright falchion dim with dark gore, and awe on the rigid face; yet on his arm is clasped the silver shield, the wondrous prize dimmed—tarnished—grimed; but the pure metal shining through all. Many days followed ere the king recovered from his trance; nor did he ever breathe to mortal what had passed in that unearthly conflict. We quite acquiesce in this silence; yet the reader is, perhaps, critical enough to suspect that the poet has no clearer idea of what did actually transpire than ourselves. It very frequently happens with this author to raise a good groundwork for curiosity, and fail in the superstructure.

The hero, once more on earth, had no other mission on these ice-bound shores; so that the arrival of ships at that juncture is felt to be exceedingly opportune. It is a fleet from Rugen, in search of furs and seals; and the captain gladly lends to King Arthur one of his vessels, to bear him homewards. This Sir Gawaine undertakes to victual for the voyage, and by his golden eloquence and winning manners succeeds in gaining handsome contributions from the whole fleet. Under the dove's guidance, they soon reach more genial airs, and anchor at length in a Mercian haven on the English coast, occupied by the Saxon foe. Here Arthur's third and last gift is to be won. And this we must confess to have found the most mystical and difficult of comprehension of all his achievements; not made the less so by a profuse coinage of new nouns for the occasion—the characteristic peculiarity (though in a less degree sanctioned by high authorities) we have already alluded to. The author appears to think that a subversion of the received rules of etymology—an entire change in the uses of adjectives and adverbs, will greatly assist thought in all its difficulties: that Beauty—that vain and fleeting good—gains durability as the Beautiful: that Truth is more attainable as the True: that we shall understand the nature of Death better when it changes its awful name into The Everywhere: that distant things are brought nearer as the Far: and height become accessible as the High. Yet, to us, sublimity is attained rather by using simple words in their ordinary sense, than by all this transposition. Where, *e. g.*, have we nobler ideas of beauty and distance than in that promise—'Thine eyes shall see the king in his *beauty:* they shall behold the land that is very *far off.*' We feel poetry, especially, injured by this novel affectation. But a habit of this kind, once formed, cannot be shaken off; it has become a part of Sir E. B. Lytton's mind. In the scenes we are now led upon, a ghost is the principal speaker; and possibly substantives are deemed too substantial for the language of shadows; so ghost-like adverbs occupy their places, and, with dim voice and half meaning, suggest rather than affirm the hidden mysteries they point at.

No sooner, then, is Arthur landed, than the dove leads him through a forest to a silent hill, 'with antique ruins crowned,' on which the moon shines with ghastly ray. Here are ruins far anterior to the rude structures of Druid degeneracy known to us, and built while the Druid in his starry robe solved riddles to the Chaldee, and talked with Pythagoras; luring Brahmins from their burning clime to listen to Western wisdom. The style of the ruins speaks of this difference; being of that architecture which the discomfited builders of Babel disseminated over the world.

> 'Here column, and vault, and roof, in ruin hurl'd,
> Still spoke of hands that founded Babylon.'

In this antique seclusion the wonder-seeker sinks to sleep, and wakes with a start of terror to find himself deserted by his mystic guide. The dove is flown. A sense of desolation rushes on his spirit, and the fear of death at that moment falls upon him. We are now carried back to Carduel, as a necessary explanation of what is to follow. Here the Saxons are gaining the day, and the besieged city is sinking in famine and despondency, till roused by Caradoc, the author of the 'Epic on the Shelf,' now inspired by Merlin's prophecies to sacrifice himself for his country's cause. Unarmed, as the bard must be, and singing heroic songs, he leads on his countrymen in a desperate onslaught; charging them to hold the spot of his death sacred, and never to yield it to the enemy. Time, however, confines us to Arthur's adventures. Caradoc, after his glorious death, is received into heaven, where are revealed to him Arthur's trials and achievements; and love impels him to descend again to earth, to lead him through his last ordeal to happiness. He presents himself to his friend reft of his heavenly glory, and livid with fresh wounds.

> '"Come," said the Voice, "before the Iron Gate,
> Which hath no egress. Waiting thee, behold
> Under the shadow of the brows of Fate,
> The child-like playmate with the locks of gold."'

In the centre of those ruins stood a royal tomb. Through the iron doors, 'ajar to every blast,' the vision passed forth with the king. The following passage we offer to the reader in illustration of our remarks on those peculiarities of diction which always appear to accompany the author's most favourite and characteristic speculations :—

> 'The Vision went, and went the living King;
> Then, strange and hard to human ear to tell
> By language moulded but by thoughts that bring
> Material images, what there befel!
> The mortal enter'd Eld's dumb burial-place;
> And at the threshold, vanish'd time and space.

'Yea, the hard sense of time was from the mind
Rased and annihilate;—yea, space to eye
And soul was presenceless! What rest behind?
Thought and the Infinite! The Eternal I,
And its true realm the Limitless, whose brink
Thought ever nears. What bounds us when we think?

'Yea, as the dupe, in tales Arabian,
Dipp'd but his brow beneath the beaker's brim,
And in that instant all the life of man,
From youth to age, roll'd its slow years on him,
And, while the foot stood motionless—the soul
Swept with deliberate wing from pole to pole,

'So, when the man the Grave's still portals pass'd,
Closed on the substances or cheats of earth,
The Immaterial for the things it glass'd,
Shaped a new vision from the matter's dearth:
Before the sight that saw not through the clay,
The undefined Immeasurable lay.

'A realm not land, nor sea, nor earth, nor sky;
Like air impalpable, and yet not air;—
"Where am I led?" ask'd Life, with hollow sigh.
"To Death, that dim, phantasmal EVERYWHERE,"
The ghost replied; "Nature's circumfluent robe
Girding all life—the globule or the globe."

'"Yet," said the Mortal, "if indeed this breath
Profane the world that lies beyond the tomb,
Where is the Spirit-race that peoples death?
My soul surveys but unsubstantial gloom;
A void—a blank—where none preside or dwell;
Nor woe nor bliss is here; nor heaven nor hell."

'"And what is death?—a name for nothingness,"
Replied the Dead; "the shadow of a shade;
Death can retain no spirit!—woe and bliss,
And heaven and hell, are for the living made;
An instant flits between life's latest sigh
And life's renewal:—that it is to die.

'"From the brief Here to the eternal There,
We can but see the swift flash of the goal;
Less than the space between two waves of air,
The void between existence and a soul:
Wherefore, look forth; and with calm sight endure
The vague, impalpable, inane Obscure."'—P. 376.

To end in smoke, is a common expression for failure: yet the author could hardly resent its being applied to the ghost's conclusions; especially to the appalling image of nonentity conveyed in the last line. But we must hasten on. Caradoc's spirit discourses further on Nature and Fate, which he affirms to be identical. After which, Arthur's guardian angel—identical again, in the author's view, with conscience—presents himself before him, and removes from his mind the fear of death; though why this task should be assigned to *Conscience,* we do not comprehend.

On the disappearance of the angel, Arthur ventures to address the spirit of his friend on the question of his present happiness; when he, too, vanishes without reply. When lo! at the king's feet reposed 'a virgin shape, half woman and half child.' He has found the third, the crowning gift.

> 'There bright before the iron gates of Death,
> Bright in the shadow of the awful Power
> Which did as Nature give the human breath,
> As Fate mature the germ and nurse the flower
> Of earth for heaven—Toil's last and sweetest prize,
> The destined Soother lifts her fearless eyes!'—P. 383.

The king wakes from his vision, to find this best gift no dream; but fair reality. He speaks to the maiden; but, with her finger on her lip, she enjoins silence.

> 'Then from the shade
> Gliding, she stood beneath the golden skies;
> Fair as the dawn that brighten'd Paradise.
>
> 'And Arthur look'd, and saw the dove no more;
> Yet by some wild and wondrous glamoury,
> Changed to the shape his new companion wore,
> His soul the missing Angel seem'd to see;
> And, soft and silent as the earlier guide,
> The soft eyes thrill, the silent footsteps glide.
>
> 'Through paths his yester steps had fail'd to find,
> Adown the woodland slope she leads the king,—
> And, pausing oft, she turns to look behind,
> As oft had turn'd the dove upon the wing;
> And oft he question'd, still to find reply
> Mute on the lip, but struggling to the eye.'—P. 385.

It is a pretty picture, but we do not think the author will find many sympathisers in this metamorphosis. If a man's wife has once been a bird, there seems no security that she may not relapse into the same form and condition again; he can never be sure of her. But such a conception comes fitly from an author who, in a previous work, has made its leading character marry an idiot:—a girl so universally acknowledged as such as to explain why the boys do not follow her in the street. The writer who makes his prose hero happy in so singular a choice, may well espouse his epic hero to a dove, and think he has provided well and adequately for his domestic felicity. But in truth these ideas can only emanate—as in Eastern Fable—from a disparaging notion of the sex: once thoroughly convinced that women have souls in the same sense as men possess them, and these fancies will be as uncongenial to the imagination as they are to the understanding.

The fair transformed, resuming her office of guide, leads Arthur to his followers, and once more taking ship, they sail to his own dominions, and there they land within sight of Carduel amidst signs of Saxon outrage, seeking a well known convent where Arthur designs to place his maiden treasure, while he proceeds to the defence of his capital. The convent lies in ruins; and roused by the surrounding desolation, Arthur pours out threats of vengeance against Crida, the ravager of his country, which excite in his silent guide an agony of terror he cannot comprehend, being in fact ignorant of what the reader has all along been aware, that Genevieve, the dove, the 'destined soother,' is indeed the daughter of his foe. Meanwhile a nun emerges from the ruins, who proves to be Arthur's kinswoman, the Abbess. She blesses his return, and conducts them to her hidden underground retreat, by means of which she had eluded Saxon cruelty; there Arthur leaves his charge. We pass over the mystical dreamy trances of the half-awakening visionary maiden, which result at length in her resolution to rejoin her father in the Saxon camp. The Abbess recognising the hand of heaven, suffers her to depart, hanging round her neck a cross at once as sign and safeguard. Here, as throughout the poem, the reader of Sir E. Bulwer's romances must be struck by the recurrence of the old fancies; scenes and images appearing again in a different garb. Genevieve, losing her sense of power to warn and guide, in the resumption of the human form, and with it, human love for Arthur, is only a repetition of Zanoni losing his power to protect Viola, when he abandons himself to human affection for her. To both only remains the

'human dower
Of gifts, sublime to soothe, but weak to save,
And blind to warn.'

The twelfth and last book is full of stir and incident, of fighting, and critical conjunctions, of war and bloodshed. It takes up the story from the moment of Caradoc's death, which is the turning point of the Cymrian cause. Merlin, after addressing the people in a patriotic speech, dismisses them to the walls, announcing a renewal of the Saxon attack. From Lancelot he then demands a great sacrifice, that he should restore Genevra to her father Harold, his prophetic eye foreseeing an important part for her in approaching events. The knight reluctantly consents, and the maiden is despatched under the guard of the Aleman Convert. After these preparations the scene moves to the Saxon camp, on which a superstitious panic has fallen since Caradoc's victory. This panic the priests make use of as a plea for some of the more barbarous rites of their religion. The Runic Soothsayer is thrown into a trance, in which he reveals that their god Odin demands the sacrifice of a Christian maiden.

'A virgin's loss, aroused the Teuton strife;
A virgin's love hath charm'd the avenger's life;
A virgin's blood alone avert's the doom;'

and announces the speedy coming of the destined victim. In the midst of baleful incantations in which king and priests share, the silence of the temple is disturbed by shouts from without; Crida rises in wrath to rebuke the comers, and is met on the threshold by his fair-haired daughter. Soon his natural joy at the recovery of his beloved and youngest born is turned to anguish by the demands of the priests for their victim. They hail in Genevieve the destined sacrifice. The father pleads that the oracle had desired a *Christian* maid, and the 'arch Elder' points to the cross still lying on her breast. The old king calls upon her to cast down and trample on the sacred symbol, but she boldly professes the true faith, and in wrath and despair the old king renounces his child. They bind the trembling victim to the stone of sacrifice and wait with impatience the appointed hour; when their horrid rites are again interrupted by the forcible entrance of Harold, the Saxon Thane, accompanied by his daughter Genevra, who has brought him to the rescue. Harold is a very liberal Pagan; he disputes with the priests, and while professing his belief in Odin will have nothing to do with the bloody rites he enjoins; he rouses the crouching king from his lair to arise and defend his child; but bowed down by superstition, Crida gives her up to death as a Christian and offender of the gods, on which Genevra eagerly professes the same faith. Harold, however, will not listen to theological questions while they should be fighting, and recalling to mind his encounter with King Arthur, declares that for his part he

'Scorns no gods that worthy foes adore.'

He is rebuked by the priest, who threatens to call in the Saxon host to hear and avenge his blasphemies. Harold accepts an appeal to the popular voice, and makes a proposition to the king that he and his men, joined by all who would willingly follow his standard, should renew the assault on Carduel. Let the throne of Cymri be the maiden's ransom. He asks but till noon to complete the conquest, but if refused, he withdraws from the king's cause with all his adherents. None, not even the priests, dare hazard the loss of their champion; the truce is therefore accepted, though the revengeful priests are not less sure of their victim. Harold departs on his enterprise. The king, after one embrace of his child, for which his superstition reproves him, repairs to the watch-tower to witness the combat; while the priest, his companion, surveys from the same height the discontented, fear-stricken multitude gathered in lazy apathy below, in whom he sees the instruments of his power. They witness the progress of Harold's assault and see him scale the walls, and disappear within the city, a success anything but satisfactory to the bloodthirsty idolater, who

> 'Paling frown'd upon the sun,
> Though the sky deepen'd and the time rush'd on.'

When suddenly from the camp at their feet rose strange cries of wrath, and wonder; and lo! the Saxon fleet moored beyond the distant forest is in flames. This is the work of Arthur, who, with his followers, had lain in ambush awaiting Merlin's appointed signal from the dragon keep of Carduel. While the Saxon camp rouses itself to arms, through the forest hastens the deliverer. They are amazed by shouts of Arthur's name, and at the same moment the conquerors within the city are driven back and dispossessed; the Pale Horse of the Saxons, which had waved triumphant for an hour, once more yielding to the Dragon Standard. At length Harold, still facing the foe, is driven forth from Carduel, to the savage joy of the watchful priest, who from his height witnesses his retreat and the sun passing the meridian. He summons Crida to the sacrifice: but the spirit of patriotism has seized the aged king, he leaves the priest to do his worst; his own place is by the retreating standard; his people are his children. His enthusiasm diffuses a glow amid their discouraged ranks.

> 'The wide mass quickens with the one strong mind.'

The priest had descended to complete the sacrifice, already the knife gleams over Genevieve, when a shaft sent as by the Fates from invisible hands slays the slayer, and the priest falls bathed in his own blood. While all stand suspended in wonder and terror, wild clamours are heard without. The fane is besieged by a dismayed multitude flying before the victor; Arthur himself—in his own person Victory. Roused by the very extremity of the moment, the idolaters seek for the hand that has slain their chief, when suddenly sprang upon the altar-stone a grim fiend-like image. It is the wild Aleman, who as Genevra's escort to the Saxon camp, had heard the rumours of Genevieve's approaching sacrifice. Following unseen in Harold's train, he had concealed himself behind the altar till the moment came to save. Springing from the altar he cut the victim's bonds, and before their vengeance had time to wreak itself, Arthur the deliverer treads the threshold, gleams through the nave a destroying angel,—and now the Silver Shield rests over Genevieve.

> 'Amid the thousands stood the conquering One
> Still, lone, and unresisted like the Sun.'

The fane soon becomes the last theatre of war. Crida rushes in with all his tributary kings. Arthur, still in ignorance of his relationship to Genevieve, makes his way in wrath to where he stands. The old king's sword, wielded with all his strength shivers before the diamond glaive. The conqueror's foot is on his breast when the maiden springs forward to intercept the descending blow, and declares herself the daughter of his prostrate foe. At this juncture Harold appears:—his of all that host the only undaunted breast. He had assembled and reorganized his broken bands on the brow of a neighbouring hill, and now enters the temple to make honourable terms for the vanquished, and to offer peace. The scene is drawn which there meets his eye:—the idol god overthrown amid pools of blood, and the Cross exalted in its place; the captive Teuton kings haughty and in chains; Crida apart and unbound, one hand concealing his face, the other resting on the head of his kneeling child; Genevra by her side, mourning her father's and her country's woe, and Lancelot whispering such comfort as love could dictate: the circle of knights; the rigid form of the Aleman, like some uncouth image of the gods he had renounced, and in the midst the hero king, the impersonation of honour and fame. In this assemblage Harold proudly offers his terms—peace, their captives released, and their kings restored; or war while life shall last. Arthur, wise and magnanimous in his triumph, accepts peace from his noble foe, a choice welcome to all, though

'Dark scowl the priests;—with vengeance priestcraft dies!'

Standing by the fallen idol's altar, under the holy rood, Merlin now utters prophetic words of comfort, and foresees the time when the two conflicting races will blend in lasting peace, promising to his countrymen the possession of their mountainous empire while time shall last. To Harold he foretels that from him shall descend a race of Scottish kings, and Lancelot is accepted by the bold heathen as his son-in-law.

King Crida does not yield to the dictates of fate so readily, but the hero condescends to sue, and his heart relents. Arthur pleads—

'"The pride of kings is in the power to bless,
The kingliest hand is that which gives the most;
Priceless the gift I ask thee to bestow,—
But doubly royal is a generous foe!"

'Then forth—subdued, yet stately, Crida came,
And the last hold in that rude heart was won;—
"Hero, thy conquest makes no more my shame,
He shares thy glory that can call thee 'Son!'
So may this love-knot bind and bless the lands!"
Faltering he spoke, and join'd the plighted hands.

'There flock the hosts as to a holy ground,
There, where the dove at last may fold the wing!
His mission ended, and his labours crown'd,
Fair as in fable stands the Dragon King,
Below the Cross and by his prophet's side,
With Carduel's knighthood kneeling round his bride.

'What gallant deeds in gentle lists were done,
What lutes made joyaunce sweet in jasmine bowers
Let others tell:—Slow sets the summer sun;
Slow fall the mists, and closing droop the flowers;
Faint in the glooming dies the vesper bell,
And Dream-land sleeps round golden Carduel.'—P. 451.

We have thus at some expense of the reader's time attempted to give an ideȧ of the fable of the poem, without which no proper view of its merits can be gained. We are aware that an abstract cannot do justice to its subject, yet a full perusal leaves the same impression, of a lack of human interests, and of vigorous power to arrest and sustain attention. With many striking, effective, beautiful parts, the poem fails as a whole. At no time do we feel the hero a real personage; we seldom can sufficiently believe in his existence to sympathise in his trials, or to feel truly concerned for him. His fairy mystic guide greatly aggravates this evil, not only from the additional haze of unreality she diffuses round him, but that we feel well satisfied she will keep him from all real peril, whatever dangers may seem to threaten his path. This unerring guardian is open to the objection Dryden makes to the machinery of all Christian poets. Like Ariosto's angel in contest with Discord, 'who soon makes her know the difference of strength between a nuncio of heaven and a minister of hell,' we know (and surely the hero also) that giants may threaten, and fiends gibber, and death inevitable may seem to oppose his path, but she will in fact bring him nowhere where he may not pass safely through.

The rules of criticism, in common with all dogmas, often offend by a seeming technicality and trivial attention to forms; a sacrifice of real worth and beauty, to dry correctness: yet experience teaches us the substantial truth of many a dictum which at one time we deemed merely arbitrary; and amongst these is the paramount necessity of the subserviency of parts to the whole. This our author has not regarded; he has said whatever suited him at the time to say, or seemed to enhance the effect of the particular portion he was engaged upon. Whether it be a point of erudition to be displayed, a fling at a political opponent suggested by the matter in hand, a train of speculation or sentiment appropriate to modern times, but professedly from the lips of ancient wisdom—if it roughly dispel an allusion; if it weakens our faith; if it loosens our hold and our interest on the main theme, however dear to the author, the mistimed show of wit or wisdom should have found no place. In the words of Waller, 'a poet ought not to say all he can, but only all he ought.' The present writer has wished to make his poem the depository of all his thoughts; to say all he can say; to record his view of every topic which has engaged his own or the popular attention; to display acquaintance and sympathy with the whole field of modern inquiry.

In the preface to his second edition he complacently observes upon the charge of too much learning, answering it in the words of a modern critic, 'that an epic poet ought to possess all the learning of his age.' A poet ought unquestionably to possess learning, but every man's own experience tells him that the most learned do not commonly talk most learnedly. We presume that it is learning out of place of which the critics complain. What is yet crude and of recent acquirement is obtrusively exhibited; the accumulated stores of an observant mind,—what have matured the understanding and formed the judgment, are no subjects for display. They enrich and illustrate every theme, but they are only manifest when the occasion asks for them.

We agree with the author in thinking the choice of his metre a happy one. He quotes Dryden's emphatic praise of the 'quatrain, or stanza of four alternate lines;' but those who are acquainted with the only long poem in which Dryden has used it, 'The Annus Mirabilis,' will feel how greatly the monotony of this measure is relieved by the rhyming couplet which concludes the stanza, allowing more scope too, for the completion of the thought or picture. Many of the preceding examples prove that our author has understood its capabilities. His diction, if not poetical in the highest sense, is easy, graceful, and eloquent, well-fitted for the alternations of thought and narrative through which his subject leads him.

In conclusion, though we have no expectation that the mass of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's readers will acquiesce in his judgment, we are inclined to agree with it so far as to believe that of all his works 'King Arthur' has perhaps the most claim to a lasting reputation. What hindrances we see to the realization of his sanguine hopes for this darling of his latest care, we have explained elsewhere. But a long poem is a great venture, and it is something even to fail with credit, where the stake that is tried for is lasting fame.

ART. III. *Commentary on the Psalms.* By DR. E. W. HENGSTENBERG, *Professor of Theology at Berlin. Translated from the German by the Rev. P. Fairbairn and Rev. J. Thompson.* Edinburgh: Clark.

OUR object at present is not so much to weigh the character of this work of Dr. Henstenberg, whose high merits as a most learned and strenuous asserter of Orthodoxy in the Lutheran School are well known, as to lay before our readers a few thoughts on a subject connected with the Sacred Psalter, on which earnest minds are sometimes disposed to seek for assistance. Indeed we believe there are but few, amongst those who have been accustomed to make a devout and considerate use of these inspired poems, that have not often felt embarrassed and perplexed by the tone, in which the sacred penmen are wont to speak when referring to enemies. The difficulty is, how to reconcile the feeling which such passages seem to breathe, with the prescriptions which abound on the subject in the New Testament. There we find sentiments of long-suffering, of forgiveness, even of positive love, enjoined upon us, alike by the teaching and by the example both of our blessed Lord and of his Holy Apostles; and this, too, so constantly and in so great a variety of ways, that the impression of no one quality of our holy religion is left more distinctly on the minds of all who come into contact with it, than that of the great leniency and even kindness which it requires of us, even in dealing with our bitterest foes. But when we turn to the Book of Psalms, what is it that we seem to find there?

In order that we may have the facts of the case fairly before our minds, let us first collect some of the passages in which enemies are spoken of by the holy Psalmist, disposing them under the several heads under which they naturally class themselves; and then we will proceed to consider how they are to be regarded.

In the first place, then, there is a considerable number of instances, in which the Psalmist simply implores deliverance on his own behalf, and his adversaries' disappointment and confusion. Thus, for example, 'Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly,' (vi. 10.) 'Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil,' (xl. 14.)

Now, so far as such prayers express a desire that the supplicant may himself be freed from afflictions brought upon him by the injurious conduct of others, there is nothing in them which can be felt in any degree to jar upon the Christian spirit. But it may be fairly questioned even in respect to these, whether they do not express more than the frustration of the wicked designs complained of. For though the petition, that those evil-doers may be 'ashamed,' is susceptible of an interpretation pointing merely to their repentance, yet it admits likewise of being taken in another sense, according to which the thing desired would be, that they might be made to suffer feelings of shame and vexation simply in retribution for their wrongful doings, and without any reference to their being thereby brought to a better state of mind. In short, the punishment required may be taken as vindictive merely and not as corrective. The consideration of the next class of petitions leads, perhaps, to the inference that the latter is the true interpretation.

'Seek out his wickedness till thou find none,' [*i.e.*, visit him with unceasing inflictions of thy judgments, till the full demerit of his guilt shall have been exhausted,] x. 15. 'Give them according to their deeds...render to them their desert,' xxviii. 4. 'Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.' xl. 15. 'But thou, O Lord, be merciful unto me, and raise me up, that I may requite them,' xli. 10. 'God shall likewise destroy thee for ever, he shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling place, and root thee out of the land of the living,' lii. 5. 'He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: cut them off in thy truth,' liv. 5. 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell [*i.e.* Sheol, the world of destruction; for, clearly, the Gehenna revealed in the New Testament is not specifically meant,] for wickedness is in their dwellings and among them,' lv. 15. 'Be not merciful to any wicked transgressors . . . Slay them not, lest my people forget: scatter them by thy power; and bring them down, O Lord, our shield. Consume them in wrath, consume them, that they may not be: and let them know that God ruleth in Jacob unto the ends of the earth. And at evening let them return; and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city, [unsatisfied and hungry.] Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied' [or rather, which is nearly the sense given in the margin, though they be not satisfied with what they find, let them have to pass the whole night with nothing better], lix. 5—15. 'Render unto our neighbours sevenfold into their bosom their reproach, wherewith they have reproached thee, O Lord,' lxxix. 12. 'Persecute them with thy tempest, and make them afraid with thy storm. Let them be confounded and troubled for ever; yea, let them be put to shame, and perish,' lxxxiii. 15,17. 'What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper' [which are thought to retain their heat for an especially long time], cxx. 3, 4. 'As for the head of those that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them. Let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire into deep pits, that they rise not up again,' cxl. 9, 10.

There can be no question but that in these passages evil is imprecated upon evil-doers altogether irrespectively of their amendment thereby. The thing desired is, clearly, that they may be punished; punished, in retribution for their wickedness, and not in order to any beneficial result to be ultimately produced on their own character.

There is a third class of passages, in which this same desire goes out into expressions, which convey to our minds the feeling, that the Psalmist experiences a kind of complacency in contemplating these inflictions of retributive judgment, and even dwells upon them with satisfaction and pleasure.

Two of these, indeed, occur in Psalms which are altogether so remarkably distinguished by the highly wrought tone of imaginative poetry which pervades them, that the language in which the punishment of the wicked is described admits of being regarded as being merely a poetical enlargement of the idea rather than as the expression of gratified feeling.

In the 18th Psalm David commemorates his victories over his enemies thus:—

> 'I have pursued mine enemies, and overtaken them:
> Neither did I turn again till they were consumed.
> I have wounded them that they were not able to rise:
> They are fallen under my feet.
> For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle:
> Thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me.
> Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies;
> That I might destroy them that hate me.
> They cried, but there was none to save them:
> Even unto the Lord, but he answered them not.
> Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind:
> I did cast them out as the dirt in the streets.'

Considering the tone of language which marks the Psalm generally, it is obvious that this particular passage is to be taken as the symbolical language of triumphant exultation, referring indeed to actual successes in real warfare, but still, representing those successes poetically in the imagery which would naturally be presented by war and conquest as then carried on.

Of a similar kind is the passage which we find in the 68th Psalm, in verses 21—24. The meaning of these verses is somewhat obscured both in the translation which we use in the Prayer Book and also in the authorized version. We believe that we have the judgment of most Hebrew scholars on our side, in preferring the following translation as giving the true sense of the passage:—

> 'But God shall wound the head of his enemies,
> The hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses.
> The Lord said, I will bring [thine enemies] back from Bashan,
> I will bring [them] back from the depths of the sea:
> That thy foot [O my people] may be red in blood.
> The tongue of thy dogs, from [thine] enemies is its portion.'

This is best illustrated by the comparison of Amos ix. 1—3.

> ‘He that fleeth of them shall not flee away;
> And he that escapeth of them shall not be delivered.
> Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them;
> Though they climb up to heaven, thence I will bring them down.
> And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel,
> I will search and take them out thence;
> And though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea,
> Thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them.’

It is probable, that the 68th Psalm primarily refers to some victory achieved by God’s people over their enemies, and that it was intended to be sung in the religious triumph with which the Ark of God was brought back to its usual seat. But if it was so, we must believe that such victory was celebrated under Divine inspiration in such a form, as to become symbolical of a far more glorious triumph afterwards to be achieved over spiritual enemies; and thus we are led to regard as parallel with that above quoted, passages such as the following, taken from Psalms in which the reference to the Christ stands out in yet more vivid colouring.

> ‘Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
> Thou shalt dash them in pieces as a potter’s vessel.’—ii. 9.

> ‘The Lord at thy right hand,
> Shall bruise kings in the day of His wrath:
> He shall judge among the heathen; He shall fill [the places] with the dead bodies;
> He shall bruise the heads [of men, cf. Ps. lxviii. 21] over [throughout] many countries.
> Of the brook He [the Christ] shall drink on the way.
> Therefore shall He lift up the head.’[1]

Similar imagery is employed by Isaiah lxiii. and amplified with great depth of colouring. Our readers will remember how the holy prophet portrays the conqueror returning from His victories, ‘red in His apparel, and His garments like him that treadeth in the winefat, and explaining His gory appearance by the exulting declaration:

> ‘I have trodden the winepress alone;
> And of the people there was none with me:
> For I did tread them in mine anger,
> And trample them in my fury;
> And their blood was sprinkled upon my garments,
> And I did stain all my raiment.’

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[1] These last words may be understood either according to the ancient exposition, of the sufferings of Christ on which were grounded His triumphs, or according to the modern view, as expressing the conqueror’s unwearied pursuit of His enemies now in full flight, ‘and not turning again until He had destroyed them.’—Ps. cx. 5—7.

We may, therefore, leave the passage which we have cited from the 68th Psalm, as one in which the literal has been probably absorbed into the typical, and thus regard it as no longer expressing the feelings of the individual Psalmist, or of those of his time whose exponent he had become.

But there are other passages in which the amplification of the imagery appears to indicate something more than the excitement of poetical imagination, and to be fairly attributable to a vehemence of anger which requires a large satisfaction, and which accordingly finds complacency in accumulating circumstances of judicial visitation to a degree which we cannot but often feel to be no less than appalling.

> ' Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth:
> Break out the great teeth of the young lions, O Lord.
> Let them melt away as waters which run continually:
> When he bendeth [his bow to shoot] his arrows, let them [the arrows] be as cut in pieces.
> As a snail which melteth, let them pass away,
> Like the untimely birth of a woman, which seeth not the sun.
> Before your pots ' [addressed to the wicked] ' can feel [the heat of] the thorns,
> He [God] shall hurry them ' [the thorns] ' away as with a whirlwind, alike the green and the burning.
> The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance:
> He shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.'—lviii. 6—10.

We think the authority of the best critics will sustain us in our rendering of the 9th verse,—which, we believe, employs an incident which may often occur to hungry travellers in the desert, to express utter frustration and disappointment.

> ' Let their table become a snare to them: '

[while in their devotion to their sensual gratification they observe not the enemy coming upon them.]

> ' And for them when in secure ease let it become a trap.
> Let their eyes be darkened that they see not;
> And make their loins continually to shake [from weakness]:
> Pour out Thine indignation upon them,
> And let thy wrathful anger take hold of them.
> Let their habitation be desolate;
> And let none dwell in their tents.
> For they persecute him whom Thou hast smitten;
> And they talk to the grief of those whom Thou hast wounded.
> Add iniquity unto their iniquity:
> And let them not come into thy righteousness, [*i.e.* acceptance with Thee, as in Ps. xxiv. 5.]
> Let them be blotted out of the book of the living,
> And not be written with the righteous.'—lxix. 22—28.

> ' Set Thou a wicked man over him:
> And let Satan stand at his right hand [a vindictive adversary ever at advantage over him].
> When he shall be judged, [in any lawsuit,] let him be condemned:

And let his prayer [to Heaven] be turned into sin.
Let his days be few;
And let another take his office.
Let his children be fatherless,
And his wife a widow.
Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg.
Let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places [far away from their homes now desolated].
Let the extortioner catch all that he hath;
And let the stranger spoil his labour.
Let there be none to extend mercy unto him:
Neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children.
Let his posterity be cut off;
And in the generation following let their name be blotted out.
Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord;
And let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.
Let them be before the Lord continually,
That He may cut off the memory of them from the earth.
As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him:
As he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him.
As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment,
So let it come into his bowels like water,
And like oil into his bones.
Let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him,
And for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually.
Let this be the reward of mine adversaries from the Lord,
And of them that speak evil against my soul.'—cix. 6—20.

'O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, [or, thou destroyer];
Happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us.
Happy shall he be, that taketh
And dasheth thy little ones against the stones.'—cxxxvii. 8, 9.

These are fearful passages; no right-minded person can ever read them without profound impressions of awe. And this feeling does not respect merely the terribleness of the punishment which is denounced; but much more the state of mind in which they exhibit the holy Psalmist himself. It is, in part, that sentiment of awe, which we experience when witnessing the expression of strong concentrated indignation, coming from an energetic mind which we have otherwise reason to approve as good. This last ingredient of thought, of course, enters here in a vastly greater proportion, through our sense of the Divine inspiration which belongs to the Psalms as a part of Holy Scripture. But must we not add, that there, perhaps, mingles also sometimes, in the mind of the Christian reader, a contrary element;—a certain feeling of misgiving, whether the posture of mind thus manifested by the Psalmist is indeed right:—a misgiving which is more frequently quashed as in itself unlawful and wrong, than confronted with such a fair and thoughtful investigation as would satisfy us that there is no just cause for its being entertained. It is, certainly, in many cases both wise and right, thus to put down doubts within us with the strong hand of a resolute faith. For we know, that in a Divine revelation, there must be many things which we cannot understand; many things, which we cannot measure with any moral rule we are able to apply, so as to satisfy ourselves of their perfect rectitude by our own judgment of their character. Such cases are to be expected. They form a part of our probation; for when we have reason on the whole to be satisfied with the justness of our conviction, it is neither reasonable nor virtuous to suffer misgivings to clog either our practical conduct or the inward obedience of the spirit. In such cases, the rule of the Apostle Paul has its proper application: with the shield of *faith* we are to quench all the fiery darts of the Wicked, when otherwise we should only succumb beneath their assault.

But we apprehend, that without appealing from such doubts to our general conviction that whatever is inspired from Heaven must be right whether we can see it to be so or not, a fair consideration of the case before us will of itself suffice to prove, that there is no just cause for such misgiving, and that by those holy men of God who wrote these parts of sacred Scripture, the language which we have cited was, *under their circumstances*, properly and naturally employed; whilst also it may be shown, that for us, under our own present circumstances as disciples of Christ, such language would be unbecoming, and thus in a certain sense reprehensible and wrong.

We assume, as we have a right to do, that the cause of the holy Psalmists was the cause of righteousness; that the charges of unfaithfulness, deceit, and wrongful oppression, and likewise of impiety, which they allege against their enemies, are alleged justly; that these accusations were not the mere ventings of private resentment, seeking to malign an adversary and to render him odious, but that those on whom the Divine judgments are invoked were bad men, and the avowed enemies of religion. Indeed this last point, their irreligiousness and impiety, is frequently insisted upon. And when we remember how divided the minds of the Israelitish people were, between the worship of the One True God and that of idols, we can readily perceive, that the Jehovists (—we trust that we forget not the reverence due to God's Holy Name in making use of a word which appears very aptly to describe the position which the worshippers of the LORD their God then held to others of their countrymen, and which was in many respects analogous to that afterwards held, amid the same people, by the first professors of our faith, giving rise to the distinctive appellation of *Christians*—) would very often be the object of obloquy and injurious treatment on this very account, and that 'the counsel of the poor' was often 'shamed,' as we find it expressly stated, simply 'because Jehovah was his refuge.' (Ps. xiv. 6). We may feel confident, also, in assuming, that the worshippers of Jehovah would be the principal maintainers, not merely of the formal laws given to Israel through Moses, but also of virtue and goodness in general.

We take for granted, then, that the cause of the Psalmists was the cause of right and of true religion, and that their adversaries were, both in morals and religion, wicked persons, chargeable with crimes against men, and with deserting the worship of Jehovah for that of other gods; whilst they treated His servants with contumely and various kinds of persecution. It follows, that their character and doings were the proper objects, not merely of disapproval, but of indignation,—of the highest passion of displeasure and abhorrence of which our nature is susceptible. For let us consider the peculiar position which the servants of the true God then occupied. The small nation of which they formed a part, was now the only battle-field of absolute good and evil, piety and irreligion in the world. *There* was concentrated the whole cause of godliness and virtue. All around, lay the gross, thick darkness of heathenism with its manifold forms of hideous depravity, hemming in that little Goshen, and indeed continually invading it with irruptions of idolatry and vice,—continually threatening to extinguish the very last remains of light left amongst mankind. Alone, amidst a whole world of wickedness, the servants of God, the sole depositaries of His Holiness and Truth, must often have felt the solemn interest which belonged to their position with a singular intensity of emotion; and when wicked and impious men assailed them with the arts of wickedness and impiety, and by violence, treachery, and fraud sought to circumvent them and cut them off, besides that anger with which our nature always rises up to confront the approach of harm and danger, the very principle of goodness within them would itself array them in the terrors of an energetic indignation, and would prompt them to battle against the powers of evil with a zeal and earnestness proportioned to the vast interests which were at stake upon the issue. In our times of comparative peace, and when the cause of religion is diffused in its advocacy so far and wide over the world, it is difficult for us to estimate the zealous and even wrathful energy which the occasion in those times of concentrated strife and danger not only warranted, but even required. Christians in the ages of heathen persecution could better understand this; though even their position was far from being parallel, and though, as we shall presently see, there were in *their* hearts feelings and views antagonistic to this sentiment of righteous anger of which we speak, which could not but greatly qualify its nature and allay its force.

It is to be further considered, how greatly this feeling of indignant and resentful zeal, in combating with the enemies of goodness, would be heightened in the case of the worshippers of Jehovah, when compared with our own case, by the absence with them of that clear insight into the doctrine of future retribution, on which, amid circumstances of wrong and oppression, our own minds are so well able, and so ready, to find repose. We have been taught constantly, to look forward beyond the grave to another state of things, in which all those inequalities which we see, or think we see, in the administration of the Divine Government will be completely adjusted; when every righteous claim will be fully accorded; and when the wicked will meet with a fearful retribution. The qualification which the notion of eternity gives, at once to the 'rest' which is to be rendered 'to them who are troubled,' and to the 'destruction from the Presence of the Lord' which awaits 'those who trouble them,' has a mighty effect in tranquillizing the spirit in seasons of conflict with evil, and while it nerves to most steady endurance of misfortune, and to most uncompromising hatred of sin, it likewise altogether neutralizes in the Christian's zeal the element of personal animosity against those who oppose the good cause. The Christian feels that he can afford to abstain from any desire to avenge himself; the utmost pitch to which his resentment can reach will be to 'give place to the wrath' of God, if indeed the consideration of its terribleness does not rather lead him to intercede with the Great Vindicator of Right on behalf of the sinner, and to plead with the sinner himself against the sin which is bringing upon him so dreadful a perdition. But this ingredient of feeling was almost entirely wanting with the champions of religion and goodness in ancient Israel;—just because there was then wanting the clear revelation of a future life which has accompanied the advent and departure from us of Jesus Christ. We need not enter upon a full consideration of this general fact relating to the Old Testament, that the Future Life was therein most imperfectly revealed. It was discussed at length in an article on the Book of Job, which appeared in a recent number. We only wish to notice the effect which would be produced upon the mind of the pious Israelite, by the contraction within such narrow limits as the present life, of his views of the Divine Administration. The dreadful idea of HELL did not interpose to convert his resentment against the wicked doers of his time into mere horror or into compassion. The thought of HEAVEN did not dwell upon his heart with sufficient clearness and distinctness to soothe his sorrows and vexations under present trials, or to sweeten them with the transforming feeling that all these things were working together for his greater happiness in the future life. We do not mean to assert that the hope of future happiness never visited his bosom. We think far otherwise. But we feel that we occupy an impregnable position when we affirm, that the definite thought of it was not a common or prevailing one, and that the views of the good were, for the most part, bounded within the limits of the present life by dense clouds, which generally drew in their horizon, and which were but occasionally, it might be, parted by the Breath of Heaven to admit a moment's glimpse into the fair prospect beyond, again presently to reunite— until the time when they are to be dispelled by the Sun of Righteousness wholly and for ever. Meanwhile, the imperfect conception which the pious Israelite had of the whole scheme of Divine Providence, could not fail to fasten his mind upon the present rewards of the good and the present punishment of the wicked, as matters of the deepest interest and anxiety. He felt, and with truth, that certainly no sufferings which could be endured in the present life were more than the wicked around him deserved; he felt, too, that such inflictions were called for in order to vindicate the honour of God's Government, to prove that 'verily there was a God who judged in the earth,' and to assert the superiority which properly appertained to piety and virtue over vice and irreligion. And as he felt this, it was just the dictate of religion in his bosom, that he should invoke upon the wicked the judgments of Heaven, and should feel a solemn and pious complacency in contemplating them when they came.

We cannot rejoice in the displays of God's wrath against sinners, for several other reasons proper to our position as Christians, and also for this: that we connect with the notion of that Wrath the terrific punishments of the other world. And, at present, our human nature, having had its sympathies for our fellow-men called out into such lively sensibility by the doctrines of the Gospel and the Spirit which dwells in the Church, shrinks back with terror from the thought of the judgment to come, even in reference to those of our race whose characters we the most abhor. At present, this is one effect of the revelation of the future judgment. But, we have reason to believe, it is in consequence of the imperfection of our nature that we thus shrink back. The time, we are assured, will come, when the pious will cease to do so; when, like as the angels, with the serene happiness of their spirits undisturbed, we doubt not, by one single emotion of pain, will issue forth at the command of their Great King to cast the wicked into the fire that is not quenched, so also righteous men will feel a serene complacency in contemplating that vindication of the honours of God's Government and that retribution to wickedness of its own proper demerits, and will derive even an increase of their happiness from being admitted, as we know they will be, though in what way we know not, to share with Christ in the administration of the last Judgment exercised over evil angels and evil men. (1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.) When their whole minds shall have been fully and equally developed, and shall have been brought into complete correspondency with their relations to the spiritual and eternal world, probably the result will be, that they will feel, in respect to the punishment of the wicked, in a manner analogous to that in which the pious Israelite felt, when, his field of vision being limited to the present scene, he was able to find a source of satisfaction, in contemplating the punishment inflicted in this state upon those wicked enemies of religion and goodness amongst whom it was his unhappiness to dwell.

This, then, is one reason why good men in the position of the holy Psalmists both desired the infliction of Divine Judgments upon the wicked, and took pleasure in contemplating it when it came;—because in the main they regarded this world as the field in which the Divine Administration was to justify itself, and in which right and wrong were to receive their respective rewards.

But, in the next place, we are to remember, that throughout the progress of the economy under which they lived, the servants of God had been commissioned by God Himself, to be the ministers of His vindictive justice in inflicting punishment upon His enemies. This was in some respects their very calling, and upon its execution was, in many instances, made dependent their possession of the Divine Favour. A few illustrations of this point, which at first sight may seem to be of a painful description, will be found, on a closer inspection, to be of great value in determining the distinctive character of the whole dispensation, and in enabling us to estimate those passages in the Psalms which we are now more particularly considering.

The religious economy which had been founded in God's revelations to the Patriarchs and was fully developed through Moses, was that of a national and worldly religion. Perhaps it is not so correct to say that Church and State were united, or that the *persona* of a member of God's Church and that of a member of the Commonwealth of Israel were borne by all the Israelites alike, as that the Church *was* the State, and that the functions of the Church were political rather than spiritual. Piety to God, so far as it was a part of the Mosaic dispensation, assumed the form of political obedience. The enemies of Israel were the enemies of God, and, conversely, the enemies of God were to be regarded as the enemies of Israel. It was in conformity with this fundamental principle of the dispensation, that, as from *all* the idolatrous nations Israelites were commanded to keep separate and aloof, so against certain specified tribes, which had been declared by God Himself to be especial objects of His vengeance, they were commanded to wage unceasing hostility and even a war of extermination, and that the very foundation of their fixed being as a nation, was laid in a course of bloody and unsparing conquest pursued against these seven devoted nations of Canaan It is painful to us to follow in imagination the march of their hosts as they executed the fearful commission which had been delivered to them, and in the discharge of which they made the country, of which they were put into possession, the scene of an universal and indiscriminate slaughter; yet such was the command that the Supreme Lord and Judge had imposed upon them. We are not called to enter into a justification of HIS procedure. Our present purpose is only to notice, that this work of judgment had been imposed by the Almighty upon His peculiar people, and made the very foundation of their subsistence as a localized nation. Neither did this injunction stand alone among the other laws of the dispensation; a similar course of punitive infliction was prescribed to be followed, whenever either any single individual Israelite, or any family or township, should be found to have departed from His worship and fallen into idolatry. The law was, that the defection from Jehovah should be punished with death—with unpitying extermination. True, the law was not constantly carried out; but, nevertheless, it was the declared will of God that thus it should be dealt with those who forsook His worship for that of idols; and this being the case, it was clearly a matter of religious obedience with the pious, that they should pursue the enemies of Jehovah with personal hostility and unsparing hatred.

Every nation has a traditionary spirit peculiar to itself, which forms in course of time what we call its constitution, and propagates an animating influence through each successive generation. Of the constitutional spirit of the nation of Israel, so far as it continued in obedience to its Great Head, the prescription and practice above referred to unquestionably formed one most characteristic feature. And this spirit, we find, diffused itself throughout its history. It might be expected to do so, in a degree, merely from historical recollection; but it was, further, continually quickened and perpetuated by interpositions of Divine Revelation calling it forth into renewed practical activity. It was in this spirit, quickened by Divine Excitation, that the Judges delivered Israel and took vengeance on Israel's enemies—that Saul smote Amalek though falling short of the full obedience prescribed to him—that David warred with the Philistines, and that Elijah slew the prophets of Baal—that Jehu, herein consciously doing the will of God, punished the idolatry of the royal house of Ahab, and that Josiah restored the worship of God. As long as Heaven continued to make known its will to the theocratic nation, this same spirit was kept alive, and showed itself by deeds of vengeance against the irreligious impugners of the Divine Worship. So that the inspired Psalmist was not employing words of extraordinary or overwrought enthusiasm, but merely answering the requirements of God's revealed will with a simple and literal obedience, when he said: 'Do not I hate them, O Lord, that 'hate thee? And am not I grieved with them that rise up against 'thee? I hate them with perfect hatred; I count them mine 'enemies.'

The habit of mind which the Supreme Lawgiver and King required to be maintained, in respect to those who openly impugned His authority and renounced His service, would of course extend itself to the maintenance of the cause of goodness in general. It would be naturally felt that this cause was the cause of God, and was to be asserted and vindicated in the same spirit. As the holy Psalmist felt that 'if he had done any such thing' as he was falsely charged with having done, 'if there was iniquity in his hands,' then it might justly follow that 'his enemy should persecute his soul and take it, and that he should tread down his life upon the earth and lay his honour in the dust,' so likewise he felt it right that the same principle should be applied to his enemies, and continually demanded that it should be so, and rejoiced when it was. It was according to the genius of the whole dispensation under which he lived that he should feel thus. It was not, as we are sometimes apt to feel, the mistaken impulse of corrupt human nature, but the carrying out of maxims not merely legitimated, but expressly enjoined by the God whom he served.

It is from this point of view—to take one instance in which it has sometimes been felt to be difficult to justify the course pursued—that we must look at the injunction which on his death-bed David laid upon his successor respecting Shimei and Joab. The case of Joab deserves particular attention. To secure to himself the supreme command over the army, together with that weight in the king's councils which such an office would carry along with it, he had long before murdered first Abner and afterwards Amasa with circumstances of especial atrocity. But his royal uncle had not felt himself strong enough to contend with him; perhaps, too, latterly his own crime, in procuring through Joab's instrumentality the murder of Uriah, had further crippled his administration in dealing with this daring offender. But, when he comes to die, it evidently weighs upon his conscience that he had not punished him as he ought. He accordingly requires Solomon to deal with the case according to its merits. This latter, a most wise and religious prince, on coming to the throne, has no thought of gracing his accession, according to our language on such occasions, with an act of royal clemency, but hastens to put him to death. In vain does the hoary murderer take refuge at the altar. Such a sanctuary might perhaps have availed him in a heathen country; but this was an abuse of the privileges of sanctuary, which the Jewish institution never allowed; God Himself had expressly required in His law that capital punishment should be inflicted on a murderer, even though he were to be dragged from the horns of His own altar. And this was now done. The king ordered his officers 'to fall upon him,' that they might 'take away the innocent blood which Joab had shed from him and from the house of his father'—thus expressing the feeling, which shows itself in various other parts of the sacred history, that to spare one who was guilty of blood was in itself to incur a participation in the same guilt.

In David thus disturbed on his death-bed by the consciousness of heavy guilt, because he had neglected, through whatever cause, to put Joab to death, and devolving upon his successor that charge as one of sacred obligation, who can fail to recognise the same spirit, as, under highly-wrought feelings of religion and in the presence of God, dictated some of those passages from which we so much shrink? The truth is, the aspect which such passages wear is no peculiar one, excepting them from the general character of the Sacred Books to which they belong; but rather, such is the character which is most evidently apparent in the whole of them, and which essentially belongs to the former dispensation in general. That dispensation disclosed with the greatest emphasis one particular side of God's own Character. But now, a more perfect revelation of the Divine Character has been made. And the result is, that under the influence of the more perfect revelation, we no longer feel altogether in unison with the servants of God formed under the influence of the former more imperfect one. It is not intended, neither is it right, that we should. For the element of religious feeling that was then chiefly developed, was the sentiment of *justice* prone continually to assume the form of vindictiveness and severity: in Christianity, the more prominent characteristic is that of *love* ever ready to assume the form of gentleness and compassion. Of course, we do not assert, either that mercy was unknown to the ancient Israelite, or that the Christian character as personified in the great examples of the New Testament never arms itself with the severity of punitive justice. Yet the distinction above noted generally holds, and has the effect of making much of the language used by the Saints of the Old Testament sound harsh and discordant to our ears.

This characteristic spirit of the Christian religion is breathed into it through several causes, almost wholly peculiar to itself. The consideration of some of these, while we keep in view the absence of any such influences in the older dispensation, will more clearly illustrate the disruption to which we refer as existing between our sentiments and those of the ancient servants of God.

The foremost of all, that indeed which of itself is sufficient to determine the genius of the whole economy, is the character which marks the appearance amongst us of its Divine Author Himself, Jesus Christ. This alone ascertains the character of that system of sentiment and action to which we belong; for this system is entirely an emanation from Him. Christ our Lord and Master came not into the world to punish the guilty, but to save them from the effects of their guilt. To this he devoted the whole of his life amongst us, enduring the continual contradiction of sinners against himself with meekness and patience. For this he submitted himself to a painful and ignominious death. As he is our Lord and Master, we are bound to follow his teaching and example. As he is our Saviour, and we owe everything to his compassion, we are bound ourselves to be likewise compassionate. This characteristic fact of Christianity, on which its whole superstructure is based, is wholly absent in the Elder Economy. And how immense the difference which it makes!

Without noticing any of the numerous other passages in which both our Lord himself and his Apostles enforce the application of this great leading fact for the regulation of our own feelings and conduct, we shall only advert to one, in which the Author of our faith at once and explicitly distinguishes the New Dispensation from the Old on this very ground. On a certain occasion, as he was travelling with his disciples through Samaria, the inhabitants of a village refused to admit him within its precincts, accompanying their refusal doubtless with an insulting manifestation of those feelings of bitter animosity which the Samaritans and Jews were so prone to cherish towards each other. The Apostles, James and John, proceeding upon the maxims which the Old Dispensation laid down, in reference to the manner in which the open impugners of God and his Prophets were to be dealt with, asked leave to call down fire from heaven upon the impious villagers, pleading the example of Elijah; to which example they might have added that of the more benign Elisha in dealing with the mocking children. To act thus had not formerly been wrong, but the contrary; neither does our blessed Lord censure what Elijah had done. But he explains his refusal to accede to the request of his disciples, by indicating, both that the spirit of the Economy which He came to establish was not the same as that of the Old Economy, and also, that it was the very character of His own mission which constituted the difference. 'Ye know not,' he said, 'of what spirit *ye* are of,' *i.e.* what is the spirit of the Dispensation to which ye belong; 'for the Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives but to save them.'

How decided the contrast between the manner in which our blessed Lord demeaned himself on this occasion, and in which he uniformly persisted up to the very hour of his death, and the procedure, though likewise of Divine suggestion, which Moses followed in Egypt, at the Red Sea, in the Plains of Moab, and in the Land of Basan! And how strong the contrast between the spirit which by necessary consequence was communicated to the two several Dispensations, by the inspired legislator of the one and the Divine Author of the other, whilst acting in the discharge each of his own particular ministry.

A second cause of the distinction impressed upon the character of Christianity, is the clearness with which it developes in our minds the sense of guilt and unworthiness. This is partly the correlative of the display of Christ's mercy as the Saviour. For in proportion as we feel, as every man ought to feel, that our deliverance from God's displeasure is the fruit of Christ's merciful interposition, so does the sense of our own undeservingness grow in our minds. This consciousness is further increased by that disclosure of the future state of suffering which the Gospel makes to us, and which was not made to the saints of the Old Testament. Neither may we omit the effect in our clearer perception of the nature of spiritual obedience and our consequent increased consciousness of sin, which is produced by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, the gift of which is certainly one great and peculiar characteristic of the kingdom of heaven. The united effect of these influences on the human spirit must inspire into it a habitual persuasion and consciousness of its own demerit, to a degree which cannot be looked for under the former dispensation. It is true that a fall like that which David was guilty of, could not fail to give the conscience a strong sense of sin; and also, that no man can ever make a conscience of his daily life without becoming increasingly aware of imperfection. These facts are proved by what we read in the Book of Psalms, if they could otherwise have been questioned. But there was then, compared with the circumstances under which we are placed, a deficiency in the motives to self-humiliation, which could not but produce a corresponding deficiency in the feeling. What we notice then is, that the feeling of self-abasement to which Christianity so variously trains us, necessarily leads us to be mild and sparing in dealing with others. We are conscious that we have no right to do otherwise. With such sentiments tincturing the whole spirit, for us to pronounce an imprecation upon one with whom we must feel ourselves to be fellow-sinners, is literally a moral impossibility.

We have before noticed the effect, which is produced by our connecting so closely with the notion of God's anger against sinners that of the sufferings of the other world. Without our enlarging, therefore, on this topic here, our readers will at once perceive how vast a motive power this persuasion must exert in producing sentiments of compassion, and that this is another means by which the Christian character becomes distinguished from that of a pious Israelite under the law of Moses.

Much might be said of the spirituality of the Christian community as contrasted with the worldly and visible character of the Mosaic institute. But though much has been left unsaid which might have been added corroborative of our position, we trust that enough has been said to prove its justness. The considerations which have been alleged suffice, we trust, to show that the tone of feeling embodied in the maledictions of the Psalms, viewed subjectively, belonged to the economy under which they were uttered; and that, with the degree of religious light then imparted, such feeling was the legitimate and proper frame of a mind which was animated by the Spirit of God, and actuated by that Higher Influence to deal with surrounding objects according to the character in which they were then exhibited; but that in the altered spiritual position in which Christians are placed, such feelings are no longer either natural or proper, and that we cannot admit them as cherished visitants into our bosom without doing violence to the instincts of Christ's Spirit within us.

We cannot forbear adding a few words respecting a subject of considerable practical interest. Since we use the sacred Psalter so constantly in our devotional services—an usage, which has ever been followed by the devout from the very earliest ages, and which commends itself to our feelings just in proportion as our feelings are pervaded by the spirit of piety—it becomes an important question, what is the posture in which the mind ought to deal with such passages as we have been considering, when they come before it in the course of our daily reading.

The answer to this question is, that, though we should not be justified in employing such language ourselves, we can entirely feel with it as coming from the inspired writers. The circumstances of the Jewish dispensation, as we have shown, were such, that the saints under it could more fully apply to actual persons and parties, the enmity of the righteous soul to abstract evil, than the Christian saint can. Such application, then, in him were perfectly just and holy. They were no more than the hatred of evil itself is in the Christian saint. The form of the personal application is their accident not their essence. The Psalmist did not hate the persons in any other sense, than as embodying and personifying evil. He did not hate them directly, but only reflectively; he hated not the men, but the evil in the men. We may use such expressions accordingly and profit by them, as stimulatives to the hatred of evil. This holy principle requires strengthening and deepening in us; those passages in the Psalms fulfil this purpose. To the Christian they are the symbols of that fearful displeasure with which the Holy Spirit of God regards sins—sins, perhaps, which he has himself been guilty of. They should be to him likewise the symbols of that displeasure which, as God's servant, he is himself bound to feel against sins, and even against sinners *so far as* that emotion is duly qualified by his own circumstances as a Christian. And lastly, the solemn thought occasionally may well pervade his mind, that the hour will come when a sentiment analogous to that which is thus expressed by the Psalmist will penetrate every individual of the countless assemblage of the redeemed—might *he* be of that happy number!—while they shall stand at the right hand of the Judge, rejoicing in the perfect triumph at last achieved by God over every power of evil which has infested and marred His creation.

ART. IV. *Outlines of Astronomy.* *By* SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart. K.H. &c. Second Edition. London: Longman, Brown & Co.

ASTRONOMY claims the first place among sciences for many reasons. It is the most ancient, and also the most modern. It is the most clearly comprehended in its principles, yet affords the widest opening for all future investigations. It is the most perfect subject for the exact labours of the mathematician, and the most fruitful of interest to the student of physical philosophy. As a practical science none claims for its service so large a share of abstract thought and profound study, or none requires more toil, more diligence, more patience, more punctuality, more mechanical exactness from those who would minister at her shrine. Astronomy is the most comprehensive of all sciences, for most other sciences are either included within its ample range of subjects, and explained as lesser manifestations of the great principles divulged by it, or are employed as instruments to work out its extensive purposes. Mechanics, hydrostatics, or even pneumatics, and electrical phenomena, may for instance all be found closely allied to this parental science, while every branch of mathematics, the physical science of optics, and the wonderfully perfect art of instrument making, are all in the humble and honoured relation of tried and valued servants. Astromony is the most complicated of sciences as an exercise of the human intellect, yet the most sublimely simple as a subject for the imagination to dwell on. It is equally attractive to the lover of practical analysis and to the speculative theorist. Again, to those who search for instances of divine power and a reflection of divine attributes in the visible works of creation, no more wonderful examples are possible to be conceived than in the disclosures of Astronomy. Astronomy deals with subjects that, by a direct and legitimate analogy, are more associated with *the religious idea* and with religious contemplation than those of any other branch of physical knowledge. For instance, take the recent discoveries as to the motion of the remotest stars which instruments can reach. The uniformity of the principle by which their motions are governed with those that direct our own sphere, lays before us an astonishing example of the unity, the love of order, and the omnipresent power of that God, whom the Christian revelation describes as possessed of such attributes.

The ancient world never could fathom one astronomical principle, however observant of phenomena. Eastern astronomers laboured and toiled, they watched and meditated. The extreme accuracy of their observations even enabled them to foretell eclipses, for these events were discovered by them to come in a cycle. Yet all this was in the dark; they had no glimmer into the principles by which the heavenly bodies were guided. The Egyptians were not less devoted to astronomy, and consulted the heavens in all their mysterious and gigantic conceptions of philosophy, of symbolism, of sculpture and of architecture. Yet patience and thought were alike helpless in the heathen world to unravel any acting causes or principles of what they so accurately observed. For Christian times it was reserved to look beyond the surface of the earth, with some notion of the manner in which the attributes of divinity were there manifested. May we not conceive a secondary kind of revelation given to man, through the influence of 'wisdom,' on the subject of Christian art so wonderfully dominant for a certain period of the Church's history, unveiling in some slight degree nature's storehouse of beauty? May we not also apply this to science? True it is that science is a stronghold of scepticism and of temptation from the evil one, but surely this cannot be the result of so much of it as is true, for truth is intrinsically good and produces not evil. The danger of science rather shows how great pains the evil one takes to make it a source of misguidance, and therefore how great an opponent he considers it. Science, then, we contend, is a witness of the truth in the Christian world. We must of course understand such reflections in a general manner, for none can imagine that all attributes of wisdom are equally apportioned to individual Christians, so that he who excels in moral qualities should therefore have the knowledge of science in like proportion. It is very possible to conceive of a gift bestowed upon the Christian world, operating through individual members, quite independent of their personal merits on other grounds; nay, even if we supposed those very men peculiarly subject to the snares with which Satan encompasses the investigation of truth.

If then we take so high a view of the intellectual gifts manifested in the Christian world, it is important, as a practical question, to consider how far the science we are about to discuss can be made popular. It has been a prevalent idea that making knowledge popular is pulling it from its lofty pedestal, and depriving it of that dignity which commonly attaches to exclusive privileges. It is only, however, false knowledge which need fear to be despised, from being made general. Such exclusive appropriation of knowledge is the characteristic of heathenism, as ancient and modern times alike testify, whether exemplified in the Eleusinian mysteries, or in the religion of Brahmah. But among ourselves there is also a method of popularizing knowledge, which from the shallowness of its intentions, so far partakes of the character of error, that it does lower science, and detract from its true dignity. In Astronomy, for instance, the sort of conception which people derive of that science from some popular treatises and lectures, illustrated by that very imperfect mechanical contrivance, an orrery, are not calculated to advance the science as suggesting subjects for the highest powers of imagination, which surely is its true province. To make Astronomy popular, and yet preserve its true dignity, we must not be content with detailing a few isolated facts, but the principle of heavenly motions must be understood in something of its sublime unity. It is too generally taken for granted, we think, that this branch of the science is confined, from its very nature, to the mathematician. It is the mathematician, indeed, who has to lead the way, and it is to him we are indebted for thelabour of investigation, and for any definite knowledge we possess, and thus for the groundwork of the whole science. But surely there is a popular way of understanding the subject, without the means of solving all the details of its effects on the system of the universe. If the motions of heavenly bodies were on a principle for which we see no analogy on the earth, then we might grant it difficult to communicate such knowledge in a popular form, for we should only be acquainted with it as a mathematical science, and analogy is the chief means of bringing theories that are beyond the range of our senses, within their comprehension. The whole principle, however, of astronomical motions owed its discovery in the first instance to the simplest exhibition of a common terrestrial law of nature; and the remotest, and most laboured observations, up to the present advanced state of the science, only tend to identify the laws of every portion of the visible creation with the laws by which this world is constructed, and, which is more to the point as concerns analogy, by which every motion, and every position we see around us, and close to us, is absolutely governed. In one respect, indeed, it may appear that this very simplicity makes it all the more difficult to say much about it, and all that can be done after stating the law of gravitation is to work out its results by mathematics. But nevertheless there are very different degrees of realizing the simplest ideas, especially those which are gathered from observation. Two people may throw a stick into the air, and both may see it performing certain gyrations and evolutions, but to one these motions will present no idea but that of reckless chance; it will seem to him—

'With obligation charged, with service tax'd,
No more than the loose pendent to the wind,
Upon the tall mast streaming;'

while to the other will be perceived the ever present law of *exact balance,* governing with despotic power every movement before him. Not an autumn-leaf floats in the wind but is guided on absolutely exact mathematical principles; attraction, even here, being one steady cause of motion, subject to certain perturbations from atmospheric influence.

The book before us treats of every branch of Astronomy, as fully, perhaps, as most amateurs in the science would desire, though the author trusts there are few who will terminate their studies with such an introductory treatise. To a Herschel, however, astronomy is more than an accomplishment, or a subject for entertainment and enlargement of the mind. It is the business of life pursued with unremitting assiduity, and the full powers of body, mind, and estate; as Sir John's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope will bear witness to, among other labours connected with his honoured name. But it is as a subject capable of being studied by an amateur that we would wish to see Astronomy brought before the public, without too great discouragement from the knowledge of mathematics required. The scientific knowledge requisite for this work is stated in the author's introduction:—

> 'The preliminary knowledge which it is desirable that the student should possess, in order for the more advantageous perusal of the following pages, consists in the familiar practice of decimal and sexagesimal arithmetic; some moderate acquaintance with geometry and trigonometry, both plane and spherical; the elementary principles of mechanics; and enough of optics to understand the construction and use of the telescope, and some other of the simpler instruments. Of course, the more of such knowledge he brings to the perusal, the easier will be his progress, and the more complete the information gained; but we shall endeavour in every case, as far as it can be done without a sacrifice of clearness, and of that useful brevity which consists in the absence of prolixity and episode, to render what we have to say as independent of other books as possible.'—Pp. 4, 5.

This may alarm some who wish to know a little of astronomy, but still have forgotten, or never had much acquaintance with this list of accomplishments. With the exception, however, of the part on planetary perturbations, this work will convey a very intelligible notion of the science, with but little power of solving the mathematical problems introduced.

The arcana of the science are strictly guarded from profane handling by the following authoritative exclusion of any vain imaginations which the amateur may dare to suggest.

> 'Admission to its sanctuary, and to the privileges and feelings of a votary, is only to be gained by one means,—*sound and sufficient knowledge*

of mathematics, the great instrument of all exact inquiry, without which no man can ever make such advances in this or any other of the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject of discussion within their range. It is not without an effort that those who possess this knowledge can communicate on such subjects with those who do not, and adapt their language and their illustrations to the necessities of such an intercourse.'—P. 5.

This is a useful axiom to lay down, and no doubt saves the initiated much trouble; but we rather question the correctness of it, as too universal a statement. The power of working out astronomical problems we have seen connected with very little conception of the science itself; and the reverse of this we also believe to exist. A man to have any real weight attached to his opinion must unquestionably be up to the machinery of his science, as any workman must know the use of his tools; but mathematics alone do not constitute the mind of an astronomer, and may often be found with scarcely any power of its practical application to the physical science.

It is time, however, now, that we should come to the facts themselves of astronomy as described by Sir John Herschel. The most popular and attractive parts of astronomy are more suitable to the purposes of a reviewer; we shall therefore eschew the idea of writing a treatise on astronomy, and consider ourselves at liberty to dart from one point of space to another with absolute freedom, unchecked by any obligation to mathematical proof or continuity of subject. In so doing, a tribute is due to the literary merits of Sir John, apart from his scientific knowledge, which shall stand on its own merits, and to review which would be great presumption on our part, though this very undertaking is mentioned in the history of Pendennis as a task which that bold young reviewer would have felt himself able to encounter unassisted as he was by any close application to the science during his college career. Sir John's style is clear and easy, with great flow of language and considerable power of illustration, and a most happy art of relaxing from the severer parts of his subject to the more discursive regions of speculation.

The work before us is divided into four parts. The first is elementary, and occupies more than half the volume, being an extension of the treatise on astronomy, by Sir John Herschel, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia, published in 1833. The second part is on planetary perturbations, a subject of great interest in modern science, but, as a study, requiring more mathematical knowledge than many would possess who can read the other parts of the work with perfect ease. It is not elementary, for it concerns the minutest details in the working of gravitation; still the knowledge from such powers of investigation, and a general notion of the physical laws that are open to such calculations, may be useful results of a cursory perusal of this subject, without following the author into the more secret mysteries of abstruse formulæ. The third part of the work is one of no less interest, and is capable of assuming a more popular aspect. Sidereal astronomy is more popular in its character, because it is too remote to form a branch of practical mathematics, and it includes the principal field for general speculations about the origin or destiny of created matter, taken in its largest sense. The fourth part is a brief notice of the account of time and the history of the calendar.

The first effort of thought required in astronomy is to isolate oneself in space, and imagine that the world we live in is, physically speaking, but one of many; and that whatever is peculiar to this world, and however great or divine its privileges may be, yet, as far as we can judge of the material creation, it enjoys no absolute physical preeminence; it is no centre, no ruling power, no fulcrum by which to move the universe. If we rise from the surface, even so far as aëronautic expeditions or the ascent of lofty mountains enable us, the earth begins to subtend a smaller angle of vision, although a larger portion of the earth is seen.

> 'The greatest extent of the earth's surface which has ever been seen at once by man, was that exposed to the view of MM Biot and Gay-Lussac, in their celebrated aëronautic expedition to the enormous height of 25,000 feet, or rather less than five miles. To estimate the proportion of the area visible from this elevation to the whole earth's surface, we must have recourse to the geometry of the sphere, which informs us that the convex surface of a spherical segment is to the whole surface of the sphere to which it belongs as the versed sine or thickness of the segment is to the diameter of the sphere; and further, that this thickness, in the case we are considering, is almost exactly equal to the perpendicular elevation of the point of sight above the surface. The proportion, therefore, of the visible area, in this case, to the whole earth's surface, is that of five miles to 8000, or 1 to 1600. The portion visible from Ætna, the Peak of Teneriffe, or Mowna Roa, is about one 4000th.'—P. 23.

This is an approach towards imagining the earth to be a planet. If we rise farther and look with the mind's eye when the material part of our nature can no longer follow, then we shall arrive at various stages, by which we may measure our distance, at each of which the earth will assume a more *general* character than it had done previously. At a distance of some fifty or sixty miles we shall probably be clear of the earth's outer coat of air, and then travel free in space without atmospheric phenomena such as refraction and reflection, causing the whole sphere of vision to be illuminated by the sun. All will, therefore, be dark except that portion of the sky whence the direct rays of the sun fall on the eye or the earth, and other heavenly bodies will be seen in like manner according to their respective dimensions and power of light either direct or reflected. We shall then come to the moon's orbit, and if we happen to be travelling towards the sun, and the moon is also near us, we shall approach that body on its dark side, illumined only by the *full earth,* which will then be about four times the diameter of the moon as seen by us. In thus travelling, we must call to mind the laws of celestial perspective, by which the apparent situation of bodies in sight would be regulated. On this subject we will quote our author :—

> 'In celestial perspective, every point to which the view is for the moment directed, is equally entitled to be considered as the " centre of the picture," every portion of the surface of the sphere being similarly related to the eye. Moreover, every straight line (supposed to be indefinitely prolonged) is projected into a semicircle of the sphere, that, namely, in which a plane passing through the line and the eye cuts its surface. And every system of parallel straight lines, in whatever direction, is projected into a system of semicircles of the sphere, meeting in two common apexes, or vanishing points, diametrically opposite to each other, one of which corresponds to the vanishing point of parallels in ordinary perspective; the other, in such perspective has no existence. In other words, every point in the sphere to which the eye is directed may be regarded as one of the vanishing points, or one apex of a system of straight lines, parallel to that radius of the sphere which passes through it, or to the direction of the line of sight, seen in perspective from the earth, and the points diametrically opposite, or that from which he is looking, as the other. And any great circle of the sphere may similarly be regarded as the *vanishing circle* of a system of planes, parallel to its own.
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> 'A familiar illustration of this is often to be had by attending to the lines of light seen in the air, when the sun's rays are darted through apertures in clouds, the sun itself being at the time obscured behind them. These lines which, marking the course of rays emanating from a point almost infinitely distant, are to be considered as parallel straight lines, are thrown into great circles of the sphere, having two apexes or points of common intersection—one in the place where the sun itself (if not obscured) would be seen. The other diametrically opposite. The first only is most commonly suggested when the spectator's view is towards the sun. But in mountainous countries, the phenomenon of sunbeams converging towards a point diametrically opposite to the sun, and as much depressed below the horizon as the sun is elevated above it, is not unfrequently noticed, the back of the spectator being turned to the sun's place. Occasionally, but much more rarely, the whole course of such a system of sunbeams stretching in semicircles across the hemisphere from horizon to horizon (the sun being near setting), may be seen. Thus again, the streamers of the Aurora Borealis, which are doubtless electrical rays, parallel, or nearly parallel to each other, and to the dipping needle, usually appear to diverge from the point towards which the needle, freely suspended, would dip northwards (*i. e.* about 70° below the horizon and 23° west of north from London), and in their upward progress pursue the course of great circles till they again converge (in appearance) towards the point diametrically opposite (*i. e.* 70° above the horizon, and 23° to the eastward of south), forming a sort of canopy overhead, having that point for its centre. So also in the phenomenon of shooting stars, the lines of direction which they appear to take on certain remarkable occasions of

> periodical recurrence, are observed, if prolonged backwards, apparently to meet nearly in one point of the sphere; a certain indication of a general near approach to parallelism in the real directions of their motions on those occasions.'—Pp. 67—69.

Arrived at the moon, suppose we rested for a short time on its inhospitable shores, and had our material substance restored to us. We should then be struck not only with the barren ruggedness of the moon's surface, or, if our taste lay that way, be delighted at the ample field before us for the investigation of volcanic remains; but we should find the necessity of managing without any air to breathe, and probably without many other terrestrial comforts. Anxious to depart from a position so little suitable, it will, however, be satisfactory to discover an extraordinary facility in bounding up from its surface; for in proportion to the size of any body, so is its power of retaining any weight on its surface. Advancing onwards towards the sun, we shall soon leave the earth and moon, as a little system by itself, far behind us, and belong for a time to the neighbourhood of Venus, our old home being thenceforth nothing but a planet, and Venus to its short-sighted inhabitants the centre of all things. We shall then approach the world of Mercury, with its rapid change of seasons and burning climate; thence we shall be absorbed in the magnificence of the sun, gradually enlarging before our eyes as we near its tremendous globe. A thin atmosphere will probably meet us, visible on earth as the zodiacal light. If haply we escape destruction from the proximity of the sun, and wend our way onward, we shall again cross the paths of the inferior planets, and of mother earth, and thence pass Mars, various broken fragments of what may once have been a planet, then Jupiter with its satellites, Saturn with its ring, Uranus, and long neglected Neptune, each one for a time being the principal town as it were of their respective counties. A wandering comet will meanwhile appear at uncertain intervals. Still going on, the whole solar system will become a remote object of vision, only on a par with many others that surround us. Another sun with its revolving planets will then perhaps claim our attention as coming in the way of our flight, to be left again for another, through all the wonders of sidereal phenomena, of which more hereafter; for enough has now been said to claim for the astronomer the privilege of being a citizen of the universe, with no local habitation for his speculations.

We will now, however, descend to the earth and begin to look about us from this our observatory. A few notices from the interesting chapter on Astronomical Instruments may here seem appropriate, as being the means by which all the facts of the science are laid down with that accuracy that alone warrants the establishment of principles and of theories derived from them.

'Astronomical instrument-making may be justly regarded as the most refined of the mechanical arts, and that in which the nearest approach to geometrical precision is required, and has been attained. It may be thought an easy thing, by one acquainted with the niceties required, to turn a circle in metal, to divide its circumference into 360 equal parts, and these again into smaller subdivisions,—to place it accurately on its centre, and to adjust it in a given position; but practically it is found to be one of the most difficult. Nor will this appear extraordinary, when it is considered that, owing to the application of telescopes to the purposes of angular measurement, every imperfection of structure of division becomes magnified by the whole optical power of that instrument; and that thus, not only direct errors of workmanship, arising from unsteadiness of hand or imperfection of tools, but those inaccuracies which originate in far more uncontrollable causes, such as the unequal expansion and contraction of metallic masses, by a change of temperature, and their unavoidable flexure or bending by their own weight, become perceptible and measurable. An angle of one minute occupies, on the circumference of a circle of 10 inches in radius, only about $\frac{1}{350}$th part of an inch, a quantity too small to be *certainly* dealt with without the use of magnifying glasses; yet one minute is a gross quantity in the astronomical measurement of an angle. With the instruments now employed in observatories, a single second, or a 60th part of a minute, is rendered a distinctly visible and appreciable quantity. Now, the arc of a circle, subtended by one second, is less than the 200,000th part of the radius, so that on a circle of 6 feet in diameter it would occupy no greater linear extent than $\frac{1}{5700}$ part of an inch; a quantity requiring a powerful microscope to be *discerned* at all. Let any one figure to himself, therefore, the difficulty of placing on the circumference of a metallic circle of such dimensions (supposing the difficulty of its construction surmounted), 260 marks, dots, or cognizable divisions, which shall all be true to their places within such narrow limits; to say nothing of the subdivision of the degrees so marked off into minutes, and of these again into seconds. Such a work has probably baffled, and will probably for ever continue to baffle, the utmost stretch of human skill and industry; nor, if executed, could it endure. The ever varying fluctuations of heat and cold have a tendency to produce not merely temporary and transient, but permanent, uncompensated changes of form in all considerable masses of those metals which alone are applicable to such uses; and their own weight, however symmetrically formed, must always be unequally sustained, since it is impossible to apply the sustaining power to *every part* separately: even could this be done, at all events force must be used to move and to fix them; which can never be done without producing temporary and risking permanent change of form. It is true, by dividing them on their centres, and in the identical places they are destined to occupy, and by a thousand ingenious and delicate contrivances, wonders have been accomplished in this department of art, and a degree of perfection has been given, not merely to *chefs d'œuvre*, but to instruments of moderate prices and dimensions, and in ordinary use, which, on due consideration, must appear very surprising. But though we are entitled to look for *wonders* at the hands of scientific artists, we are not to expect *miracles.* The demands of the astronomer will always surpass the power of the artist; and it must, therefore, be constantly the aim of the former to make himself, as far as possible, independent of the imperfections incident to every work the latter can place in his hands. He must, therefore, endeavour so to combine his observations, so to choose his opportunities, and so to familiarize himself with all the causes which may produce instrumental derangement, and with all the peculiarities of structure and material of each instrument he possesses, as not to allow himself to be misled by their errors, but to extract from their indications, as far as possible, all that is *true*, and reject all that is erroneous. It is in this that the art of the practical astronomer consists,—an art of itself of a curious and intricate nature, and of which we can here only notice some of the leading and general features.'—Pp. 75—77.

Every astronomical observation is practically a mean of various errors. In the most exact of physical sciences, no absolute exactness is pretended to from one observation alone or even from many. A great portion of the observer's labour that never ceases and allows him no rest, is in discovering the faults of his instruments.

'With regard to errors of adjustment and workmanship, not only the *possibility*, but the *certainty* of their existence, in every imaginable form, in all instruments, must be contemplated. Human hands or machines never formed a circle, drew a straight line, or erected a perpendicular, nor ever placed an instrument in *perfect* adjustment, unless accidentally; and then only during an instant of time. This does not prevent, however, that a great approximation to all these desiderata should be attained. But it is the peculiarity of astronomical observation to be the *ultimate means of detection* of all mechanical defects which elude by their minuteness every other mode of detection. What the eye cannot discern nor the touch perceive, a course of astronomical observations will make distinctly evident. The imperfect products of man's hands are here tested by being brought into comparison under very great magnifying powers (corresponding in effect to a great increase in acuteness of perception) with the perfect workmanship of nature; and there is none which will bear the trial. Now, it may seem like arguing in a vicious circle, to deduce theoretical conclusions and laws from observation, and then to turn round upon the instruments with which those observations were made, accuse them of imperfection, and attempt to detect and rectify their errors by means of the very laws and theories which they have helped us to a knowledge of. A little consideration, however, will suffice to show that such a course of proceeding is perfectly legitimate.'—Pp. 79, 80.

Astronomical instruments are not all telescopes, as some youthful amateurs expect when they go into an observatory; telescopes, indeed, may be attached to most, but they are not generally or principally for the purpose of magnifying. An observatory, therefore, is not to be judged by the possession of the telescope of greatest power, as the use of such instruments is quite distinct from the more ordinary duties of an observer. These consist in the measurement of angles, and telescopic power is chiefly wanted to help in pointing an instrument with accuracy and clearly define its outline, rather than to increase its size. The mere examination of heavenly bodies to ascertain their individual peculiarities is a minor branch of astronomy compared with a knowledge of their motion, as discovered by minute changes in angular measurement.

Sir John Herschel, for instance, did not go to the Cape of Good Hope for the purpose of reporting on the inhabitants of the moon, although a certain hoax, that may be remembered, would imply this was expected of him on making so distant an expedition; but he went to ascertain the position of stars with greater accuracy than could be done here, the neighbourhood of the Equator being also more suitable as commanding both hemispheres. Great power is indeed necessary for many remote sidereal observations that form subjects of interest now, but the distinction must be remembered between such instruments as enable you to look into the crevices of the moon, or admire the rings of Saturn and divide stars into two or three separate parts, and such as mark down in the chronicles of time the minutest change of position, and thus afford work to those who would find out the cause of that change. All the perfections of the law of gravitation have been thus discovered often when phenomena have been for years thought inexplicable.

The mural circle is a nobly constructed instrument for this purpose; the distances of stars from each other are not measured by it as they are seen in the heavens at any given time; sufficient accuracy could never be obtained by such kind of measurement, for it is obvious that the plane of the measuring circle must in that case be constantly moved in order to bring it into coincidence with the plane of two particular stars. The *mural* circle, from its name, signifies that it is immovably fixed in a wall of stone, like a transit instrument, turning freely in the plane of the meridian. A star, therefore, can only be observed during its passage across the meridian. If the meridian altitude of a star is thus observed, and the moment of its crossing the meridian noted down, you have the exact position of that star ascertained. Each star is thus independently mapped down in the heavens, and any relative distances can thus be easily known. The curious method of ascertaining the exact meridian altitude may be described as follows, the principles being applicable of course to other instruments as well:—A telescope is fixed in the plane of this circle, enabling the observer to see the star clearly, as a point, without the confusion of light that surrounds a star when seen by the naked eye; smaller stars, also, than could otherwise be visible, may thus be dealt with. The field of vision, therefore, in this telescope includes the meridian, but some means are necessary to know precisely which is that line. For this purpose wires are inserted within the foci of the glasses, two or three horizontally, and one, to mark the centre or the meridian, perpendicularly. This wire gives the finest perceptible idea of the division of space. The observer then fixes the circle with the telescope as near as possible in the direction of the star's meridian height. When the time approaches at which he knows the star will pass that line, he places his eye to the glass, his whole body being in perfect repose on couches screwed up to suit his position. He then sees the star enter his field of vision, running along with that steady and silent motion that pervades the universe, and is our truest idea of the inevitable nature of time. He then moves the delicately suspended, though weighty circle, till the centre horizontal wire coincides with the course of the star; in a few seconds the little traveller will reach the perpendicular wire, and then will have passed the meridian. The instant of this passage is noted by the chronometer close by, and its altitude fixed by the immediate clamping of the whole machine to its then position. The altitude is thus read off on the division of degrees at the edge of the circle. But an elaborate operation is necessary to do this, owing to the imperfection of all circles. The angular movement of the circle is measured, commonly in six different places, none of which will exactly correspond; a mean is, therefore, taken of these errors, and that is put down as the observation. These measurements are effected by means of the micrometer microscope at each of the six points alluded to. By this instrument a small portion of the circle is magnified very highly, and illuminated by a small lamp, and then divided within the microscope in its magnified state; no actual divisions marked on the circle could give any but very general measurements. The exactness of the observation depends on thus magnifying space, and then dealing with that ocular deception as if a real thing.

Amidst the many branches, however, of science treated in this book, we cannot dwell long on one. We therefore pass over a great variety of wonderful instruments that have to do with the general principles of optics, and proceed on our way to other subjects.

With regard to our own earth, if we deal with it as an astronomical body, we find many curious illustrations of the great laws of nature. It is well known that the earth is not quite a sphere, but is flattened at the poles into a *spheroid.* The reason of this is obvious, though some difference of opinion exists as to the most likely process by which that cause acted. Sir John Herschel is content with showing that, whether the earth has ever been in a hardened state as now, or once was molten, in either case its rotatory motion must have produced the present form. If the earth once was of soft materials, it is plain that the tendency of rotatory motion would be to spread out those parts more remote from the axis, and therefore possessing greater centrifugal force, proportionably contracting the poles. But he also takes the other case. Commence with the earth hard and spherical, and surrounded with water, then set it whirling; the water following the principle just described will gather round the equator and leave the poles, which consequently will be the only dry land. Another process would then commence of a similar kind, but slower in operation. The action of the water would dissolve and wear off the portions of solid matter, against which it was driven, or on which it rested, and enable that solid matter to follow the water, and form continents at the equator, like sand-banks at the mouth of a river. Which of these actions is most consistent with geological facts, is not our present subject to consider; moreover, it has once before been discussed in the pages of this review. Be this as it may, the actual difference in the diameter of the earth from pole to pole, and from equator to equator, is about twenty-six miles and a half, which, compared with the whole diameter, (7,899 miles in the lesser instance,) is so small that it would not be a perceptible departure from the sphere in the terrestrial globe.

Another great geographical phenomenon, which owes its existence to the earth's rotation, is that of the trade winds. The description of this, as given by Sir John Herschel, is most clear and interesting; but as its length forbids our extracting the whole, we will endeavour to give its substance in as few words as possible. The atmosphere on the surface of the earth, if in repose, must have the same velocity as that surface on which it rests, therefore its velocity depends on its distance from the earth's axis, which of course is greatest at the equator or lessens to nothing at the pole. Now the effect of the sun's heat at the equator is to rarify the air immediately under it and make it ascend; its place is supplied by colder air from the north and south, sucked in by the vacuum. This air, however, comes from localities which have not so great velocity from the earth's rotation as the ground of the equator; and as all matter retains its existing motion till something alters it, it following that until the surface at the equator gains entire hold of that air, it will be left behind, and therefore cause a wind contrary to the earth's motion. Again, the heated air will descend to the regions vacated by the process just described, and, still retaining some portion of its equatorial velocity, will move faster than the ground, and therefore cause a wind in the same direction as the earth's motion. In these several cases, the actual motion of the wind will be a compound between the eastern or western, and the northern or southern directions, arising from the causes mentioned. Particular parts of the earth will be in these various currents, as the position of the sun in the ecliptic makes it more or less vertical to them. Such then is the principle, and if our readers will be at the trouble to work this out, they will find that the trade winds are accounted for.

The construction of maps is an interesting subject, and more complicated than at first may appear. To make a globe is indeed simple enough if you have the power of obtaining correct observations, but in a map the spherical surface has to be flattened, which is done in various ways. 'In the orthographic 'projection every point on the hemisphere is referred to its 'diametral plane or base by a perpendicular let fall on it, so that 'the representation thus mapped on its base, is such as would 'actually appear to an eye placed at an infinite distance from it.' In this kind of projection the extremities will be crowded together and distorted, therefore it can only be used in representing small portions of the earth's surface. The *stereographic* projection is the perspective view of the concave surface of a hemisphere as seen from the antipodes of that hemisphere. Mercator's projection is altogether artificial, representing the sphere as it cannot be seen from any one point. In it the degrees of longitude and those of latitude bear always to each the same proportion; the equator is conceived to be extended into a straight line, and the meridians are straight lines at right angles to it. Instead therefore of the meridians converging at the pole, they are parallel, and the scale of the map increases in size as the pole is approached, the whole is thus out of all proportion, and is only correct for tracing portions of the earth at a time, as is required in navigation.

Having considered the earth's surface, let us now look to its motions in the expanse of heaven. The mind may almost be bewildered at the very thought of the multitude of these motions. From one astronomical correction to another we seem to be referred till a definite result would appear to be ever receding. In one sense this is true, but in another the more numerous these little varieties of motion are, the more do they resemble the effects of gravitation as witnessed among things close at hand. The real state of the case is most simple; every cause produces a result, and every variety in one motion produces irregularities in others *ad infinitum*, for all things depend one upon another.

There are two important motions that affect the position of the earth's axis, which as a general rule is considered stationary, and always pointing nearly to the polar star. The first is the precession of the equinoxes, the second the nutation of the axis.

The precession of the equinoxes, or the moving of those points in the heavens, where the sun crosses the equatorial line, arises from a shifting in the earth's axis. The axis is inclined 23° 28′ to a line perpendicular to the orbit round the sun called the ecliptic. This inclination, however, is not always in the same direction, for it performs a cycle round the above supposed perpendicular ever at the same angle. The cycle is not quickly accomplished, for it would occupy 25,868 years to go all round; but still, within the records of astronomy, there is a material difference in the point of the heavens to which our axis points.

> 'The visible effect of precession on the aspect of the heavens consists in the *apparent* approach of some stars and constellations to the pole and recess of others. The bright star of the Lesser Bear, which we call the pole star, has not always been, nor will always continue to be, our cynosure: at the time of the construction of the earliest catalogues it was 12° from the pole—it is now only 1° 24′, and will approach yet nearer, to within half a degree, after which it will again recede, and slowly give place to others, which will succeed in its companionship to the pole. After a lapse of about 12,000 years, the star *a* Lyræ, the brightest in the northern hemisphere, will occupy the remarkable situation of a pole star approaching within about 5° of the pole.
>
> 'At the date of the erection of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, which precedes by 3970 years (say 4000) the present epoch, the longitudes of all the stars were less by 55° 45′ than at present. Calculating from this datum the place of the pole of the heavens among the stars, it will be found to fall near *a* Draconis; its distance from that star being 3° 44′ 25″. This being the most conspicuous star in the immediate neighbourhood was therefore the pole star at that epoch. And the latitude of Gizeh being just 30° north, and consequently the altitude of the north pole there also 30°, it follows that the star in question must have had at its lower culmination, at Gizeh, an altitude of 26° 15′ 35″. Now it is a remarkable fact, ascertained by the late researches of Col. Vyse, that of the nine pyramids still existing at Gizeh, six (including all the largest) have the narrow passages by which alone they can be entered, (all which open out on the northern faces of their respective pyramids,) inclined to the horizon downwards at angles as follows.

1st, or Pyramid of Cheops	26°	41′
2d, or Pyramid of Cephren	25	55
3d, or Pyramid of Mycerinus	26	2
4th,	27	0
5th,	27	12
9th,	28	0
Mean	26	47

> 'Of the two pyramids at Aboussier also, which alone exist in a state of sufficient preservation to admit of the inclinations of their entrance passages being determined, one has the angle 27° 5′, the other 26°.
>
> 'At the bottom of every one of these passages therefore, the *then* pole star must have been visible at its lower culmination, a circumstance which can hardly be supposed to have been unintentional, and was doubtless connected (perhaps superstitiously) with the astronomical observation of that star, of whose proximity to the pole at the epoch of the erection of these wonderful structures, we are thus furnished with a monumental record of the most imperishable nature.'—Pp. 191—193.

The nutation of the earth's axis is another small perturbation which affects the whole mass of our globe, and consequently the apparent position of all the heavenly bodies. This motion and its combination with the previous one are thus described:—

'The *nutation* of the earth's axis is a small and slow subordinate gyratory movement, by which, if subsisting alone, the pole would describe among the stars, in a period of about nineteen years, a minute ellipsis, having its longer axis equal to 18″·5, and its shorter to 13″·74; the longer being directed towards the pole of the ecliptic, and the shorter, of course, at right angles to it. The consequence of this real motion of the pole is an *apparent* approach and recess of all the stars in the heavens to the pole in the same period. Since, also, the place of the equinox on the ecliptic is determined by the place of the pole in the heavens, the same cause will give rise to a small alternate advance and recess of the equinoctial points, by which, in the same period, both the longitudes and the right ascensions of the stars will be also alternately increased and diminished.

'Both these motions, however, although here considered separately, subsist jointly; and since, while in virtue of the nutation, the pole is describing its little ellipse of 18″·5 in diameter, it is carried by the greater and regularly progressive motion of precession over so much of its circle round the pole of the ecliptic as corresponds to nineteen years,—that is to say, over an angle of nineteen times 50″·1 round the centre (which, in a small circle of 23° 28′ in diameter, corresponds to 6′ 20″, as seen from the centre of the sphere): the path which it will pursue in virtue of the two motions, subsisting jointly, will be neither an ellipse nor an exact circle, but a gently undulated ring like that in the figure (where, however, the undulations are much exaggerated).

'These movements of precession and nutation are common to all the celestial bodies, both fixed and erratic; and this circumstance makes it impossible to attribute them to any other cause than a real motion of the earth's axis, such as we have described. Did they only affect the stars, they might, with equal plausibility, be urged to arise from a *real* rotation of the starry heavens, as a solid shell, round an axis passing through the poles of the ecliptic in 25,868 years, and a real elliptic gyration of *that* axis in nineteen years: but since they also affect the sun, moon, and planets, which, having motions independent of the general body of the stars, cannot without extravagance be supposed *attached to* the celestial concave, this idea falls to the ground; and there only remains, then, a real motion in the earth by which they *can* be accounted for.'—Pp. 193, 194.

These motions are not only facts ascertained by laborious observations which there end, but we know enough of our system to account for them, and to prove that they necessarily follow from certain other irregularities. The following universal rule is laid down relating to these small, as well as all other movements dependent upon gravitation:—

'If one part of any system connected either by material ties, or by the mutual attractions of its members, be continually maintained by any cause, whether inherent in the constitution of the system or external to it, in a state of regular periodic motion, that motion will be propagated throughout the whole system and will give rise, in every member of it, and in every part of each member, to periodic movements executed in equal periods with that to which they owe their origin, though not necessarily synchronous with them in their maxima and minima.'—Pp. 410, 411.

The cause then of the precession of the equinoxes, and the nutation of the earth's axis, is the protuberance of the earth's mass at the equator. This prevents the whole mass of the earth being attracted as one point, and produces little movements at every circulation of sun or moon, as these bodies attract the equatorial regions more than the polar. These regular movements would counterbalance each other every revolution, but for certain other eccentricities of orbit causing the attraction of those bodies to be greater at one portion of the orbit than at another, and so accumulating together a certain excess of those tendencies, the more strongly developed by that means. Here, then, we are introduced to the changes in the moon's elliptical circuit, caused by its being nearer the sun at one side of its orbit round the earth, than at another. Again, the ellipse of the earth's orbit has a revolution, as well as the earth itself. The earth, that is, does not reach its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, exactly at the same place each succeeding revolution, but a little in advance, owing to the disturbing influence of other planets acting through the common centre of our system. This principle, in the case of the moon, is thus illustrated:—

'The motion of the apsides of the lunar orbit may be illustrated by a very pretty mechanical experiment, which is otherwise instructive in giving an idea of the mode in which orbitual motion is carried on under the action of central forces variable according to the situation of the revolving body. Let a leaden weight be suspended by a brass or iron wire to a hook in the under side of a firm beam, so as to allow of its free motion on all sides of the vertical, and so that when in a state of rest it shall just clear the floor of the room, or a table placed ten or twelve feet beneath the hook. The point of support should be well secured from wagging to and fro by the oscillation of the weight, which should be sufficient to keep the wire as tightly stretched as it will bear, with the certainty of not breaking. Now, let a very small motion be communicated to the weight, not by merely withdrawing it from the vertical and letting it fall, but by giving it a slight impulse sideways. It will be seen to describe a regular ellipse about the point of rest as its centre. If the weight be heavy, and carry attached to it a pencil, whose point lies exactly in the direction of the string, the ellipse may be transferred to paper lightly stretched and gently pressed against it. In these circumstances, the situation of the major and minor axis of the ellipse will remain for a long time very nearly the same, though the resistance of the air and the stiffness of the wire will gradually diminish its dimensions and excentricity. But if the impulse communicated to the weight be considerable, so as to carry it out to a great angle (15° or 20° from the vertical), this permanence of situation of the ellipse will no longer subsist. Its axis will be seen to shift its position at every revolution of the weight, advancing in the same direction with the weight's motion, by an uniform and regular progression, which at length will entirely reverse its situation, bringing the direction of the longest excursions to coincide with that in which the shortest were previously made; and so on, round the whole circle; and, in a word, imitating to the eye, very completely, the motion of the apsides of the moon's orbit.

'Now, if we inquire into the cause of this progression of the apsides, it will not be difficult of detection. When a weight is suspended by a wire, and drawn aside from the vertical, it is urged to the lowest point (or rather in a direction at every instant perpendicular to the wire) by a force which varies as the sine of the deviation of the wire from the perpendicular. Now, the sines of very small arcs are nearly in the proportion of the arcs themselves; and the more nearly, as the arcs are smaller. If, therefore, the deviations from the vertical be so small that we may neglect the curvature of the spherical surface in which the weight moves, and regard the curve described as coincident with its projection on a horizontal plane, it will be then moving under the same circumstances as if it were a revolving body attracted to the centre by a force varying directly as the distance; and, in this case, the curve described would be an ellipse, having its centre of attraction not in the focus, but in the centre, and the apsides of this ellipse would remain fixed. But if the excursions of the weight from the vertical be considerable, the force urging it towards the centre will deviate in its law from the simple ratio of the distances; being as the *sine*, while the distances are as the *arc*. Now the sine, though it continues to increase as the arc increases, yet does not increase so fast. So soon as the arc has any sensible extent, the sine begins to fall somewhat short of the magnitude which an exact numerical proportionality would require; and therefore the force urging the weight towards its centre or point of rest at great distances falls, in like proportion, somewhat short of that which would keep the body in its precise elliptic orbit. It will no longer, therefore, have, at those greater distances, the same command over the weight, *in proportion to its speed*, which would enable it to deflect it from its rectilinear tangential course into an ellipse.'—Pp. 444—446.

To dive into the theory of planetary perturbation is too elaborate for the pages of a review, the object of which is to call attention to the interest of a subject rather than to discuss the subject itself. The whole law of disturbing forces, however, only tends to prove the ultimate stability of the universe, as far as human thoughts can scan the works of God. Every perturbation, every eccentricity has its cycle, however long, containing the inevitable law of returning to the same position, when its course is completed, as that from which it started. This is absolutely and mathematically proved, that the law of gravitation contains in it no elements whatever of decay; whatever changes there may be in its temporary effects, all will come right in the end. As justice on earth is represented by the idea of a balance, so the heavenly justice of the Almighty Creator has its outward type in that wonderful law of equilibrium by which all the universe hangs on a needle's point, each portion of it representing the same principle as the whole, guided by what appears to be the great symbol of many Divine attributes. We see the law of gravitation in mathematical rigour every time an apple falls to the ground (the instance that led to its development), in every cannon ball that issues forth on its course. We have traced it in the system of the earth and moon, of the whole solar system; and the more we penetrate, the further do we find its dominion, as we shall presently see, when we come to the theories of sidereal motion.

This close analogy between the Source of power and its manifestation in nature, is thought by some to border on Pantheism, but without any justice. So long as nature is only enlarged on, by way of analogy, we cannot but conceive that it admits of any degree of refinement that is authorized by observation. We start, of course, from the great fact that God is truth. There is, then, a grand principle of truth, that pervades the universe, and operates through all things, visible and invisible. However small a part, then, of the whole order of the universe that may be which is visible and comes within our senses, nevertheless it is a part. However insignificant it may be by comparison, either in its laws or its effects, yet it is a portion of truth, and analogy would teach us to expect that the works of nature, as taught by the science of astronomy, convey truth just in the same way that the moral government of God has been shown by Butler to be analogous to the Person itself of the Deity. May not the outward universe be like a framework of coarse material that is perceptible, including within it far more glorious things than our senses can imagine, but still, in part, betraying the secret power of the whole? When another state of perfection arrives, these outlines may indeed be utterly abolished as no longer necessary; but while they last, they may be true, in the sense of shadowing forth particles *divinæ mentis.* As we approach a harbour in the darkness of night, all we see is the lighthouse; it constitutes to the traveller his idea of the land before him. Nor is he wrong in thus grasping at what he can perceive, and associating it with the country he hopes to reach. It is a true boundary and mark of what that country is; but when the stronger light of day arrives, and he is on shore, then he finds that the light he dwelt on so vividly is only a very small part of the whole reality before him; true, indeed, but now insignificant and not worth preservation, when no other wanderers remain to be guided by its flickering beams. After such a manner, we think it not too much to arrogate to the science of astronomy, that it has developed a certain visible outline of Divine justice in the idea of physical equilibrium which the universe is discovered to possess.

It is time, however, we should proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts of a more descriptive nature than we have been able to do when discussing subjects that in the work before us require the use of mathematical formulæ. The sun and moon, from their proximity, and importance to our well-being, are favourite objects for examination depending on telescopic power.

'But what *are* the spots? Many fanciful notions have been broached on this subject, but only one seems to have any degree of physical probability, viz. that they are the dark, or at least comparatively dark, solid body of the sun itself, laid bare to our view by those immense fluctuations in the luminous regions of its atmosphere, to which it appears to be subject. Respecting the manner in which this disclosure takes place, different ideas again have been advocated. Lalande suggests, that eminences in the nature of mountains are actually laid bare, and project above the luminous ocean, appearing black above it, while their shoaling declivities produce the penumbræ, where the luminous fluid is less deep. A fatal objection to this theory is the uniform shade of the penumbra and its sharp termination, both inwards, where it joins the spot, and outwards, where it borders on the bright surface. A more probable view has been taken by Sir William Herschel, who considers the luminous strata of the atmosphere to be sustained far above the level of the solid body by a transparent elastic medium, carrying on its upper surface (*or rather*, to avoid the former objection, *at some considerably lower level within its depth*) a cloudy stratum which, being strongly illuminated from above, reflects a considerable portion of the light to our eyes, and forms a penumbra, while the solid body shaded by the clouds, reflects none. The temporary removal of both the strata, but more of the upper than the lower, he supposes effected by powerful upward currents of the atmosphere, arising, perhaps, from spiracles in the body, or from local agitations.'—P. 229.

The heat of the sun is thus described :—

'That the temperature at the visible surface of the sun cannot be otherwise than very elevated, much more so than any artificial heat produced in our furnaces, or by chemical or galvanic processes, we have indications of several distinct kinds: 1st, From the law of decrease of radiant heat and light, which, being inversely as the squares of the distances, it follows, that the heat received on a given area exposed at the distance of the earth, and on an equal area at the visible surface of the sun, must be in the proportion of the area of the sky occupied by the sun's apparent disc to the whole hemisphere, or as 1 to about 300,000. A far less intensity of solar radiation, collected in the focus of a burning-glass, suffices to dissipate gold and platina in vapour. 2dly, From the facility with which the calorific rays of the sun traverse glass, a property which is found to belong to the heat of artificial fires in the direct proportion of their intensity. 3dly, From the fact, that the most vivid flames disappear, and the most intensely ignited solids appear only as black spots on the disc of the sun when held between it and the eye. From the last remark it follows, that the body of the sun, however dark it may appear when seen through its spots, *may*, nevertheless, be in a state of most intense ignition. It does not, however, follow of necessity that it *must* be so. The contrary is at least physically possible. A *perfectly reflective* canopy would effectually defend it from the radiation of the luminous regions above its atmosphere, and no heat would be conducted downwards through a gaseous medium increasing rapidly in density. That the penumbral clouds *are* highly reflective, the fact of their visibility in such a situation can leave no doubt.'—Pp. 235, 236.

From the sun we pass on to the moon, about which there has of late been speculation not altogether confined to its astronomical character. Its mountains are the most striking feature in this attendant of the night.

'The generality of the lunar mountains present a striking uniformity and singularity of aspect. They are wonderfully numerous, especially towards the Southern portion of the disc, occupying by far the larger portion of the surface, and almost universally of an exactly circular or cup-shaped form, foreshortened, however, into ellipses towards the limb; but the larger have for the most part flat bottoms within, from which rises centrally a small, steep, conical hill. They offer, in short, in its highest perfection, the true *volcanic* character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius, and in a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegræi or the Puy de Dôme, but with this remarkable peculiarity, viz.: that the bottoms of many of the craters are very deeply depressed below the general surface of the moon, the internal depth being often twice or three times the external height. In some of the principal ones, decisive marks of volcanic stratification, arising from successive deposits of ejected matter, and evident indications of Lava currents streaming outwards in all directions, may be clearly traced with powerful telescopes. In Lord Rosse's magnificent reflector, the flat bottom of the crater called Albategnius is seen to be strewed with blocks not visible in inferior telescopes, while the exterior of another (Aristillus) is all hatched over with deep gulleys radiating towards its centre. What is, moreover, extremely singular in the geology of the moon is, that, although nothing having the character of seas can be traced, (for the dusky spots, which are commonly called seas, when closely examined, present appearances incompatible with the supposition of deep water,) yet there are large regions perfectly level, and apparently of a decided alluvial character.

'The moon has no clouds, nor any other decisive indications of an atmosphere. Were there any, it could not fail to be perceived in the occultations of stars and the phænomena of solar eclipses, as well as in a great variety of other phænomena.'—P. 259.

With regard to the moon's temperature, the following is remarkable:—

'Though the surface of the full moon exposed to us, must necessarily be very much heated,—*possibly* to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water,—yet we *feel* no heat from it, and even in the focus of large reflectors, it fails to affect the thermometer. No doubt, therefore, its heat (conformably to what is observed of that of bodies heated below the point of luminosity) is much more readily absorbed in traversing transparent media than direct solar heat, and is extinguished in the upper regions of our atmosphere, never reaching the surface of the earth at all. Some probability is given to this by the *tendency to disappearance of clouds under the full moon*, a meteorological *fact*, (for as such we think it fully entitled to rank,) for which it is necessary to seek a cause, and for which no other rational explanation seems to offer. As for any other influence of the moon on the weather, we have no decisive evidence in its favour.'—P. 261.

The physical peculiarities and probable condition of the planets are subjects about which our information is limited beyond certain obvious departures from the state of our globe:—

'In this, three features principally strike us as necessarily productive of extraordinary diversity in the provisions by which, if they be, like our earth, inhabited, animal life must be supported. These are, first, the difference in their respective supplies of light and heat from the sun; secondly, the difference in the intensities of the gravitating forces which must subsist at their surfaces, or the different ratios which, on their several globes, the *inertiæ* of bodies must bear to their *weights;* and, thirdly, the difference in the nature of the materials of which, from what we know of their mean density, we have every reason to believe they consist. The intensity of solar radiation is nearly seven times greater on Mercury than on the earth, and on Uranus 330 times less; the proportion between the two extremes being that of upwards of 2000 to 1. Let any one figure to himself the condition of our globe, were the sun to be septupled, to say nothing of the greater ratio! or were it diminished to a seventh, or to a 300th of its actual power! Again, the intensity of gravity, or its efficacy in counteracting muscular power and repressing animal activity, on Jupiter, is nearly two and a half times that on the Earth, on Mars not more than one-half, on the Moon one-sixth, and on the smaller planets probably not more than one-twentieth; giving a scale of which the extremes are in the proportion of sixty to one. Lastly, the density of Saturn hardly exceeds one-eighth of the mean density of the Earth, so that it must consist of materials not much heavier than cork. Now, under the various combinations of elements so important to life as these, what immense diversity must we not admit in the conditions of that great problem, the maintenance of animal and intellectual existence and happiness, which seems, so far as we can judge by what we see around us in our own planet, and by the way in which every corner of it is crowded with living beings, to form an unceasing and worthy object for the exercise of the Benevolence and Wisdom which preside over all!'—Pp. 310, 311.

The rings of Saturn are a strange freak of nature, and form objects of peculiar interest to the observer:—

'It will naturally be asked how so stupendous an arch, if composed of solid and ponderous materials, can be sustained without collapsing and falling in upon the planet? The answer to this is to be found in a swift rotation of the ring in its own plane, which observation has detected, owing to some portion of the ring being a little less bright than others, and assign its period at $10^h\ 32^m\ 15^s$, which, from what we know of its dimensions, and of the force of gravity in the Saturnian system, is very nearly the periodic time of a satellite revolving at the same distance as the middle of its breadth. It is the centrifugal force, then, arising from this rotation, which sustains it; and, although no observation nice enough to exhibit a difference of periods between the outer and inner rings have hitherto been made, it is more than probable that such a difference does subsist as to place each independently of the other in a similar state of equilibrium.'—P. 319.

'The rings of Saturn must present a magnificent spectacle from those regions of the planet which lie above their enlightened sides, as vast arches spanning the sky from horizon to horizon, and holding an almost invariable situation among the stars. On the other hand, in the regions beneath the dark side, a solar eclipse of fifteen years in duration, under their shadow, must afford (to our ideas) an inhospitable asylum to animated beings, ill compensated by the faint light of the satellites. But we shall do wrong to judge of the fitness or unfitness of their condition from what we see around us, when, perhaps, the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror, may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance.'—Pp. 321, 322.

Of Neptune not much is to be said, and the interest attached to it is chiefly in the circumstances of its discovery, as wonderfully confirming the theory of the perturbations of the planetary orbits by each other.

'The discovery of Neptune is so recent, and its situation in the ecliptic at present so little favourable for seeing it with perfect distinctness, that nothing very positive can be stated as to its physical appearance.

To two observers it has afforded strong suspicion of being surrounded with a ring very highly inclined. And from the observations of Mr. Lassell, M. Otto Struve, and Mr. Bond, it appears to be attended certainly by one, and very probably by two satellites—though the existence of the second can hardly yet be considered as quite demonstrated.'—P. 322.

The scale on which the solar system works, is thus represented:—

'We shall close this chapter with an illustration calculated to convey to the minds of our readers a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of the parts of our system. Choose any well levelled field or bowling-green. On it place a globe, two feet in diameter: this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a pea, on a circle 284 feet in diameter; the Earth also a pea, on a circle of 430 feet; Mars a rather large pin's head, on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in orbits of from 1000 to 12000 feet; Jupiter a moderate-sized orange, in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile; Uranus a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half, and Neptune a good-sized plum on a circle about two miles and a half in diameter. As to getting correct notions on this subject by drawing circles on paper, or, still worse, from those very childish toys called orreries, it is out of the question. To imitate the motions of the planets, in the above-mentioned orbits, Mercury must describe its own diameter in 41 seconds; Venus in $4^m 14^s$; the Earth, in 7 minutes; Mars, in $4^m 48^s$; Jupiter, $2^h 56^m$; Saturn, in $3^h 13^m$; Uranus, in $2^h 16^m$; and Neptune in $3^h 30^m$.'—P. 323.

Comets appear rather an exception to the regularity and order with which the solar system is conducted. In some cases also they seem to exhibit undoubted tokens of decay, or a radical change in their condition. Gravitation, however, is not accountable for this; and in order to find a cause for it, the notion of a resisting medium extending for a considerable distance round the sun, like an atmosphere, has been imagined. We know, however, so little of their materials, that it is rash to suppose they are diminished in volume in proportion to any difference of figure that is perceptible to our eyes. There probably, however, is this resisting medium; but comets may be seriously affected by it, without our being under any alarm for the stability of the rest of our system. This wide-extending atmosphere is supposed to be visible in what is called the zodiacal light. The extreme tenuity of the material that comets are made of would allow them to be visibly influenced by a resisting power that could not interfere with a planet under millions of years. Moreover, this atmosphere may have a rotatory motion in the same direction with such planets included within it, and therefore have less power of opposition, or even none at all, if circulating at an equal velocity. Comets, from their eccentric orbits, would never coincide with this supposed motion, and therefore be always hindered by it. But the following description of the size of comets will show by how infinitely rare a medium they might be affected, knowing at the same time how light and vapoury the whole body is, even in its most condensed form.

> 'We must now say a few words on the actual dimensions of comets. The calculation of the diameters of their heads, and the lengths and breadths of their tails, offers not the slightest difficulty when once the elements of their orbits are known, for by these we know their real distances from the earth at any time, and the true direction of the tail, which we see only foreshortened. Now calculations instituted on these principles lead to the surprising fact, that the comets are by far the most voluminous bodies in our system. The following are the dimensions of some of those which have been made the subjects of such inquiry.
>
> 'The tail of the great comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than 20,000,000 of leagues in length, and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body! a decisive proof this of its being darted forth by some active force, the origin of which, to judge from the direction of the tail, must be sought in the sun itself. Its greatest length amounted to 41,000,000 leagues, a length much exceeding the whole interval between the sun and earth. The tail of the comet of 1769 extended 16,000,000 leagues, and that of the great comet of 1811, 36,000,000. The portion of the head of this last, comprised within the transparent atmospheric envelope which separated it from the tail, was 180,000 leagues in diameter. It is hardly conceivable, that matter once projected to such enormous distances should ever be collected again by the feeble attraction of such a body as a comet—a consideration which accounts for the surmised progressive diminution of the tails of such as have been frequently observed.'—Pp. 348, 349.

Imagine, then, a tail such as this, swept half round the sun in two hours, as was the case with one comet.

> 'Its actual velocity in perihelio was no less than 366 miles per second, and the whole of that segment of its orbit above (*i.e.* north of) the plane of the ecliptic, and in which, as will appear from a consideration of the elements, the perihelion was situated, was described in little more than two hours; such being the whole duration of the time from the ascending to the descending node, or in which the comet had north latitude. Arrived at the descending node, its distance from the sun would be already doubled, and the radiation reduced to one fourth of its maximum amount.' —P. 370.

No wonder, then, that the volume of comets should diminish, being drawn into the sun, or dispersed we know not where. The curve of the tail also is thought to point out a resisting medium that impedes the free movement of the whole body. However this may be, surely it is to be explained on other principles, in the case of rapid evolutions round the sun, contemporaneous with the enormous expansion that the sun's heat must occasion. The comet to which our last extract referred was that of 1843, of which many interesting particulars are given.

> 'By far the most remarkable comet, however, which has been seen during the present century, is that which appeared in the spring of 1843,

and whose tail became visible in the twilight of the 17th of March in England as a great beam of nebulous light, extending from a point above the western horizon, through the stars of Eridanus and Lepus, under the belt of Orion. This situation was low and unfavourable; and it was not till the 19th that the head was seen, and then only as a faint and ill-defined nebula, very rapidly fading on subsequent nights. In more southern latitudes, however, not only the tail was seen, as a magnificent train of light extending 50° or 60° in length; but the head and nucleus appeared with extraordinary splendour, exciting in every country where it was seen the greatest astonishment and admiration. Indeed, all descriptions agree in representing it as a stupendous spectacle, such as in superstitious ages would not fail to have carried terror into every bosom. In tropical latitudes in the northern hemisphere, the tail appeared on the 3d of March, and in Van Diemen's Land, so early as the 1st, the comet having passed its perihelion on the 27th of February. Already on the 3d the head was so far disengaged from the immediate vicinity of the sun, as to appear for a short time above the horizon after sunset. On this day, when viewed through a 46-inch achromatic telescope, it presented a planetary disc, from which rays emerged in the direction of the tail. The tail was double, consisting of two principal lateral streamers, making a very small angle with each other, and divided by a comparatively dark line, of the estimated length of 25°, prolonged however on the north side by a divergent streamer, making an angle of 5° or 6° with the general direction of the axis, and traceable as far as 65° from the head. A similar though fainter lateral prolongation appeared on the south side. A fine drawing of it of this date by C. P. Smyth, Esq. of the Royal Observatory, C. G. H., represents it as highly symmetrical, and gives the idea of a vivid cone of light, with a dark axis, and nearly rectilinear sides, enclosed in a fainter cone, the sides of which curve slightly outwards. The light of the nucleus at this period is compared to that of a star of the first or second magnitude; and on the 11th, of the third; from which time it degraded in light so rapidly, that on the 19th it was invisible to the naked eye, the tail all the while continuing brilliantly visible, though much more so at a distance from the nucleus, with which, indeed, its connexion was not then obvious to the unassisted sight—a singular feature in the history of this body. The tail, subsequent to the 3d, was generally speaking a single straight or slightly curved broad band of light; but on the 11th, it is recorded by Mr. Clerihew, who observed it at Calcutta, to have shot forth a lateral tail nearly twice as long as the regular one, but fainter, and making an angle of about 18° with its direction on the southern side. The projection of this ray (which was not seen either before or after the day in question) to so enormous a length (nearly 100°) in a single day, conveys an impression of the intensity of the forces acting to produce such a velocity of material transfer through space, such as no other natural phenomenon is capable of exciting. It is clear that *if we have to deal here with matter, such as we conceive it*, viz. *possessing inertia—at all*, it must be under the dominion of forces incomparably more energetic than gravitation.'—Pp. 366, 367.

Of the identity of this comet with others, various suppositions have been made which tend to show that its period is 175 years, in the course of which time it must experience strange diversities of climate, from being at perihelion only one-seventh of the sun's diameter from its surface, to the vast and dreary distances that it must traverse far beyond the bounds of any planetary bodies we know of.

The motions of comets are, of course, on precisely the same principles as other bodies, but with most exaggerated departures from that quiet *via media* that is the characteristic of planets. In these latter bodies the centrifugal force is nearly balanced against the sun's attraction, and the ellipse therefore does not widely depart from a circle, that is, is nearly parallel to the base of a cone. Comets, however, delight in ellipses that are taken off hand, as it were, with any dash that may at random divide a cone. In some cases an hyperbola has been demonstrated, the consequence of which is that the comet will never return, but be lost in the immensity of space or visit other systems.

We have not entered into the consideration of the laws themselves by which gravitation acts, but we would invite attention to this subject, and refer to comets as the most strongly marked illustrations of their unvarying power. Kepler's laws are well explained by Sir John Herschel. A few of these are most surprising, and give an individuality to the *motion* of heavenly bodies almost as great as we can attach to the bodies themselves. The few observations necessary (so long as these are correct) in order to ascertain the whole course and history of a comet, give an idea that mathematics are a new power of sense defying all time and distance, and stretching out to infinity to trace the works of creation as if they were under our very eyes. The law, for instance, of equal areas in equal times enables us to know the exact velocity of a body infinitely beyond the powers of vision to discover. Again, to ascertain the distance that a comet or any body travels from the sun in its wandering of centuries, the following appears a simple rule:—

> 'Now it is a property of elliptic motion performed under the influence of gravity, and in conformity with Kepler's laws, that if the velocity with which a planet moves at any point of its orbit be given, and also the distance of that point from the sun, the major axis of the orbit is thereby also given. It is no matter in what *direction* the planet may be moving at that moment. This will influence the excentricity and the position of its ellipse, but not its length. This property of elliptic motion has been demonstrated by Newton, and is one of the most obvious and elementary conclusions from his theory.'—P. 418.

The general observations requisite for obtaining the elements of a comet's orbit, are stated as follows:—

> 'It is a problem of pure geometry, from the general laws of elliptic or parabolic motion, to find the situation and dimensions of the ellipse or parabola which shall represent the motion of any given comet. In general, three complete observations of its right ascension and declination, with the times at which they were made, suffice for the solution of this problem, (which is, however, by no means an easy one,) and for the determination of the elements of the orbit. These consist, *mutatis mutandis*, of the same data as are required for the computation of the motion of a planet; (that

is to say, the longitude of the perihelion, that of the ascending node, the inclination to the ecliptic, the semiaxis, excentricity, and time of perihelion passage, as also whether the motion is direct or retrograde;) and, once determined, it becomes very easy to compare them with the whole observed course of the comet, by a process exactly similar to that of art. 502, and thus at once to ascertain their correctness, and to put to the severest trial the truth of those general laws on which all such calculations are founded.'—P. 347.

The system we live in with its sun, its planets (containing amongst other things our own earth, ourselves, and our homes, with all the minute wonders of terrestrial nature), its comets also stretching out far into the heavens, as messengers passing to and fro from home quarters to the extremities of a kingdom; all these things hanging on the balance of a strange mysterious influence that seems on the one hand to draw all matter into close and loving union, yet on the other, to keep all in their several positions and adapted to their several offices with stern unerring rectitude, are well calculated to amaze the observer of divine creation, who would trace some analogy between the physical and moral government of Heaven. If this system, however, is so boundless to human imagination, what powers and principalities of the material universe do sidereal observations open out to us! The grains of sand washed by the sea and the stars of heaven are alike made sacred types of multitude in Scripture. Modern researches prove the same; that the immensity of numbers, and therefore the comparative smallness of each individual, find an equally appropriate symbol in these two instances.

The stars of heaven are, indeed, like the grains of sand, and each system, like our own, that has seemed so large in description, dwindles down, not into insignificance, for true philosophy recognises no such word, but into extreme smallness of dimensions. We are thus careful to dissociate mere smallness of size from a general notion of insignificance, because, in the first place, we have no grounds whatever to suppose that size in created things is any standard of excellence or truth in the mind of Him who sees all things as they are, except as size is a type of the infinite; and in the second place, as a corollary of this, the distinctness of these two ideas leaves us quite free to roam at large in the universe of physical nature, without any danger in so doing of interfering with a clear and lively faith in the positive and absolute exaltation of the human race in divine favour, above all physical comparisons, through the doctrines proclaimed by revelation.

If we contemplate the heavens, we see a vast number of stars varying in multitude, and we also see the galaxy or milky way, of which a very accurate description is given by Sir John, as much information is supposed to be derived with regard to the starry realms by its visible position. The telescopic constitution of the galaxy is described in the following passage:—

'When examined with powerful telescopes, the constitution of this wonderful zone is found to be no less various than its aspect to the naked eye is irregular. In some regions, the stars of which it is wholly composed are scattered with remarkable uniformity over immense tracts, while in others the irregularity of their distribution is quite as striking, exhibiting a rapid succession of closely clustering rich patches separated by comparatively poor intervals, and indeed in some instances by spaces absolutely dark *and completely void of any star*, even of the smallest telescopic magnitude. In some places not more than 40 or 50 stars on an average occur in a "gauge" field of 15', while in others a similar average gives a result of 400 or 500. Nor is less variety observable in the character of its different regions in respect of the magnitudes of the stars they exhibit, and the proportional numbers of the larger and smaller magnitudes associated together, than in respect of their aggregate numbers. In some, for instance, extremely minute stars, though never altogether wanting, occur in numbers so moderate as to lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that in these regions we see *fairly through* the starry stratum, since it is impossible otherwise (supposing their light not intercepted) that the numbers of the smaller magnitudes should not go on continually increasing *ad infinitum*. In such cases, moreover, the ground of the heavens, as seen between the stars, is for the most part perfectly dark, which again would not be the case if innumerable multitudes of stars, too minute to be individually discernible, existed beyond. In other regions we are presented with the phenomenon of an almost uniform degree of brightness of the individual stars, accompanied with a very even distribution of them over the ground of the heavens, both the larger and smaller magnitudes being strikingly deficient. In such cases it is equally impossible not to perceive that we are looking *through* a sheet of stars nearly of a size, and of no great thickness compared with the distance which separates them from us. Were it otherwise, we should be driven to suppose the more distant stars uniformly the larger, so as to compensate by their greater intrinsic brightness for their greater distance, a supposition contrary to all probability. In others again, and that not unfrequently, we are presented with a double phænomenon of the same kind—viz. a tissue, as it were, of large stars spread over another of very small ones, the intermediate magnitudes being wanting. The conclusion here seems equally evident that in such cases we look through two sidereal sheets separated by a starless interval.'—Pp. 536, 537.

The distance of these regions is thus discussed:—

'When we speak of the comparative remoteness of certain regions of the starry heavens beyond others, and of our own situation in them, the question immediately arises, What is the distance of the nearest fixed star? What is the scale on which our visible firmament is constructed? And what proportion do its dimensions bear to those of our own immediate system? To these questions astronomy has at length been enabled to afford an answer.

'The diameter of the earth has served us for the base of a triangle, in the *trigonometrical survey* of our system, by which to calculate the distance of the sun; but the extreme minuteness of the sun's parallax renders the calculation from this "ill-conditioned" triangle so delicate, that nothing but the fortunate combination of favourable circumstances, afforded by the transits of Venus, could render its results even tolerably worthy of reliance. But the earth's diameter is too small a base for direct triangulation to the verge even of our own system, and we are, therefore, obliged to substitute the *annual parallax* for the diurnal, or, which comes to the same thing, to ground our calculation on the relative velocities of the earth and planets in their orbits, when we would push our triangulation to that extent. It might be naturally enough expected, that by this enlargement of our base to the vast diameter of the earth's orbit, the next step in our survey would be made at a great advantage;—that our change of station, from side to side of it, would produce a considerable and easily measurable amount of annual parallax in the stars, and that by its means we should come to a knowledge of their distance. But, after exhausting every refinement of observation, astronomers were, up to a very late period, unable to come to any positive and coincident conclusion upon this head; and the amount of such parallax, even for the nearest fixed star examined with the requisite attention, remained mixed up with, and concealed among, the errors incidental to all astronomical determinations. The nature of these errors has been explained in the earlier part of this work, and we need not remind the reader of the difficulties which must necessarily attend the attempt to disentangle an element not exceeding a few tenths of a second or at most a whole second from the host of uncertainties entailed on the results of observations by them: none of them individually perhaps of greater magnitude, but embarrassing by the number and fluctuating amount. Nevertheless, by successive refinements in instrument making, and by constantly progressive approximation to the exact knowledge of the Uranographical corrections, that assurance had been obtained, even in the earlier years of the present century, viz. that no star visible in northern latitudes, to which attention had been directed, manifested an amount of parallax exceeding a single second of arc. It is worth while to pause for a moment to consider what conclusions would follow from the admission of a parallax to this amount.'—Pp. 539, 540.

The parallax thus supposed gives twenty billions of miles for the distance of the nearest star.

'In such numbers the imagination is lost. The only mode we have of conceiving such intervals at all is by the time which it would require for light to traverse them. Light, as we know, travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, traversing a semidiameter of the earth's orbit in $8^m\ 13^s{\cdot}3$. It would, therefore, occupy 206,265 times this interval or three years and eighty-three days to traverse the distance in question. Now as this is an inferior limit which it is already ascertained that even the brightest and therefore (in the absence of all other indications) the nearest stars exceed, what are we to allow for the distance of those innumerable stars of the smaller magnitudes which the telescope discloses to us! What for the dimensions of the galaxy in whose remoter regions, as we have seen, the united lustre of myriads of stars is perceptible only in powerful telescopes as a feeble nebulous gleam!'—Pp. 540, 541.

There are various phenomena in the starry regions which come under consideration in a work on astronomy, but which we have not space to dwell on. Stars have disappeared, have blazed forth with wonderful power for a few months as if on fire, or as if their revolutions exposed an unusually brilliant surface at one point of view. Stars again are found to be double, and revolve about each other on the same laws of gravitation which affect our system. Of these we must extract the following passage:—

> 'Many of the double stars exhibit the curious and beautiful phænomenon of contrasted or complementary colours. In such instances, the larger star is usually of a ruddy or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green, probably in virtue of that general law of optics, which provides, that when the retina is under the influence of excitement by any bright, coloured light; feebler lights, which seen alone would produce no sensation but of whiteness, shall for the time appear coloured with the tint complementary to that of the brighter. Thus a yellow colour predominating in the light of the brighter star, that of the less bright one in the same field of view will appear blue; while, if the tint of the brighter star verge to crimson, that of the other will exhibit a tendency to green—or even appear as a vivid green, under favourable circumstances. The former contrast is beautifully exhibited by ι Cancri—the latter by γ Andromedæ, both fine double stars. If, however, the coloured star be much the less bright of the two, it will not materially affect the other. Thus, for instance, η Cassiopeiæ exhibits the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of a rich ruddy purple. It is by no means, however, intended to say, that in all such cases one of the colours is a mere effect of contrast, and it may be easier suggested in words, than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination *two suns*—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and "grateful vicissitudes,"—a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one and with darkness,—might arise from the presence or absence of one or other, or both, above the horizon. Insulated stars of a red colour, almost as deep as that of blood, occur in many parts of the heavens, but no green or blue *star* (of any decided hue) has, we believe, ever been noticed unassociated with a companion brighter than itself.'—Pp. 578—580.

The motion of the general system of stars is another subject about which there is much speculation. At such enormous distances as we have seen the stars to be, it is not to be expected that any motion should be very obvious; they are indeed called fixed stars, which implies that to ordinary observation there is no change in their position. Now that there is change in their position in the heavens as seen by us, has already been granted in showing that the pole of the earth is altered in its angle of direction by the precession of the equinoxes and by nutation. Still there is a motion discovered by long and accurate observation not accounted for by any such phenomenon, nor by aberration, or refraction: influences we have had no room to touch upon. This motion is, more properly, a change of perspective, which implies a general movement, including our own system. What then is this motion? There are two theories, both imperfect from want of sufficient data to go upon. One would support a relative movement of our system in the direction of the constellation Hercules, the velocity even of which has been calculated.

'The velocity of the solar motion which results from M. Otto Struve's calculations is such as would carry it over an angular subtense of 0″·3392 if seen at right angles from the average distance of a star of the first magnitude. If we take with M. Struve, senior, the parallax of such a star as probably equal to 0″·209, we shall at once be enabled to compare this annual motion with the radius of the earth's orbit, the result being 1·623 of such units. The sun then advances through space (relatively, at least, among the stars), carrying with it the whole planetary and cometary system with a velocity of 1·623 radii of the earth's orbit, or 154,185,000 miles *per annum*, or 422,000 miles (that is to say, nearly its own semidiameter) *per diem:* in other words, with a velocity a very little greater than one-fourth of the earth's annual motion in its orbit.'—P. 587.

This notion, however, would seem to have no analogy with the general laws of astronomy, which always exhibit motions not independent but *mutua inter se.* We therefore incline to the grand theory of a general circulation of stars in the plane of the milky way. Imagine a mighty hoop of stars, ourselves on one side of it, surrounded by all those nearer to us, and beholding the opposite side in the milky way.

'Speculations of this kind have not been wanting in astronomy, and recently an attempt has been made by M. Mädler to assign the local centre in space, round which the sun and stars revolve, which he places in the group of the Pleiades, a situation in itself improbable, lying as it does no less than 26° out of the plane of the galactic circle, out of which plane it is almost inconceivable that any *general* circulation can take place. In the present defective state of our knowledge respecting the proper motion of the smaller stars, especially in right ascension, (an element for the most part far less exactly ascertainable than the polar distance, or at least which has been hitherto far less accurately ascertained,) we cannot but regard all attempts of the kind as to a certain extent premature, though by no means to be discouraged as forerunners of something more decisive. The question, as a matter of fact, whether a rotation of the galaxy in its own plane exist or not might be at once resolved by the assiduous observation both in R.A. and polar distance of a considerable number of stars of the Milky Way, judiciously selected for the purpose, and *including all magnitudes,* down to the smallest distinctly identifiable, and capable of being observed with normal accuracy: and we would recommend the inquiry to the special attention of directors of permanent observatories, provided with adequate instrumental means, in both hemispheres. Thirty or forty years of observation perseveringly directed to the object in view, could not fail to settle the question.'—P. 589.

Where observations do not give us certain and clear facts, we shall be safest to judge by analogy. Analogy then will tell us that if all the stars are absolutely stationary (itself a thing unknown in astronomy), their mutual attraction will draw them together into one mass. It certainly would be a long time before the catastrophe took place, for at such distances attraction would be most feeble, and, meanwhile, all the purposes of creation might be accomplished. Attraction must exist at however remote distances; for why should it not be as extensive as light in its influence, and therefore operate between any two bodies in sight of each other. Can we indeed conceive a distance at which it will not act, and show some results, if time be allowed? A centrifugal force then is wanted, and that force, within our system, acts in a circle, and in one case in a complete ring. Is it not, therefore, probable that the Milky Way is a ring of this nature, revolving with a velocity to counteract the tendency of the ring to approximate towards the centre?

But even if we suppose this, we have not arrived at the end of all astronomical systems and motions. This very revolution of the Milky Way, carrying our sun along with it as a small component part of one side of its circumference, may be nothing but a drop in another ocean of space, that larger one having the same universal rule of rotatory motion to prevent collapse. The immense labour that has of late been bestowed in resolving nebulous stars would seem to explain them by the supposition of each nebula having a system analogous to our own in the large measure of appropriation we have just adopted. Some of these are even annular, as if exactly similar, but many varieties also exist. This number is immense, and their variety in kind equally great.

'It is to Sir William Herschel that we owe the most complete analysis of the great variety of those objects which are generally classed under the common head of Nebulæ, but which have been separated by him into—1st. Clusters of stars, in which the stars are clearly distinguishable; and these, again, into globular and irregular clusters: 2d. Resolvable nebulæ, or such as excite a suspicion that they consist of stars, and which any increase of the optical power of the telescope may be expected to resolve into distinct stars: 3d. Nebulæ, properly so called, in which there is no appearance whatever of stars; which, again, have been subdivided into subordinate uses, according to their brightness and size: 4th. Planetary nebulæ: 5th. Stellar nebulæ: and 6th. Nebulous stars. The great power of his telescopes disclosed the existence of an immense number of these objects before unknown, and showed them to be distributed over the heavens, not by any means uniformly, but with a marked preference to a certain district, extending over the northern pole of the galactic circle, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo Minor, the body, tail, and hind legs of Ursa Major, Canes Venatici, Coma Berenices, the preceding leg of Bootes, and the head, wings, and shoulder of Virgo. In this region, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, one-third of the entire nebulous contents of the heavens are congregated. On the other hand, they are very sparingly scattered over the constellations Aries, Taurus, the head and shoulders of Orion, Auriga, Perseus, Camelopardalus, Draco, Hercules, the northern part of Serpentarius, the tail of Serpens, that of Aquila, and the whole of Lyra. The hours 3, 4, 5, and 16, 17, 18, of right ascension in the northern hemisphere are singularly poor, and, on the other hand, the hours 10, 11, and 12 (but especially 12), extraordinarily rich in these objects. In the southern hemisphere a much greater uniformity of distribution prevails, and with exception of two very remarkable centres of accumulation, called the Magellanic clouds (of which more presently), there is no very decided tendency to their assemblage in any particular region.'—Pp. 595, 596.

A common appearance of nebulæ, as seen through a high magnifying power, is as follows:—

'They are then, for the most part, perceived to consist entirely of stars crowded together so as to occupy almost a definite outline, and to run up to a blaze of light in the centre, where their condensation is usually the greatest. Many of them, indeed, are of an exactly round figure, and convey the complete idea of a globular space filled full of stars, insulated in the heavens, and constituting in itself a family or society apart from the rest, and subject only to its own internal laws. It would be a vain task to attempt to count the stars in one of these *globular clusters.* They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and on a rough calculation, grounded on the apparent intervals between them at the borders, and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain, at least, five thousand stars, compacted and wedged together in a round space, whose angular diameter does not exceed eight or ten minutes; that is to say, in an area not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon.'—Pp. 592, 593.

Other appearances show the freaks of Nature and the wonderful variety of her designs:—

'Viewed with an 18-inch reflector, no part of this strange object shows any sign of resolution into stars, nor in the brightest and most condensed portion adjacent to the singular oval vacancy in the middle of the figure is there any of that curdled appearance, or that tendency to break up into bright knots with intervening darker portions which characterise the nebula of Orion, and indicate its resolvability. The whole is situated in a very rich and brilliant part of the Milky Way, so thickly strewed with stars that in the area occupied by the nebula, not less than 1200 have been actually counted, and their places in R. A. and P. D. determined. Yet it is obvious that these have no connexion whatever with the nebula, being, in fact, only a simple continuation over it of the general ground of the galaxy, which on an average of two hours in Right Ascension in this period of its course contains no less than 3138 stars to the square degree, all, however, distinct, and (except where the object in question is situated) seem projected on a perfectly dark heaven, without any appearance of intermixed nebulosity. The conclusion can hardly be avoided, that in looking at it we see through, and beyond the Milky Way, far out into space, through a starless region, disconnecting it altogether from our system. "It is not easy for language to convey a full impression of the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle which this nebula offers, as it enters the field of view of a telescope fixed in Right Ascension, by the diurnal motion, ushered in as it is by so glorious and innumerable a procession of stars, to which it forms a sort of climax," and in a part of the heavens otherwise full of interest. One other bright and very remarkably formed nebula of considerable magnitude precedes it nearly on the same parallel, but without any traceable connexion between them.'—Pp. 610, 611.

We will conclude our extracts with a description of the Magellanic clouds:—

'The Magellanic clouds, or the nubeculæ (major and minor), as they are called in the celestial maps and charts, are, as their name imports, two nebulous or cloudy masses of light, conspicuously visible to the naked eye, in the southern hemisphere, in the appearance and brightness of their light not unlike portions of the Milky Way of the same apparent size. They are, generally speaking, round, or somewhat oval, and the larger, which deviates most from the circular form, exhibits the appearance of an axis of light, very ill defined, and by no means strongly distinguished from the general mass, which seems to open out at its extremities into somewhat oval sweeps, constituting the preceding and following portions of its circumference. A small patch, visibly brighter than the general light around, in its following part, indicates to the naked eye the situation of a very remarkable nebula (No. 30. Dorâdus of Bode's catalogue), of which more hereafter. The greater nubecula is situated between the meridians of $4^h\ 40^m$ and $6^h\ 0^m$ and the parallels of 156° and 162° of N. P. D., and occupies an area of about 42 square degrees. The lesser, between the meridians $0^h\ 28^m$ and $1^h\ 15^m$ and the parallels of 162° and 165° N. P. D., covers about ten square degrees. Their degree of brightness may be judged of from the effect of strong moonlight, which totally obliterates the lesser, but not quite the greater.'

'When examined through powerful telescopes, the constitution of the nubeculæ, and especially of the nebecula major, is found to be of astonishing complexity. The general ground of both consists of large tracts and patches of nebulosity in every stage of resolution, from light, irresolvable with 18 inches of reflecting aperture, up to perfectly separated stars like the Milky Way, and clustering groups sufficiently insulated and condensed to come under the designation of irregular, and in some cases pretty rich clusters. But besides those, there are also nebulæ in abundance, both regular and irregular; globular clusters in every state of condensation; and objects of a nebulous character quite peculiar, and which have no analogue in any other region of the heavens. Such is the concentration of these objects, that in the area occupied by the nebecula major, not fewer than 278 nebulæ and clusters have been enumerated, besides 50 or 60 outliers, which (considering the general barrenness in such objects of the immediate neighbourhood) ought certainly to be reckoned as its appendages, being about 6½ per square degree, which very far exceeds the average of any other, even the most crowded parts of the nebulous heavens. In the nebeculæ minor, the concentration of such objects is less, though still very striking, 37 having been observed within its area, and 6 adjacent, but outlying. The nebeculæ, then, combine, each within its own area, characters which in the rest of the heavens are no less strikingly separated,—viz. those of the galactic and the nebular system. Globular clusters (except in one region of small extent) and nebulæ of regular elliptic forms are comparatively rare in the Milky Way, and are found congregated in the greatest abundance in a part of the heavens, the most remote possible from that circle; whereas, in the nebeculæ, they are indiscriminately mixed with the general starry ground, and with irregular though small nebulæ.'—Pp. 613, 614.

And now let us ask, before we close the subject of Astronomy, what is its place and office as a study of the human intellect? It is commonly said, that the wonders of creation teach us to look from nature to nature's God, and so they do; but this is too abstract and indefinite a phrase to convey any practical idea of utility. We would like also to know the process by which such physical knowledge leads to religious impressions. If the conclusion is expected to be arrived at forthwith without any doubt or hesitation, we cannot encourage such sanguine hopes of the benefits of science. The direct inference from creation to a Creator does not bring us sufficiently in connexion with the distinctive doctrines of Christian revelation to have much influence as a *direct* motive in the conduct of a Christian's life, or the establishment of his faith. Conclusions from physical reasoning have, we think, very little to do in any immediate relation with those feelings of the heart which constitute the Christian's state of mind. By Astronomy, therefore, we do not expect to convert the infidel, or materially to settle the mind of a sceptic, neither would we look to it as a reformer of morals except so far as it may, in common with other intellectual pursuits and interests,

> 'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

Yet Astronomy has an important religious and moral purpose to accomplish in the world, and is capable of adding much to man's perception of the glory of God if viewed in its proper light, and not required to accomplish what was never intended of it.

What, then, is the religious use and purpose of Astronomy if we slight its influence over the reasoning powers? It is comprehended in the word *praise*. The more a Christian knows of God's works, the more instruments of praise does he possess, and the more widely does he feel his common interest with all things visible and invisible, to give glory and honour and praise to the Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth. 'O praise the 'Lord of heaven,' saith the Psalmist: 'praise him in the height. 'Praise him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars and light. 'Praise him, all ye heavens: and ye waters that are above the 'heavens. Let them praise the Name of the Lord: for he spake 'the word, and they were made; he commanded, and they were 'created. He made them fast for ever and ever: he *gave them* '*a law* which shall not be broken.'

But in the guidance of morals, astronomy has its specific use, which is none the less important, because we curtail it of a certain vapid generality popularly attributed to it. We take the laws of physical astronomy, if understood, to be a natural antidote in the human mind to the confusion, the irregularity, and discord of all sublunary plans and earthly governments. After witnessing the strife of tongues, whether in the senate, in the public places of resort and business, or in the domestic hearth, what more solemn contrast can be imagined, one calculated to sink deeper into the mind, than the contemplation of that awful silence, that gigantic power and unerring rectitude shown in the laws and circuits of heavenly bodies. Physical disorder is here met by physical order, and a field is open for the latter to attune the harsh discord of the former, to subdue the fretting vicissitudes of thought and feeling that pass over us, by making us look on the mighty roll of time; to soften the asperities of the heart, by reminding us of the smallness and humility of our outward actions, when viewed in conjunction with the great yet peaceful works of heaven. '*Supra sphæram lunæ non est malum,*' was a saying of the Schoolmen.

In thus marking out the uses of astronomy under the heads of praise, and a moral example of rule and order, we are not only safe against all deistical exaltation of science and physics that some popular modes of talking would encourage, but we have the authority of many early devotional writers of the Church for a very abundant introduction of such objects and such lessons as this science instructs us of, into religious exercises themselves.

Art. V.—*Quarterly Returns of the Marriages, Births, and Deaths, Registered in the Divisions, Counties, and Districts of England.* Published by Authority of the Registrar-General, 1849. No. 3.

Amongst these Returns, we are told, are comprised the deaths which were registered by 2,189 Registrars in the summer quarter, ending September 30, 1849; a period embracing the most deadly part at least, of the history of the Cholera during this present year. Not to trouble the reader with a complicity of details, we select a few instances from the mass of statistics before us, premising that the numbers given are *probably* below truth in many of the instances stated, perhaps even in most. In certain important localities, the history of which has come under our own knowledge, we can state this as a *fact*. And as the causes of inaccuracy or the reasons for permitting or overlooking it in the places we allude to, were likely to be general, we mention our suspicion at starting.

The true state of the case is often not ascertainable to the local Registrars themselves, far less to the publisher of the Returns before us. The work of digesting and arranging the details of statistics furnished from above 2,000 sources is formidable enough, without entering into two thousand discussions as to the merits of each separate account. We are informed then, from the Registrar-General's Report, that, as regards the general mortality in England, the births exceeded the deaths by 163,133 during the year 1848. The year 1849 is not yet computed, but we will abstract from the general report the items of this sum, for the first three quarters ending the last days of March, June, and September of 1848 respectively, and compare them with those before us for 1849. They are:—

Excess of Births over Deaths.

In 1848.—1st Quarter	19,682		In 1849.—1st Quarter	47,627
2d ,,	50,107		2d ,,	51,467
3d ,,	52,599			

In the third quarter 1849, this order is suddenly reversed, and the excess of deaths over births in the whole country is 164.

'The deaths in the last summer quarter exceeded the deaths in the summer of 1845 by 60,492. The annual rates of mortality in the two summers were 1·767 and 3·030 respectively, so that the latter exceeded the former by 71 per cent. The average rate per annum of mortality is generally lower in the summer than in either of the other three quarters. During the eleven summers 1838-1848 it was 1·983. The annual mortality of the summer quarter 1849 exceeded the quarterly average by 53 per cent. *The* *excess has been caused almost entirely by cholera.* The mortality will be found to have been very unequally distributed over the country; and to have generally been greatest in the dense town populations. The average annual rates of mortality in the town districts is 26, in the country districts 18 in 1,000; during the last quarter these numbers became 41 and 23 respectively. While the mortality has been excessive in nine divisions, it has been below or a little above the average in two divisions; the North Midland, and the South Midland. In some districts the people have died by hundreds or by thousands; in others not far distant few have died, the inhabitants have been unusually healthy, the "medical men," says a Registrar, "say that they have had nothing to do."'

As regards particular localities, we will quote London:—

'A mortality from cholera, slightly above the average was observed in July and August 1848; but the deaths from this cause were less numerous than in 1846, and in September did not exceed 7 weekly; in the weeks of October and November the deaths ran up, and 13, 30, 45, 34, 65, and 62 deaths were registered. The new epidemic character was manifest; but the mortality declined to 30, and 20, fluctuated from 94 to 37 through January and February, and finally fell to 4 in the last week of March, and 1 and 2 weekly, in April and May. The deaths from cholera in the last weeks of May and in June were 1, 5, 9, 22, 42, 49, 124. The water of the Thames rose to the temperature of 60° at the end of May; and the weekly deaths in July and August were 152, 339, 678, 783, 926, 823, 1,230, 1,272, 1,635. In the first week of September 2,026 deaths from cholera were registered; and the epidemic then rapidly subsiding, the deaths fell to 1,682, 830, &c.—Pp. 4, 5,

'The deaths from all causes were 3,183, or about three times the average number in the first week of September; and 27,109, or double the average in the 13 weeks of the quarter. The mortality from cholera varied in different districts of the metropolis from 8 to 239 in 10,000; and was greatest in the low, the worst drained, the poorest districts. Of the "*divisions*" into which districts are classified, the northern suffered most severely, those especially which contain Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, York, the course of the Tees, and the coal districts bordering it, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tynemouth, North Shields, "in which, in four streets adjacent, containing 526 families, having a population of 1,842 souls, between the 11th of August and 23d of September, a period of 34 days, there were 74 deaths from cholera. In this township, within eight days of the same period, there were deaths from cholera in 19 different localities. The greatest number of deaths is within a radius of 300 yards."'—P. 13.

In the South, the South Western Division was most severely visited, that containing the town of Salisbury and the seaport of Plymouth, more particularly Devonport. 'In Plymouth and 'the adjoining districts, Plympton S. Mary, East Stonehouse, 'and Stoke Damerel, containing 99,859 inhabitants in 1841, 'the deaths from all causes were 2,290, the mortality was more 'than 2 per cent.'

We have given these few extracts to show the character of localities which have suffered the most, where the population is crowded, the streets and dwellings ill-drained and ventilated. Yet, the manufacturing towns have not uniformly been the worst visited. Nor, strange as it seems, the crowded and ill-provided populations. Salisbury, for instance, according to the Report before us, (we believe an insufficient return,) out of a population of 9,490, lost 263 in the September quarter; the number was 34 in the corresponding quarter of 1848. But on the other hand, Salisbury is 'in the midst of water meadows; 'the courts and alleys where the lower classes reside, are in a 'filthy state, and derive no benefit from the general system of 'cleansing carried on in the main streets.' One thing, however, seems to be noticeable throughout the account, the small spaces within which the deaths were concentrated as it were, and the plague shown in its full proportions. Deaths counted as a *per centage* are fearful enough, but if the history were known of those sections of populations, in which the numbers were made up that produce this average shown in the public statistics, it would greatly shock the reader. It is sad enough to cast his eye over the daily account of the newspaper, or the Quarterly Return, and read that Leeds, with a population of 90,000, or taking in out-townships 170,000, has lost so many *per cent.* But it opens a history of misery to learn that the parish of S. Saviour's lost 350, and had 570[1] attacked with cholera, out of 6,000 or somewhat more—that this worn section of the place had one struck for every 12 or 13 that were spared, and one dead for every 20 that survived—that here and there a workhouse was half emptied,—that *families* ceased to exist; we speak of facts here. To our certain knowledge there were districts in which the severity of the truth was the cause of its being concealed from the public. There is dread, and very justly, of creating a panic. Anything like the interruption of business, shutting of manufactories, consequent stagnation of trade, and of the stream ever flowing into the money making pockets is apprehended as a great evil. And it is perfectly true, that the labouring classes would be thereby the greatest sufferers. Moreover, the physical effect of that heart-sinking created by general public alarm—alarm that incapacitates the acting of the 'social system'—is that it would itself be a main cause of the spread of cholera. Very strong sudden emotion often furnishes at the moment the cause that predisposes the system to open to the poison that circulates round it, and this independently of physical wants and consequent physical debility. The cholera was contrasted in this respect by the public press, with the great plague in London; and the terrible sign that was wanting pointed out, by which London of 1849 was so greatly the gainer, viz. the stagnation of ordinary business. All means were taken by the politic and long-sighted to reassure the world when fear seemed creeping 'like water into its bowels.' They were content that no more mortality should appear in print than must unavoidably be recorded. From their number, too, the local registers could not be examined, and many causes contributed to inaccuracy, even on the part of Registrars really anxious to ascertain the full extent of the mortality, and to publish all they could ascertain. Deaths in a thick population were frequent, burials were to be managed as cheaply as boards of works or of guardians could possibly do them without a public scandal. This office devolved from time to time upon clubs. The clubs employed other hands, and no report was sent in to the Registrar. In some cases deaths were only notified five or six weeks after their occurrence. Some workhouses, though known to have suffered greatly, were altogether a blank in the returns. Without any definite intention to suppress positive facts, prudent functionaries often spare the reading public painful knowledge that can do no good. Some account of what goes on must be given. Statistics are eagerly sought for by journal readers on every subject, for the very idea of there being any subject beyond their knowledge was not to be tolerated; but this appetite is easily satisfied, easily in exact proportion to its intensity, by experienced purveyors. And such as chime with the wishes or the prejudices of the world are believed with generous readiness. It is when they disappoint expectation that they must be based on an immovable array of facts.

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[1] This does not include the patients attacked by the diseases that accompanied the cholera.

Yet after all, a dry enumeration of figures, correct to an unit, fails to possess the reader's mind with any clear idea of events—such events as involve a catalogue of individual histories, as do the deaths caused by some unusual and fearful calamity. Read the despatches published after the Indian campaigns, and consider how little is really conveyed to the mind by the return of killed, wounded, and missing! A certain idea of proportion between the advantage and the cost, and between the loss in one battle and that in another is given; but a true idea of the reality can be had only after a digestion of many melancholy thoughts. There is, upon the field of Waterloo, one single gravestone; yet this one monument, to every one that sees it, speaks a living history. And the mind moves on from one individual's history to the thought that all the many thousands that have been killed and forgotten, except in their aggregate form, were each of them a separate soul; each closed with his death a long account, more to him, infinitely, than all the fate of the battle he fought, or the cause he fought for. Each will reappear in the flesh he once suffered in; each behold, minutely drawn out, the acts, words, and thoughts of a life apparently beneath notice and beyond remembrance; yet determining a future that is endless.

And a report of the Registrar-General, or one of his functionaries, can as little be called a history of the cholera in 1849, as the return of the slain is a history of the men, man by man, who in the last great day will appear to have ended their account in India, or at the Hougomont. The show which is made in history, when results are recorded in figures as a mass, is a mere outside; the very reverse of its seeming importance; it is as humble, unknown individuals, that we act a part from which the wise may learn wisdom, interesting in proportion to its eternal consequence.

Accordingly, we will attempt to enter a little further into the nature of such a visitation as the cholera in 1849. We venture upon setting before our readers a very insufficient sketch of what took place in a district of a manufacturing town in Yorkshire, during the months of August and September last past. The notes which we here write from were taken hurriedly, from time to time, during the progress of the disorder, or plague, as it might more justly be called, and set down, occasionally in great confusion, from the immense press of labour in attending the sick and other needful duties of the writer. They are, however, backed by sufficient authority, and the writer may be trusted for the truth of them.

The parish to which we refer contains a population of above 6,000; they lost in all 350, or somewhat over one in twenty; and 570 cases occurred of cholera, *and its accompanying diseases*—that is, diarrhœa, fevers, &c. &c.; for of those attacked by Asiatic cholera very few recovered. The exact proportion we cannot state. Some, indeed, were brought round by the clergy, after the doctor had washed his hands of them. They were desperate cases, and desperate measures were used. No doubt personal attention and watching went a great way, and the *faith* of the poor in these temporary physicians aided as much as anything. For some time, indeed, during the first three or four weeks of the prevalence of cholera, the doctors appointed hesitated to administer these violent remedies, and insufficient quantities of calomel were given in by far the majority of instances. The clergy were thus forced to choose between directions from advisers, over cautious as it seemed, besides being over occupied, and taking the responsibility of increasing these doses three or four fold. It was decided that in many cases this responsibility could not be refused. The method of treatment by the faculty was pretty nearly as follows, and in the district there were few exceptions to the rule:—Calomel was prescribed for twelve hours continuously, in small doses; and for every quarter of an hour, at the same time, a mixture of chalk and other binding medicines—perhaps pills of opium, occasionally of creosote. Coarse brandy was generally given, and latterly a little sago was allowed. But there was *no variety*, and little difference in the quantities administered; though throughout the time there appeared great individuality in the cases. The quantities of calomel were so small as to be useless in a large number of them. It became clear, that whether in the individual case, the cholera could be encountered by the system it had fastened on, or whether it finally sunk under it, the dose given would never rouse that system effectually. Three grains, at a later period five, were given for the first dose; two or three being repeated every quarter of an hour afterwards. This the Clergy, where they had to act as physicians, increased to five, eight, or ten at first,—each quarter of an hour five, for an hour or an hour and a half,—then three. Brandy was given to sustain the sinking forces. In some very desperate instances much larger quantities were given (one of the most eminent medical men had given 200 grains to a lady who had been *given over*. She recovered). This treatment was sometimes blessed with success; but it had become very evident that the ordinary practice pursued would not succeed. It grew into a moral certainty that under it the patient was sinking at a rapid rate into the grave. The symptom most destructive, and least to be encountered by medicine, was the sickness. There were cases in which the vomiting came on with spasmodic violence: the poor creature would spring up and cast forward like the bursting of a pipe. At other times it would continue at intervals of two to five minutes, during a period of seven or eight hours, or even days and nights, till the system shrunk from complete exhaustion. Some patients recovered apparently the shock of the disease, regained the voice and the natural colour, and continued so during four or five more days vomiting at intervals, shorter or longer, but incessantly, till those who had seemed saved, almost by a miracle, imperceptibly wasted away. That this sickness might be subdued, and if possible, to give a fillip to the system, six or ten drops of spirit of camphor, in a little water, were given, in some cases, every quarter of an hour, and sometimes found of great use. When a patient was far gone, and an effort was imperative for a few moments for the priest's office, one or two drops of tincture of ammonia generally produced a temporary revival. These were matters beyond our province, and a medical man might be tempted to smile at these clumsy efforts, were it possible for an earnest man to smile when he remembered the cholera.

The Clergy, could they have begun with the experience gained in the sequel, would have opened some house in the parish for an hospital, and managed it themselves. The personal labour of keeping at least one of their number day and night on the spot, would have been more endurable than it proved amongst a number of patients scattered over a district, and demanding all their care. Certain arrangements only would have been necessary, which could always be provided by moderate means. 1st. A house in each parish, or any arbitrary division of district agreed on, to be used as an hospital *for that district,* so as to avoid concentration of the infection as much as could be. 2d. In these, a separate dispensary, or depository of medicine; a dèpôt of blankets and beds; fresh beds, *i.e.* fresh straw and the ticking washed, to be used for each patient; a supply to families of beds used in houses by patients; also, beds covered with a low awning, such as are used in Russia. The patient is laid on the open matting of the bed, the hangings are let fall all round, and a hot iron introduced underneath, on which, at the moment of dropping the hangings, an attendant pours a jug of water; a violent steam is thus produced, and profuse perspiration results. The patient can then be rubbed dry and rolled in warm blankets. This treatment is often successful in the Russian hospitals, even after collapse. A medical man and his one or two assistants, and such nurses as could be secured, would thus be well able to attend all the most pressing cases constantly. *One* vehicle at least, for the immediate removal of the patient, should be at the service of every such house. Had such a course been pursued we are convinced many lives would have been saved. And we will add, by way of cogent argument, the cost would not have exceeded, or not materially have exceeded, the cost of supplying such dilatory and hopeless relief as the town authorities doled out in the town which is the subject of these remarks.

The Board of Works there, as it was, did little on the part of the town. One small hospital was opened, which had been a mendicity office; and at a later period, a temporary building, formerly used for hospital purposes, was also employed for the cholera patients, but not till the worst of the mortality had already taken place.

The fear amongst the richer classes was great. Other motives, which should not have found their place at such a time, influenced, it was said, many of the owners of mills, and checked the expenditure of money. One large mill-owner was seized by the disease, and carried off. He had been part owner of one of the largest of the mills; and the vast mass of window-pierced brickwork was shut for the half day on which he was buried. The workpeople were dismissed with their half-day's pay, and the gloomy pile for a few hours maintained silence amongst its pitiless fellows. This event made authorities rather more in earnest to do something. It was evident rich as well as poor might be taken by the cholera. To the last, however, resources were sadly insufficient. For the one whole eastern division of the town, in which the parish is situated, if not for the whole town, *one* coach, that is a fly drawn by one horse, was the only vehicle for conveying patients to the hospital. None but the 'fever coach' would have been ventured by its owner for the desperate enterprise. There were but few nurses, barely sufficient even for the small hospitals, where the patients were collected in a narrow space. In two or three rare instances one was spared and sent out. Medicines and medical attendance were provided, but the doctors were too few to do the work, and so completely were they over-worked that in many cases the Clergy were the only physicians *that could be got.* Medicine had to be fetched; that for the whole town—90,000 inhabitants—from one dispensary. The result of this was generally a delay of an hour at the dispensary, which, with the time taken in going and returning, where even a messenger could be got at once, (not always possible,) took from the poor sufferer the slender chance which immediate applications and remedies might have promised for him. The physician appointed for the district in which lay this parish, a most amiable person, did what he could, but was quite exhausted with his work: half his cases fell under the charge of a young apprentice. The hurry of all this made constant attendance a simple impossibility.

With no better preparation, then, than this, the place awaited the coming storm. A church was built there a few years since, and in the buildings of the vicarage adjoining, which are confined enough, live the Clergy attached to the church. During the period in question, they were four in number,—the vicar, one curate in priest's orders, one deacon, and a person in priest's orders taken in as a guest during a part of the time. The first case of cholera appeared in the last week of July. It was also the first appearance of the disease in the town. Three were attacked, and two carried off suddenly. Cholera was then sweeping up the country. Paris had suffered the worst, 800 having died in one day; some of them instantaneously in the open streets. In London it was increasing rapidly. It was showing itself at Liverpool, Hull, and other ports. Here, however, for the present, no great alarm was created. Instant measures were taken for the removal of the bodies, and the matter rested. But in this district, in which the streets were close, (though not always crowded,) there was no drainage. The filth was excessive; the personal habits of the poor greatly increasing it. It was felt that cholera, if once it took a firm hold of the place, would not soon leave it. It would be well if the thoughtless and irreligious could be roused to consciousness of what might, at no distant date, be impending. July passed. In August it appeared again, and this time more decisively: several persons died: great alarm was created: the Litany, with permission of the Ordinary, was said daily in the church at twenty minutes to one, which enabled workpeople to dine and attend the service in the hour allowed between noon and one o'clock. Women, men, and children, came in considerable numbers. The workmen employed upon the church asked permission to attend in their working dress, and their devotion was in real earnest, for they feared for their lives. For seven days no other case occurred—a feeling of security succeeded. Again the disease re-appeared, this time in its full violence. 'The distress,' writes one of the Clergy, 'is now great; the vicarage 'is open all day, and looks like an apothecary's shop. The people 'run to us for countenance and relief. We have had a prayer 'printed, and many apply for it: others come to ask the numbers of the penitential Psalms: others for physic. In —— 'Street, at the back of the vicarage, where one or two were 'taken, the people turned out of their houses like a swarm 'of bees and burnt tar fires in the streets. In short,' he adds, 'they are half mad, poor creatures, with terror. We have been 'obliged to act as nurses from the beginning to the end of 'the attack in many cases. No one will go near them, and 'we have had to lay out the bodies after death.' Again—'Whole 'families have been swept off. The —— lost the father and 'mother and three children, the uncle and aunt, and another 'uncle and aunt at a distance. The poor creatures look upon themselves as doomed, which no doubt aids the cholera—cholera does 'its work in from eight to ten hours. Men strong and healthy 'are dead in twelve hours, and buried within the twenty-four.'

This account was in no respect overdrawn: the disease continued to increase. The deaths, which in this parish had been at the time the above letter was written, at the rate of only two in each day, steadily rose in number; four, six, seven, and even ten in a day which were known to the Clergy; there were others also that were not known to them till afterwards. The Eucharist was now celebrated at the church daily at seven o'clock—no one knew where or what he might be ere night fell, As soon as this was over the day's work began. Two, three, perhaps half-a-dozen applications for assistance had been brought to the vicarage during the service; an anxious face would be waiting, pressing a request for instant attendance, with such earnestness as could not be resisted a moment longer than was necessary. The priest laid aside his stole and surplice, snatched, if he could, a morsel of breakfast, and in a few moments was following his guide. Clothed in the cassock, which was kept on all the day, girded tight with a cincture, in which were stuck a bottle of liniment for rubbing, another perhaps of spirits of camphor, and some powerful doses of calomel, he hurried forwards to the house indicated, or to the first, if there were several. Ruminating sadly as he went of the little that was possible for him to do and, alas! the few instruments put into his hand, and the scant instruction under so great a necessity, even to do that little, he enters the house with the oft-repeated blessing. The closet ransacked for basins and cups, the relics of mustard mixed hastily, perhaps the half-laid breakfast—a child sitting in uneasy and silent wonder, meet his glance as the hat is deposited below. Eager feet and dismayed faces are the sights and sounds of the upper room—sounds that have become familiar, and chilling from that familiarity. A sister or a daughter hurries from one kindly-meant office to another, and between terror and dismay, does none effectually; rubbing the distorted muscles of the calf, or the feet of the sufferer. The toes are drawn with unnatural tension—one back towards the instep, another down, from the violence of the strain; the calf is in knots,—the veins and lesser arteries distended and defined. Or she would quit her hold as the patient turns from side to side seeking relief, to fetch the drink, so eagerly shouted for amidst his cries. For awhile perhaps the *priest* can do nothing. Having ascertained that the doctor has not yet been, he calls for a spoon and water, and puts on the tongue of the sufferer a strong dose of calomel, which is swallowed with the aid of minute quantities of water, contriving as he does so to feel the tongue itself; the *cold* tongue, though not invariably a fatal sign, leaves him no doubt as to its being Asiatic cholera. Countenance from any one at such a time is a welcome boon to the perplexed and sorrowful assistants; they lean on him, and obey directions with affectionate readiness. 'Put all your blankets over him, or send your boy for another; rub the limbs with some of this.' All assist in this, and the mixture (acetic acid and oil of turpentine, one to two,) affords a temporary relief. Five grains more of calomel are administered, and the patient obtains a few moments of calm. Now the priest's work begins—he has watched eagerly for this, and knowing, from an experience of facts, how little time is to be lost, he hurries the attendants from the room, and standing or kneeling by his patient's head, commences the probing and dressing of wounds deeper, perhaps, and more diseased even than the strained and exhausted body. An awful work is before him; a hundred thousand thousand years are as nothing to eternity; and here are wounds, which if unhealed, will end in a living death for all eternity. There is the Faith, (it might have been said but too often,) to be *taught* from its seed; a life of 30 to 35 years, (the average age of the cases,) to be retraced and looked into, period by period, year by year; contrition to be excited, love sought for, sacraments administered, hope encouraged; the time for this life-long work is now twenty minutes or half-an-hour; it may here and there extend to three-quarters of an hour; or the utmost space may be only a quarter of an hour. One quarter of an hour, fifteen minutes of recollection, and a soul to be prepared for eternity! Oh, who are they who deem a personal consciousness of vocation, or personal holiness, warrants and powers equivalent to the inheritance of Apostles, gifts equal to the guiding and accomplishment of the work of saving a soul? Oh, awful inheritance! Oh, fearful trust! laid on shoulders unequal to the burden, energies too often sapped and decayed from the consciousness of a miserable past; spiritual powers too often trusted to hands soiled by contact with all that is vile in this world. Oh, greatness of requirement, hardly to be known by long contemplation of it, now to be fulfilled, as best he may fulfil them, by the priest in the few moments granted to him! Well for him that those divine things he is to handle are *in themselves* equal to all that can be required of them—that of his own he is to give nothing. But the time hurries forwards fearfully. He has done what he could—turned the keys on the past, and comforted the penitent so far as in him lies.

One want is in these cases realized to the full, and its greatness cannot be told. The rule of our Church practically cuts off such sufferers as these from receiving the Communion. *Half-an-hour at the very shortest would be required for each individual administration of the Communion, by the English rubrics, when, all things are in his favour, the priest has but half-an-hour, or three quarters, for doing all he has to do*; and this is necessarily taken up in the previous work of examining, confessing, and absolving his penitent, whose conscience (this is stated from sad experience,) is *then for the first time* examined. Thus, in diseases which do not physically incapacitate from reception of this sacrament, the poor penitent dies 'unhouseled.' We suggest, with great respect, whether it would not be possible for our Bishops to make some order on this all-important subject in their Dioceses, after the example, if they want one, of their Scotch brethren. We would not wantonly offend prejudices, or shock those who may view open questions differently from ourselves, but this subject is one upon which we do not feel required to maintain silence. Our Offices contain a rubric directed to prevent the prevalence of a certain form of old devotion which had been abused; but all antiquity, and the practice of every part of the Catholic Church, testify to the custom of preserving the sacrament for one purpose, that of the Communion of the Dying and the Sick. This is a great and practical grievance to devout minds among us; and we feel justified in calling attention to it. Experience, that sad source of conviction, has taught us that in a period of sudden and rapid deaths, crowding upon a charge of over-worked Clergy, and accompanied by such distractions as accompany a violent epidemic, the administration of the Communion of the Sick is practically impossible; gives us the right; and therefore we ask respectfully whether there could not be some interpretation of the rubric in question, which would relieve the harassed and burdened servant of the Church from the wretched addition of continued scruples, or the grave alternative, too often taken, of debarring those who most need it, of that sacrament pronounced *necessary for salvation.*

But to return. That which it is in the priest's power to impart and the dying patient's power to receive, is given as best it may. The attendants are recalled. The Visitation of the Sick is said in the name of all present—to most of them, perhaps, it is read for the first time. It comes over them that they owe their spiritual life to a mother, whom they have never known; or known but to mock at. In this extremity her voice is pleading in their name. For the first time they light upon a language new to them, yet sounding as a mother's, and being a mother's, in unison with their weakness; while yet *non hominum sonat,* it rises to their needs and pleads their cause amongst a company beyond their reach. The office (the portions which were private, omitted) is soon said, yet broken off more than once to ease the bodily pains of the sufferer, and so piecemeal brought to an end. In the middle of such a scene, or at its solemn finish, hurried steps would announce the doctor. It is the young apprentice; he goes straight to the patient, nods a recognition, perhaps uncovers, in consideration of the presence and office of the priest; while the latter has to state what he has done. The apprentice feels the pulse and forehead of the patient, touches the tongue, flings the clothes over him again with the usual direction—'he must be kept warm.' A bundle of blank forms is drawn forth, a pencil rapidly fills up the four or five necessary words. Cholera. — Mr. ——'s patient.—30 years of age—calomel—chalk—brandy. The paper is soon ready, an attendant sent with it to the Dispensary. The brief query of the Clergyman as to the report of the morning, as briefly answered—'Full of work'—'not a chance for him'—

'above 100 cases to-day'—'great number fatal,' and he is on his way to the next case three doors lower down, leaving the company to digest in all its bitterness an announcement not unfeeling in intention, but dropped as a matter of course, and over true, as he well knows.

On the other hand, to his clerical *locum tenens* the office of leech was a hazardous matter. The medicines to be used were powerful to kill as well as to cure. Probably it was a craft altogether new to him, and taken upon the spur of the moment without learning. What deep and anxious interest followed the administering of these medicines, calculated and given with secret aspirations for a blessing on the dose! The most minute quantities were given at a time, that retching might not be provoked; the poor relatives fastened their hopes on those of the priest, and all watched with trembling anxiety for the result. Everything was done to keep the body from moving. Once kept on the stomach the medicine was powerful. For awhile it would seem to go well. The dark face, the hollow sunken eyes, the balls turned upward, with the look of congestion, the sharpened nose, blueness round the mouth, eyes, and forehead, were desperate signs; yet still there would be a hope. These symptoms had been safely passed through sometimes; why not now? Oh! that the sinful servant of God had been such an one as he to whom were given the lives of his fellow-voyagers on the sea; but no—it might not be. A few minutes, at the longest some fifteen, would decide the question. All is vomited again; and so the case continues for the few hours of suffering left. Again time pressed; the priest could not become physician for good, though compelled to bear double burdens for the time. To each one of the Clergy twelve such cases, some days many more, needed anxious watching, besides less alarming cases of sickness. In all these he must watch for *his* opportunities. They were the few and rare intervals of cessation of pain during the violence of the disease; for at its commencement he was seldom present. A patient was ordinarily attacked at one of three periods—one, A.M.; noon; five, P.M., or thereabouts. We cannot offer any reason to account for it; but thus it was. Diarrhœa was the symptom.

But, alas, after all, medicine, when cholera was at its height, was powerless; the most powerful are poured down the throats of men in their full strength an hour since. It is as drops of water on the fire. There is no stomach to hold them. There were many cases which, from first to last, mocked at any efforts within the compass of men. A man, in the prime of his life at thirty years, would go to his bed, after a day's work, in perfect bodily health; at one or two in the morning came a summons to the vicarage door. Such a one 'got the complaint;' by the time the summons could be answered, his cause was evidently hopeless; a power had hold of the constitution, against which the struggle could last but minutes. By day-light all was over. Heavy-laboured breathing, and sometimes full consciousness, proved that life existed—no more: speech and sight gone; the body as if it had no entrails, and the gasping of the lungs imperceptibly lessening till life had melted into death, so gently that none could say which was the precise moment.

We quote from the notes:—

'August 27.—With two last night in different houses, not knowing which would go first. One, Mary Anne W——, I baptized yesterday. She died at 6 this morning. Last night begged they would send for me. Went as soon as I woke. She was fast going; said the "Commendation of the Soul." Before I had finished she expired easily, as if, poor sufferer, she had thus gone through her chastening, and was waiting for her release. Her mother was dead already; her sister, sister's husband, and the husband's mother were dead a few days after. The other died at 11. 15 last night, after about fifteen hours' illness. He had been insensible since 3. One, who was with me in the room with him, as late as 10, died this morning after a few hours' illness. He had been a companion of the dying man. Several relatives stood around, mostly smoking tobacco. One said to him "Look at this; you ought to live a very different life after this!" He turned deadly pale, went home, and sickened immediately. Edmund L—— died at 6; with him the last hour; several times yesterday, and in the night, the Eve of S. Bartholomew. One small room only, and few bedclothes. The wife with child, distracted with grief, trying to cheer up the husband, who was at times almost furious from pain, and appeared to make efforts to repel attentions. He could not speak; pointed to me the parts of the legs I was to rub, raised his body in the bed, and turned his eyes on me for some purpose, but fell back again, rolled and tossed among the bedclothes and clouts. The eyes were sunk, with congested appearance. In great agony all the last eighteen hours. It lasted in all twenty-two. Half an hour before death, the tongue warm—cold yesterday. Blueness worse at an earlier stage. The approach of death seemed to stop pain. The man suddenly opened his eyes, and looked me full in the face, then gave three or four gasps, and expired. A shoemaker, S——, his son recovering from cholera—the father taken—sleeps in the same room. Dropped into the house accidentally and found this, which had just commenced. The spasmodic sickness very violent. At the same time cramp in the diaphragm. The sight and sound dreadful. The medical man gave this account of it. Vomiting strained, and cramp as unnaturally contracted the diaphragm at the same moment. This was 7 or 8; he died about 11. Spinkes, a widow with two sons, one married. The unmarried son taken with cholera. No doctor could be got. Mrs. S. found me, and we went to him, physicked him, and left him doing well. A medical man, not the one appointed, looked in, and confirmed the treatment; at a later hour the right one came, much annoyed at the interference, and when he left, said there was no chance for him.

'After a time the married son's wife sickened and died. Found this on my return from other places accidentally. Ellen, the daughter, 11 years old, was laid on a bed upon a table in the room below; she was dying, and scarce time to say the office over her; we took her up stairs after it was over, and laid her beside the mother. Next day both were taken away and buried; and the same night the grandmother and her son, the father, slept on *Ellen's bed*, which had been aired and cleaned. Accordingly about 1.30 A.M. I was summoned by the watchman; both mother and son ill; no one to wait on them; afterwards a passer-by helped to rub the legs of the son. Sent the watchman and went myself for the doctor; about 7 he came; got an order for the hospital for the *two* sons; the one first ill being still alive, and lying on several chairs, shaven and out of his mind. Got the fever coach about 8; the neighbours stood round in a ring, but no one would assist them in; at last half-led, half-carried them in blankets. The mother recovered for the time, and a nurse was obtained for her from the Board of Works. A day passed. In the night, about 2 or 3 A.M. she was taken, this time with Asiatic cholera; admitted to the hospital. Saw them there afterwards. The little girl's father was dead, the old mother dying, the others on completely mad, and dying. Went in to see the mother; she sat up with difficulty on seeing me, signed the cross, tried to speak but could not, fell back writhing with pain. So a whole family, except a married daughter at a distance, swept away, as if they had never been.'—*Private Journal.*

Again:—

'Two girls taken in C—— street, the father and mother both died the same day. Another case sad enough, the Copelands in R—— D—— court. The son-in-law lived with the family. Three beds lay in a row. That of the son-in-law in the middle, two daughters on the left, the father and mother on the right, in the little upstairs room. The son-in-law already ill; at 11 at night, the mother-in-law on his left, and the sister-in-law on his right, both taken; were physicked and appeared to do well; at 7 next morning they were in their last collapse. The married one also seized, got her up and to another house; her husband, though ill, compelled to do so also; that afternoon, mother and daughter both died within two hours of each other.'—*Ib.*

In this way, within a few hours, the whole circumstances of families or individuals are turned to their very opposites. The husband single; the child, out of sight of kindly face, or hearing of affectionate voice, passes to a training and will fulfil a lot, never dreamed of by child or parent. It will be the 'workhouse child;' happy indeed, and beyond its own conception, should the doors of some charitable 'home,' such as that at Devonport, or at S. Saviour's, Leeds, open to offer it the Church's part—'Father's, mother's, sister's, and brother's.'

We forbear to distress the reader by wearying extracts. However it is viewed, that must be a very solemn season in which the world is visited by its Creator and Judge, and is *conscious of such visitation.* A merry desperation, a gay infidelity under that hand is something drear and awful; suffering without religion wearies us even in the thought of it; yet the consciousness of a visitation from heaven saddens the spirit, pierces and crushes the heart, even while it has its tokens of mercy. After all, every judgment that falls upon this passing world before the final judgment, is a sentence passed and executed in mercy. Yet though so founded on love, how must we hold the breath while *first* the dire scourge passes over. For consciousness of visitation implies a conviction of *sin*, and the conviction of sin falls on the stoutest heart like lead when punishment is at the door. Conscience passes sentence on itself. And thus it is that while in their hearts men are dragged by conscience before its seat, they make vigorous efforts to force back to world-wise considerations the fear struck inner self; to view the danger that surrounds them as an external matter, to reduce it to figures and statistics, to argue philosophically upon it as a phenomenon, to reduce it to physical elements, observe it under the microscope, and give their discoveries a place in the physiology of the day. This were all wise and good in its place. Every creature sent into this world, besides its end in glorifying directly its Creator, has also its place in the philosophy of nature. Let no idle thoughtless disregard hinder the wise and the good from adding 'painfully' to the fruit of human toil from the beginning. God is glorified by the search, if it be done for his sake. And as far as it tends to lessen the sufferings of His creatures, the mere knowledge and experience of evil is a blessing. But practically this mode of viewing things is turned to a very different account. And hence the heaviest reflection of all which weighs upon the thoughts that dwell upon sights such as are described above—'What after all will all this fearful visitation effect?' 'What change for the better will it work upon society when all is over?' Paris is thinned first by internecine battles; then by cholera, till 800 die in one day in that capital (with a population of 1,100,000.) Is Paris as a society changed hereby? The question is too painful to dwell upon. Doubtless under every severe dispensation of the Almighty, the Church of the Elect, dragging like a vast net through the waves, gathers good into its meshes, even under dark and stormy waters. And so we must not doubt, rather we may rejoice in the conviction, that many are saved by these awful examples of wrath; many even amongst its victims, whom *other means could not have saved*. Still be the place what and where it will, suffering punishment is not *itself* repentance or amendment. How grave and cheerless a colour convictions of this nature could add to the distressing accompaniments of cholera, may be conceived. To those upon whom descended the burden of awakening those around them to the sight of things as they really were, the damp disheartening sense was present, that except amongst a few, society would rise again after a time and resume its sensual earthly pursuits and loves; and its scars be unfelt, except as from time to time some passing pang shoots over the memory, and then felt only to be drowned in a more reckless self-abandonment.

As cheerfully as he could the Curate would continue his daily round, of which a sketch shall be here given. The first thing to be done, after answering sudden calls, was to see to all the patients of Asiatic cholera to whom he had not been already summoned. Usually the sounds of moving steps above stairs, or a stillness broken by a certain deep heavy stertorous breathing, told its own tale. If such cases of suffering as still continued, it might be a sign of vigour of constitution still holding out against its dire adversary. Perhaps they had been too constantly busied at the bedside to carry accounts of the crisis of the disease to the vicarage. Here then was a hopeful case; messengers were despatched for nourishing condiments, beef tea, sago, brandy gruel, or plain brandy; and these were administered with careful minuteness. One widow lady devoted her services to the wants of the poor; found and brought in the Curate, and cheered the relatives to continue giving medicine in hope, even to the last, so long as the stomach could continue to take it in. The poor are apt to despond. They crowd round the stricken relative, doing every kind office, but accompanying these acts of love with loud lamentations, or exhortations to rest his trust on God, but in tones so doleful as to assure him that as far as their judgments go they are resolved he is to die. The poor patient gives himself over for lost, and not exerting the will to take vigorous *hold on life,* sinks down at once. In cholera much is done by animating the patient; and one was heard to declare that the mere receiving of his medicine from Mrs. S., and seeing the cheerful looks of his nurse during the lonely desponding hours of the night, had restored him when the medicine could not.

By twelve o'clock, if possible, each had seen his share of the patients. Some were, perhaps, dying;—conscious, but past motion or speech, and unable to swallow, or make any act of volition. These were to be watched, and commended, as they sunk into death, to the hands of the Creator. The hopeful case, if there were one, was a gleam of comfort. But the greater number, far gone when first seen, were already dead. In one case, the wife, a young woman in full health in attendance on the husband till past midnight at the last visit, was now 'down' herself, and was dead before twelve. The husband followed her, a day or two after. Sometimes the patient and attendant had changed places, and not a moment must be lost in giving the consolations of religion to one who had been assistant a few hours since. The numbers to be attended to varied, of course; but usually, after twenty-four hours, they were *a fresh set;* the set of yesterday had, at one hour and another, ceased to need bodily care, and their term of penitence was at an end. They would be buried in the course of that day. Twelve was the hour of dinner; but usually, by that time, two or three fresh cases had detained one in one direction; all that was known of another was, that he had entered suddenly, and gone off with some hot condiment from the kitchen, ordered perhaps for some one else, for whom it must be made afresh. Another took his turn at the cholera hospital—mostly an arduous work—for there were patients from other quarters also, who could not be neglected. Time, however, must not be lost; whoever was present presided for the four or five young men living with them, as assistants in various ways in the parish. At twenty minutes to one the Litany was said; men in working jackets, mill girls with the large canvass apron and the graceful headdress—a handkerchief tied loosely under the chin—took advantage of the short service, and could just be in their places at the mill by one. After this, Mrs. S., the only person who fulfilled the part of 'sister of mercy,' brought in her report. By degrees the absent Clergy would come in, notes were compared, and any plan of operations wanted was concerted for the day.

The state of things was sad enough, on all sides. It became therefore a kind of duty to keep silence at meals, or before those who could not assist in visiting the sick, on the subject, however engrossing. Occasional visitors, too, on various errands—Clergy to see the working of the place—laymen on their way to all sorts of places, had some friend amongst the number, with whom they contrived to stay a day, or part of one; and it was hardly fair to inflict gloomy looks and doleful relations on those with whom it would neither gain nor impart improvement. Cheerfulness must, therefore, be maintained—sadness, at least concealed, by an effort of the will.

There was no long interval of rest. By half-past one or two, all were out again upon their various stations or districts, till half-past seven, the time of even-song service. The hours intervening were generally insufficient for the work of attending all the patients. At five the plot thickened; the Clergy were stopped in the street—So-and-so dying—So-and-so very ill—A young woman next door—A young man the house opposite, &c. God have mercy! It seemed as if misery was surrounding and shutting him in, without a ray of hope. The whole parish might have deaths and agonies scattered over it as thickly as here. Thus passed the afternoon. Tea-time was half-past six. Those who were only in time for church must get it as they could; but it was eight or past, sometimes, before even the most pressing engagements of the afternoon could be discharged. After a day of such anxiety, the choral service was cool and refreshing; the seemly white of the choir-boys, the rough Gregorian chant, the spirited hymn, brought home the thoughts—invigorated the spirits for the night work. More than once a quiet step stole up to the bench of Clergy, to communicate some message in a whisper; one of the number set down his book and slipped out. Late at night the history of the interruption would be made known. The service over, such necessary work as the preparing those under instruction for Confirmation, first Communion, and the like, was performed, amidst interruptions, by one or two of the number; and about nine there was a general start for the night. The workpeople go to rest early; so that, after seeing his first two or three patients, each man had the silent streets to himself. At that hour the mills are motionless; one engine alone kept up a slow, heavy sigh, at intervals of a minute; and the glare of distant founderies, on the low ground at the outskirts of the town, were all that indicated their presence. Now and then a solitary policeman touched his hat, and asked if there were many bad cases; or the cries of a sufferer arrested the ear up a neighbouring street; at times they were audible a great distance off—the sound of violent convulsive sickness sometimes half down the street—dreary sounds enough, and more than depressing to the feelings; for the natural sympathy of the system often produces incipient sickness in the bystander, and it must be resisted stoutly; if not, cholera would follow to a certainty. For the same reason a person is forced, in all these cases, to assume as much as possible a certain physical stoicism—to resist physical sympathy—to fight almost against tenderness of feeling—to keep down any rising emotion: no easy task at times, considering the complicated troubles passed under review. The most unimpassioned spiritual physician could hardly find his heart unmoved, at times, for very sympathy. In one instance, a summons came between three and four to a house not in the parish. As, however, the case might be imminent, a priest was despatched to the house. The room was crowded with people; in the middle, in the bed, lay a girl of fourteen, suffering much, and sinking, but perfectly conscious. The father, a tall, large man, in his dyer's dress, and stained with indigo, had just been summoned from his work.

> 'She was a beautiful creature. The father had left her perfectly well at two. She was his eldest daughter, he said, and kept house for him—the mother was dead. He put a strong restraint upon himself, and spoke at times cheerfully; but every now and then gave way to passionate bursts of tears, and kissed his poor child again and again. The bystanders tried to prevent him, fearing lest he should take the infection, from the heavy cold sweat upon her face; but they could not. She was very devout—asked her father to be good to her brothers and sisters. She died in the evening.'—*Private Journal.*

Yet, in such scenes as these it was no time to indulge feelings —mere self-preservation would have given warning that *feelings* must be resisted. Possibly it was from the influence of fear that so many attacks came on at dead of night. Waking in the night, and thinking what might be so near one, disposed persons to accept the surrounding infection.

Of course, sitting up through the night could only be done occasionally. The great demand for nurses made it in general impossible. A sad process it was. The hot, infectious atmosphere of a small room, with one, or perhaps two cholera patients in it, is very oppressive; so that even the chloride of lime burnt with vitriol after death to kill infection, was a relief. During collapse or insensibility of the patient the heavy eyes of the watcher closed from time to time; he would wake with a shock that made the heart beat quick. It was the large Dutch clock striking; gradually the eyes would doze again. During the last stage of the sufferer's life, when he was quite, or almost insensible, few accompanying circumstances were more painful than the flies: it may seem strange that so small a matter should be observed, but an awful solemnity and stillness reigns round such a death-bed as this; the conscious self of the sufferer is not there, where then, one ponders, is it gone? or what is it now going through? These few silent hours what unnumbered sins may not be disappearing from the score, under the intensity of his chastisement! And the extreme solemnity of such ideas seems mocked or insulted in a way by these crowding insects, that creep in and out of the eyes, nose, and mouth, which are unconscious of the intrusion, or have no power left to resist it. They are anticipating death, when these things will be theirs.

By midnight, or one o'clock, the ordinary day might be called over. Sometimes it was an hour earlier. Altogether it was exhausting work. Yet a summons was not unfrequent at that hour, and at times out of the parish, to a distance; and this usually led to two or three others, the relatives waiting outside in the street. Not often can the knock at a door tell such a tale as did that vicarage door handle at the various hours of the night. The tired ear listened almost nervously for its summons as the limbs were flung, or rather fell, like lead upon the welcome mattress. Perhaps at that moment would come a startling knock. Selfishness was ready for a moment's pause. It was only fancy. No; there it was again. It was not fair to let another be roused from sleep when so much needed, if indeed one or two others were not on their night-work still. So the clothes were slipped on,—the window opened for a brief parley,—in a few minutes he was again below,—the unextinguished gas jet was turned up: medicine was forwarded, and shortly followed by the priest himself. There were not many nights in which all were undisturbed by a summons. It was happy if only one had been needed. But what a blessing a clear sleep of several hours!—to have thoughts of self, even to feel the vilest wants rising into competition with the grandest duties, how humbling a consciousness!—Alas, how often to be realised!

So passed the days and weeks of this distressing season. At the close of each week, when the Registrar's Report was heard, inaccurate as it was, hope would be experienced that at any rate the worst must now be over,—thirty, forty, fifty, had died in the week in the parish. It could not be worse. Next week, at least, must see a change for the better; and as the disease increased, while towns and localities, in which its commencement had succeeded that in their own, were already gradually emerging from the storm, hope got smaller, and that in proportion to the decay of the physical strength in the Clergy. Evening by evening somewhere about five, and from that till after dark, might be seen the single-horse hearse carrying off the bodies of the dead. Always along the same road from which numerous small streets branched off, these mournful conveyances found a daily occupation. Above a low wall nodded the black feathers—slowly passing on and on. It was like a perpetual stream. It is the custom of some religious bodies external to the Church, for relatives and others to accompany the corpse of the better circumstanced on foot, singing wild, and not unmelodious hymns and dirges. These added to the general gloom brooding round the place. Something there is peculiarly chilling in the wildness of these wailing sounds. It was like the hopeless cries of a Mussulman funeral rather than the sobriety due to a Christian man's last sleeping place. Men, women, and children were thus taken from sight. The old, on the whole, fared better than the young. Those in the prime of life both suffered most and died in the greatest numbers. One of the Clergy caught it, but was instantly attended to. It did not get beyond the premonitory stage. Another, a guest, was attacked in the midst of celebrating the Eucharist in church, but recovered soon; and one young man who lived in the house, who also recovered after 150 drops of laudanum. All parties were subject to occasional qualms.

At length, by the end of September, the disease began to abate; a fast-day was appointed by the Bishop of the diocese, and to the services of the day crawled many a wasted form that had last entered the church very differently. Again the cholera broke out, and for some time raged violently—and at last again subsided.

It will perhaps be thought that those who witness such visitations as these gain nothing but what is pure and elevating from their familiarity with woe; yet then only, perchance, is it that the inner vilenesses of self-love are brought to light. The reader pictures to himself glowing embodiments of pure and high devotion in those whose vocation brings them in contact with so much sorrow. It would seem as though the contemplation of 'wan faces, lamentations, and loud moans,' can but chasten and refine; yet, a sudden demand for a high course of action, for which we are not prepared,—like the sudden demand for interest from the king's servants, which is not forthcoming—what a tale of recklessness, negligence, estrangement of heart, does it reveal!—the confounded soul is enlightened, without expecting it, to its poverty, its lameness, its blindness, its nakedness. Inconceivable are the smallnesses of character, sickening the intricacies of self-love which will rise on those dread occasions to the surface under which they have long lain unknown and unsuspected. How often must he who has to play the judge's part feel the smiting consciousness that Justice demands a change of place between himself and his suffering penitent! We console at times the doubting spirit with the thought, that when occasion comes, the Divine mercy will raise and enlarge the heart by a special gift of fitness. 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,'—holy and blessed truth in itself, but how false as applied by the effortless religion of feelings and sympathies, fair words, and decencies of the day! No; that religion which has walked humbly in action and denial of self, will prove itself to be a something genuine in that day. Whatever is true, whatever false, in these perilous days of enlightenment, when knowledge grows apace, must come out; though the confines between true and false once broad and distinct would seem now shrouded round in mist impenetrable. However disputed questions of true or not true may be to be decided—real work, self-preparation and discipline, exercise in humbleness and charity—these are a certain foundation; they are the preparatives for seeing, as in a bright mirror, all that now may perplex those that love justice and are seeking rest for themselves.

One word in conclusion. It is under calamities and visitations that mutual animosities are softened, difficulties cleared, controversies forgotten. The love of opponent sides to a common centre is an approach to the love of each other; if that centre be sufficient for both, if it be boundless and eternal in itself, sooner or later in loving it, will all other aims and affections be merged, and cease to be. As in eternal predestination the only force to which the will of men bows is the drawing of love, so will that resistless power prove itself stronger than those influences which now divide communions, however deep and long-lived the causes from which those divisions rose and grew. In this country we stand outwardly opposed to a great and powerful communion, which advances a claim we cannot admit. As the sides have withdrawn in sunder, so have the things that darken the evidences of former identity multiplied between us. Yet are they like the 'two that had been friends in youth,' and 'stood aloof, the scars remaining like cliffs that have been rent asunder,' &c. A dreary sea indeed flows between, but in times like those of war or pestilence these parted masses of the Rock recognise unwittingly the traces of unity, broken as they may seem to the eyes of outward observers. The Roman and the English priest find their work in the hospital, and can work under their own Master without interference or jealousy. And common fairness towards the Roman priesthood demands no less than a testimony to its fidelity on such occasions as the one we treat of. However unacceptable her claims in controversy, rarely does the Roman Church fail in act under the emergencies of pestilence or infection. Whether it be the shores of Cochin-China, or the barricades of Paris, or the hospitals of our crowded towns of Liverpool or Leeds, one phase of her character is shown to the full—self-devoted charity. In the last-named place three Roman priests in the summer of 1847 met their deaths in rapid succession from the putrid fever raging amongst the Irish population. One by one, in the crowded ward, or the solitary cell, knelt at the bed-head to receive without murmur the double legacy, the burden of the conscience, and with it deadly infection. When last the cholera visited Rome the Jesuit fathers walked up and down the worst-infected streets, to answer instantly any appeal that might be made. An episcopal city during the present year, in the south-west of England, suffered very severely:—the Bishop took the charge of the cholera-hospital on himself. For once at least, every rank, and all sides and differences find a temporary level. Here at least they may journey side by side, and find a road open to that City of Peace which, wherever we shall at last find it, will be reached by the way of humility and self-renouncement.

ART. VI.—*Dante's Divine Comedy, the Inferno; a literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the Original. By* J. A. CARLYLE, M.D. London: 1849.

THE 'Divina Commedia' is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art, and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power, which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after. It stands with the Iliad and Shakspere's Plays, with the writings of Aristotle and Plato, with the Novum Organon and the Principia, with Justinian's Code, with the Parthenon, and S. Peter's. It is the first Christian poem; and it opens European literature, as the Iliad did that of Greece and Rome. And, like the Iliad, it has never become out of date; it accompanies in undiminished freshness, the literature which it began.

We approach the history of such works, in which genius seems to have pushed its achievements to a new limit, with a kind of awe. The beginning of all things, their bursting out from nothing, and gradual evolution into substance and shape, cast on the mind a solemn influence. They come too near the fount of being to be followed up without our feeling sensible of the shadows which surround it. We cannot but fear, cannot but feel ourselves cut off from this visible and familiar world—as we enter into the cloud. And as with the processes of nature, so is it with those offsprings of man's mind, by which he has added permanently one more great feature to the world, and created a new power which is to act on mankind to the end. The mystery of the inventive and creative faculty, the subtle and incalculable combinations by which it was led to its work, and carried through it, are out of the reach of investigating thought. Often the idea recurs of the precariousness of the result:—by how little the world might have lost one of its ornaments—by one sharp pang, or one chance meeting, or any other among the countless accidents among which man runs his course. And then the solemn recollection supervenes, that powers were formed, and life preserved, and circumstances arranged, and actions controlled, that thus it should be: and the work which man has brooded over, and at last created, is the foster-child too of that 'Wisdom which reaches from end to end, strongly and sweetly disposing all things.'

It does not abate these feelings, that we can follow in some cases and to a certain extent, the progress of a work. Indeed, the sight of the particular accidents among which it was developed—which belong, perhaps, to a heterogeneous and widely discordant order of things, which are out of proportion, and out of harmony with it, which do not explain it, which have, as it seems to us, no natural right to be connected with it, to bear on its character, or contribute to its accomplishment,—to which we feel, as it were, ashamed to owe what we can least spare—yet on which its forming mind and purpose were dependent, and with which they had to conspire—affects the imagination even more than cases where we see nothing. We are tempted less to musing and wonder by the Iliad, a work without a history, cut off from its past, the sole relic and vestige of its age, unexplained in its origin and perfection, than by the 'Divina Commedia,' destined for the highest ends, and most universal sympathy, yet the reflection of a personal history, and issuing seemingly from its chance incidents.

The 'Divina Commedia' is singular among the great works with which it ranks, for its strong stamp of personal character and history. We associate in general little more than the name,—not the life,—of a great poet with his works; personal interest belongs more usually to greatness in its active than in its creative forms. But the whole idea and purpose of the Commedia, as well as its filling up and colouring, is determined by Dante's peculiar history. The loftiest, perhaps, in its aim and flight of all poems, it is also the most individual; the writer's own life is chronicled in it, as well as the issues and upshot of all things—it is at once the mirror to all time of the sins and perfections of men, of the judgments and grace of God, and the record, often the only one, of the transient names, and local factions, and obscure ambitions, and forgotten crimes of the poet's own day; and in that awful company to which he leads us, in the most unearthly of his scenes, we never lose sight of himself. And when this peculiarity sends us to history, it seems as if the poem which was to hold such a place in Christian literature, hung upon and grew out of chance events, rather than the deliberate design of its author. History indeed here, as generally, is but a feeble exponent of the course of growth in a great mind and great ideas:—it shows us early a bent and purpose,—the man conscious of power and intending to use it,—and then the accidents among which he worked: but how that current of purpose threaded its way among them, how it was thrown back, deflected, deepened, by them, we cannot learn from history. It presents but a broken and mysterious picture. A boy of quick and enthusiastic temper grows up into youth in a dream of love. The lady of his mystic passion dies early. He dreams of her still, not as a wonder of earth, but as a Saint in Paradise, and relieves his heart in an autobiography, a strange and perplexing work of fiction; quaint and subtle enough for a metaphysical conceit; but, on the other hand, with far too much of genuine and deep feeling. It is a first essay; he closes it abruptly, as if dissatisfied with his work, but with the resolution of raising at a future day a worthy monument to the memory of her whom he has lost. It is the promise and purpose of a great work. But a prosaic change seems to come over this half-ideal character. The lover becomes the student, the student of the 13th century—struggling painfully against difficulties, eager and hot after knowledge, wasting eye-sight and stinting sleep, subtle, inquisitive, active-minded and sanguine, but omnivorous, overflowing with dialectical forms, loose in premiss and ostentatiously rigid in syllogism, fettered by the refinements of half-awakened taste, and the mannerisms of the Provençals. Boethius and Cicero, and the mass of mixed learning within his reach, are accepted as the consolation of his human griefs: he is filled with the passion of universal knowledge, and the desire to communicate it. Philosophy has become the lady of his soul—to write allegorical poems in her honour, and to comment on them with all the apparatus of his learning in prose, his mode of celebrating her. Further, he marries; it is said, not happily. The antiquaries, too, have disturbed romance by discovering that Beatrice, also, was married some years before her death. He appears, as time goes on, as a burgher of Florence, the father of a family, a politician, an envoy, a magistrate, a partizan, taking his full share in the quarrels of the day. At length we see him, at once an exile, and the poet of the Commedia. Beatrice reappears—shadowy, melting at times into symbol and figure—but far too living and real, addressed with too intense and natural feeling, to be the mere personification of anything. The lady of the philosophical Canzoni has vanished. The student's dream has been broken, as the boy's had been; and the earnestness of the man, enlightened by sorrow, overleaping the student's formalities and abstractions, reverted in sympathy to the earnestness of the boy, and brooded once more on that Saint in Paradise, whose presence and memory had once been so soothing, and who now seemed a real link between him and that stable country, 'where the angels are in peace.' Round her image, the reflection of purity and truth, and forbearing love, was grouped that confused scene of trouble and effort, of failure and success, which the poet saw round him; round her image it arranged itself in awful order; and that image, not a metaphysical abstraction,but the living memory, freshened by sorrow, and seen through the softening and hallowing vista of years, of Beatrice Portinari—no figment of imagination, but God's creature and servant. A childish love, dissipated by study and business, and revived in memory by heavy sorrow—a boyish resolution, made in a moment of feeling, interrupted, though it would be hazardous to say in Dante's case, laid aside, for apparently more manly studies, gave the idea and suggested the form of the 'Sacred poem of earth and heaven.'

And the occasion of this startling unfolding of the poetic gift, of this passage of a soft and dreamy boy, into the keenest, boldest, sternest of poets, the free and mighty leader of European song, was, what is not ordinarily held to be a source of poetical inspiration,—the political life. The boy had sensibility, high aspirations, and a versatile and passionate nature; the student added to this, energy, various learning, gifts of language, and noble ideas on the capacities and ends of man. But it was the factions of Florence which made Dante a great poet. But for them, he might have been a modern critic and essayist, born before his time, and one, though the first, among the writers of fugitive verses; a graceful but trifling and idle tribe, representatives of average Italian feeling and power, often casting a deep and beautiful thought into a mould of expressive diction, but oftener toying with a foolish and glittering conceit, and whose languid genius was exhausted by a sonnet. He might have thrown into the shade the Guidos and Cinos of his day, to be eclipsed by Petrarch. But he learned in the bitter feuds of Italy not to trifle; they opened to his view, and he had an eye to see, the true springs and abysses of this mortal life—motives and passions stronger than lovers' sentiments, evils beyond the consolations of Boethius and Cicero; and from that fiery trial which without searing his heart, annealed his strength and purpose, he drew that great gift and power, by which he stands pre-eminent even among his high compeers, the gift of being real. And the idea of the Commedia took shape, and expanded into its endless forms of terror and beauty, not under the roof-tree of the literary citizen, but when the exile had been driven out to the highways of the world, to study nature on the sea or by the river, or on the mountain track; and men, in the courts of Verona and Ravenna, and the schools of Bologna and Paris—perhaps of Oxford.

The connexion of these feuds with Dante's poem has given to the middle age history of Italy an interest, of which it is not undeserving in itself, as full of curious exhibitions of character and contrivance, but to which politically it cannot lay claim, amidst the social phenomena, so far grander in scale and purpose and more felicitous in issue, of the other western nations. It is remarkable for keeping up an antique phase; which in spite of modern arrangements, it has not yet lost. It is a history of cities.

In ancient history all that is most memorable and instructive gathers round cities; civilization and empire were concentrated within walls; and it baffled the ancient mind to conceive how power should be possessed and wielded, except by the numbers that might be collected in a single market-place. The Roman Empire indeed aimed at being one in its administration and law; but it was not a nation, nor were its provinces nations. Yet everywhere but in Italy, it prepared them for becoming nations. And while everywhere else, parts were uniting, and union was becoming organization—and neither geographical remoteness, nor unwieldiness of numbers, nor local interests and differences, were untractable obstacles to that spirit of fusion, which was at once the ambition of the few, and the instinct of the many; and cities, even where most powerful, had become the centres of the attracting and joining forces, knots in the political network—while this was going on more or less happily, throughout the rest of Europe, in Italy the ancient classic idea lingered, in its simplicity, its narrowness and jealousy, wherever there was any political activity. The history of the South indeed is mainly a foreign history; the history of modern Rome merges in that of the Papacy: but Northern Italy has a history of its own, and that is a history of separate and independent cities—points of mutual and indestructible repulsion, and within, theatres of action, where the blind tendencies and traditions of classes and parties weighed little on the freedom of individual character, and citizens could watch and measure and study one another with the minuteness of private life.

Two cities were the centres of ancient history, in its most interesting time. And two cities of modern Italy represent, with entirely undesigned but curiously exact coincidence, the parts of Athens and Rome. Venice, superficially so unlike, is yet in many of its accidental features, and still more in its spirit, the counterpart of Rome; in its obscure and mixed origin, in its steady growth, in its quick sense of order and early settlement of its polity, in its grand and serious public spirit, in its subordination of the individual to the family, and the family to the state, in its combination of remote dominion with the liberty of a solitary and sovereign city. And though the associations, and the scale of the two were so different—though Rome had its hills and its legions, and Venice its lagunes and galleys, the long empire of Venice, the heir of Carthage and predecessor of England on the seas, the great aristocratic republic of 1000 years, is the only empire that has yet matched Rome, in length and steadiness of tenure. Brennus and Hannibal were not resisted with greater constancy than Doria and Louis XII.; and that great aristocracy, long so proud, so high spirited, so intelligent, so practical, who combined the enterprise and wealth of merchants, the self-devotion of soldiers and gravity of senators, with the uniformity and obedience of a religious order, may compare without shame its Giustiniani, and Zenos, and Morosini, with Roman Fabii and Claudii. And Rome could not be more contrasted with Athens, than Venice with Italian and cotemporary Florence—stability with fitfulness, independence impregnable and secure with a short-lived and troubled liberty, empire meditated and achieved with a course of barren intrigues and quarrels. Florence, gay, capricious, turbulent, the city of party, the head and busy patroness of democracy in the cities round her—Florence, where popular government was inaugurated with its utmost exclusiveness and most pompous ceremonial; waging her little summer wars against Ghibelline tyrants, revolted democracies, and her own exiles; and further, so rich in intellectual gifts, in variety of individual character, in poets, artists, wits, historians—Florence in its brilliant days recalled the image of ancient Athens, and did not depart from its prototype in the beauty of its natural site, in its noble public buildings, in the size and nature of its territory. And the course of its history is similar, and the result of similar causes—a traditional spirit of freedom, with its accesses of fitful energy, its periods of grand display and moments of glorious achievement, but producing nothing politically great or durable, and sinking at length into a resigned servitude. It had its Pisistratidæ more successful than those of Athens, and had too its Harmodius and Aristogeiton; it had its great orator of liberty, as potent, and as unfortunate as the antagonist of Philip. And finally, like Athens, it became content with the remembrance of its former glory, with being the fashionable and acknowledged seat of refinement and taste, with being a favoured and privileged dependency on the modern heir of the Cæsars. But if to Venice belongs the more glorious past, Florentine names and works, like Athenian, will be living among men, when the Brenta shall have been left unchecked to turn the Lagunes into ploughland, and when Rome herself may no longer be the seat of the Popes.

The year of Dante's birth was a memorable one in the annals of Florence, of Italy, and of Christendom. The year 1265, was the year of that great victory of Benevento, where Charles of Anjou overthrew Manfred of Naples, and destroyed at one blow the power of the house of Swabia. From that time till the time of Charles V., the emperors had no footing in Italy. Further, that victory set up the French influence in Italy, which, transient in itself, produced such strange and momentous consequences, by the intimate connexion to which it led between the French kings and the Popes. The protection of France was dearly bought by the captivity of Avignon, the great western schism, and the consequent secularization of the Papacy, which lasted on uninterrupted, till the Council of Trent—nearly three centuries of degradation and scandal, unrelieved by one heroic effort among the successors of Gregory VII., connected the Reformation with the triumph of Charles and the Pope at Benevento. Finally, by it the Guelf party was restored for good in Florence; the Guelf democracy, which had been trampled down by the Uberti and Manfred's chivalry at Monteaperti, once more raised its head, and fortune, which had long wavered between the rival lilies, finally turned against the white one, till the name of Ghibelline became a proscribed one in Florence, as Jacobite was once in Scotland, or Papist in England, or Royalist in France.

The names of Guelf and Ghibelline were the inheritance of a contest which, in its original meaning, had been long over. The old struggle between the priesthood and the empire was still kept up traditionally, but its ideas and interests were changed: they were still great and important ones, but not those of Gregory VII. It had passed over from the mixed region of the spiritual and temporal, into the purely political—the cause of the popes was that of the independence of Italy—the freedom and alliance of the great cities of the north, and the dependence of the centre and south on the Roman see. To keep the Emperor out of Italy—to create a barrier of powerful cities against him south of the Alps—to form behind themselves a compact territory, rich, removed from the first burst of invasion, and maintaining a strong body of interested feudatories, had now become the great object of the popes. It may have been a wise policy on their part, for the maintenance of their spiritual influence, to attempt to connect their own independence with the political freedom of the Italian communities; but certain it is, that the ideas and the characters, which gave a religious interest and grandeur to the earlier part of the contest, appear but sparingly, if at all, in its later forms.

The two parties did not care to keep in view principles which their chiefs had lost sight of. The Emperor and the Pope were both real powers, able to protect and assist; and they divided between them those who required protection and assistance. Geographical position, the rivalry of neighbourhood, family tradition, private feuds, and above all, private interest, were the main causes which assigned cities, families, and individuals to the Ghibelline or Guelf party. One party called themselves the Emperor's liegemen, and their watchword was authority and law; the other side were the liegemen of Holy Church, and their cry was liberty; and the distinction as a broad one is true. But a democracy would become Ghibelline, without scruple, if its neighbour town was Guelf; and among the Guelf liegemen of the Church and liberty, the pride of blood and love of power were not a whit inferior to that of their opponents. Yet, though the original principle of the contest was lost, and the political distinctions of parties were often interfered with by interest or accident, it is not impossible to trace in the two factions differences of temper, of moral and political inclinations, which though visible only on a large scale, and in the mass, were quite sufficient to give meaning and reality to their mutual opposition. These differences had come down, greatly altered of course, from the quarrel in which the parties took their rise. The Ghibellines, as a body, reflected the worldliness, the licence, the irreligion, the reckless selfishness, the daring insolence, and at the same time the gaiety and pomp, the princely magnificence and princely courtesy, the generosity and largeness of mind of the house of Swabia; they were the men of the court and camp, imperious and haughty from ancient lineage or the Imperial cause, yet not wanting in the frankness and courtesy of nobility; careless of public opinion and public rights, but not dead to the grandeur of public objects and public services; among them were found, or to them inclined, all who, whether from a base or a lofty ambition, desired to place their will above law[1]—the lord of the feudal castle, the robber-knight of the Apennine pass, the magnificent but terrible tyrants of the cities, the pride and shame of Italy, the Visconti and Scaligers. That renowned Ghibelline chief, whom the poet finds in the fiery sepulchres of the unbelievers with the great Ghibelline emperor and the princely Ghibelline cardinal—the disdainful and bitter, but lofty spirit of Farinata degli Uberti, the conqueror, and then singly and at his own risk, the saviour of his country which had wronged him, represents the good as well as the bad side of his party.

The Guelfs, on the other hand, were the party of the middle classes; they rose out of, and held to, the people; they were strong by their compactness, their organization in cities, their commercial relations and interests, their command of money. Further, they were professedly the party of strictness and religion,—a profession which fettered them as little, as their opponents were fettered by the respect they claimed for imperial law. But though by personal unscrupulousness and selfishness, and in instances of public vengeance they sinned as deeply as the Ghibellines, they stood far more committed as a party to a public meaning and purpose—to improvement in law and the condition of the poor, to a protest against the insolence of the strong, to the encouragement of industry. The genuine Guelf spirit was austere, frugal, independent, earnest, religious, fond of its home and Church, and of those celebrations which bound together Church and home; but withal, very proud, very intolerant; in its higher form, intolerant of evil, but intolerant always, to whatever displeased it. Yet there was a grave and noble manliness about it, which long kept it alive in Florence. It had not as yet turned itself against the practical corruptions of the Church, which was its ally; but this also it was to do, when the popes had forsaken the cause of liberty, and leagued themselves with the brilliant tyranny of the Medici. Then Savonarola invoked, and not in vain, the stern old Guelf spirit of resistance, of domestic purity and severity, and of domestic religion, against unbelief and licentiousness even in the Church; and the Guelf '*Piagnoni*' presented, in a more simple and generous shape, a resemblance to our own Puritans, as the Ghibellines often recal the coarser and worse features of our own Cavaliers.

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[1] 'Maghinardo da Susinana (*il Demonio*, Purg. 14) fu uno grande e savio tiranno .... gran castellano, e con molti fedeli: savio fu di guerra e bene avventuroso in piu battaglie, e al suo tempo fece gran cose. Ghibellino era di sua nazione e in sue opere; ma co' Fiorentini era Guelfo e nimico di tutti i loro nimici, o Guelfi o Ghibellini che fossono.'—G. Vill. 7. 144. A Ghibelline by birth and disposition; yet, from circumstances, a close ally of the Guelfs of Florence.

In Florence, these distinctions had become mere nominal ones, confined to the great families who carried on their private feuds under the old party names, when Frederick II. once more gave them meaning. 'Although the accursed Guelf and Ghibelline 'factions lasted among the nobles of Florence, and they often 'waged war among themselves out of private grudges, and took 'sides for the said factions, and held one with another, and those 'who called themselves Guelfs desired the establishment of the 'Pope and Holy Church, and those who called themselves 'Ghibellines favoured the Emperor and his adherents, yet withal 'the people and commonalty of Florence maintained itself in 'unity, to the well-being, and honour, and establishment of the 'commonwealth.'[1] But the appearance on the scene of an emperor of such talent and bold designs revived the languid contest, and gave to party a cause, and to individual passions and ambition an impulse and pretext. The division between Guelf and Ghibelline again became serious, involved all Florence, armed house against house, and neighbourhood against neighbourhood, issued in merciless and vindictive warfare, grew on into a hopeless and deadly breach, and finally lost to Florence, without remedy or repair, half her noble houses, and the love of the greatest of her sons. The old badge of their common country became to the two factions the sign of their implacable hatred; the white lily of Florence, borne by the Ghibellines, was turned to red by the Guelfs, and the flower of two colours marked a civil strife as cruel and as fatal, if on a smaller scale, as that of the English roses.

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[1] G. Villani, vi. 33.

It was waged with the peculiar characteristics of Italian civil war. There the city itself was the scene of battle—a 13th century city bore on its face the evidence that it was built and arranged for such emergencies. Its crowded and narrow streets were a collection of rival castles, whose tall towers, rising thick and close over the roofs of the city, or hanging perilously over its close courts, attested the emulous pride and the insecurity of Italian civic life. There, within a separate precinct, flanked and faced by jealous friends or deadly enemies, were clustered together the dwellings of the various members of each great house—their common home and the monument of their magnificence and pride, and capable of being, as was so often necessary, their common refuge. In these fortresses of the leading families, scattered about the city, were the various points of onset and recovery in civic battle: in the streets barricades were raised, mangonels and crossbows plied from the towers, a series of unconnected combats raged through the city, till chance at length connected the attacks of one side, or some panic paralysed the resistance of the other, or a conflagration interposed itself between the combatants, burning out at once Guelf and Ghibelline, and laying half Florence in ashes. Each party had their turn of victory; each, when vanquished, went into exile, and carried on the war outside the walls; each had their opportunity of remodelling the orders and framework of government, and each did so relentlessly at the cost of their opponents. They excluded classes, they proscribed families, they confiscated property, they sacked and burned warehouses, they levelled the palaces, and outraged the pride of their antagonists. To destroy was not enough, without adding to it the keenest and newest refinement of insult. Two buildings in Florence were peculiarly dear—among their '*cari luoghi*'—to the popular feeling and the Guelf party—the Baptistery of S. John, 'il mio bel S. Giovanni;' 'to which all the good people resorted on Sundays,'[1] where they had all received baptism, where they had been married, where families were solemnly reconciled; and a tall and beautiful tower close by it, called the 'Torre del Guardamorto,' where the bodies of the 'good people,' who of old were all buried at S. Giovanni, rested on their way to the grave. The victorious Ghibellines, when they levelled the Guelf towers, overthrew this one, and endeavoured to make it crush in its fall the sacred church, 'which, says the old chronicler, was prevented by a miracle.' The Guelfs, when their day came, built the walls of Florence with the stones of Ghibelline palaces. One great family stands out pre-eminent in this fierce conflict as the victim and monument of party war. The head of the Ghibellines was the proud and powerful house of the Uberti, who shared with another great Ghibelline family, the Pazzi, the valley of the Upper Arno. They lighted up the war in the Emperor's cause; they supported its weight and guided it—in time of peace, foremost and unrestrained in defiance of law and scorn of the people—in war, the people's fiercest and most active enemies—heavy sufferers, in their property, and by the sword and axe, yet untamed and incorrigible, they led the van in that battle, so long remembered to their cost by the Guelfs, the battle of Monteaperti—

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[1] G. Villani, vi. 33, iv. 10.

> "Lo strazio, e 'l gran scempio
> Che fece l' Arbia colorata in rossa."

That the head of their house, Farinata, saved Florence from the vengeance of his meaner associates, was not enough to atone for the unpardonable wrongs which they had done to the Guelfs and the democracy. When the red lily of the Guelfs finally supplanted the white one as the arms of Florence, and badge of Guelf triumph, they were proscribed for ever, like the Pisistratidæ and the Tarquins. In every amnesty their names were excepted. The site on which their houses had stood was never again to be built upon, and remains the Great Square of Florence; the architect of the Palace of the People was obliged to sacrifice its symmetry, and place it awry, that its walls might not encroach on the accursed ground. 'They had been,' says a writer, cotemporary with Dante, speaking of the time when he also became an an exile; 'they had been for more than forty years outlaws 'from their country, nor ever found mercy, nor pity; remaining 'always abroad in great state, nor ever abased their honour, 'seeing that they ever abode with kings and lords, and to great 'things applied themselves.'[1] They were loved as they were hated. When under the protection of a cardinal one of them visited the city, and the white and blue chequered blazon of their house was, after an interval of half a century, again seen in the streets of Florence; 'many ancient Ghibelline men and women pressed to kiss the arms,'[2] and even the common people did him honour.

But the fortunes of Florentine factions depended on other causes than merely the address or vigour of their leaders. From the year of Dante's birth and Charles's victory, Florence, as far as we shall have to do with it, became irrevocably Guelf. Not that the whole commonalty of Florence formally called itself Guelf, or that the Guelf party was co-extensive with it; but the city was controlled by Guelf councils, devoted to the objects of the great Guelf party, and received in return the support of that party in curbing the pride of the nobles, and maintaining democratic forms. The Guelf party of Florence, though it was the life and soul of the republic, and irresistible in its disposal of the influence and arms of Florence, and though it embraced a large number of the most powerful families, is always spoken of as something distinct from, and external to, the governing powers, and the whole body of the people. It was a body with a separate and self-constituted existence;—in the state, and allied to it, but an independent element, holding on to a large and comprehensive union without the state. Its organization in Florence is one of the most curious among the many curious combinations which meet us in Italian history. After the final expulsion of the Ghibellines, the Guelf party took form as an institution, with definite powers, and a local existence. It appears with as distinct a shape as the Jacobin Club, or the Orange Lodges, side by side with the Government.[1] It was a corporate body with a common seal, common property, not only in funds but lands—officers, archives, a common palace,[2] a great council, a secret committee, and last of all, a public accuser of the Ghibellines; of the confiscated Ghibelline estates one-third went to the republic, another third to compensate individual Guelfs, the rest was assigned to the Guelf party. A pope had granted them his own arms; and their device, a red eagle clutching a serpent, may be yet seen, with the red lily, and the party-coloured banner of the commonalty, on the battlements of the Palazzo Vecchio.

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[1] Dino Compagni, p. 83.

[2] Ib. p. 107.

But the expulsion of the Ghibellines did but little to restore peace. The great Guelf families, as old as many of the Ghibellines, had as little reverence as they for law or civic rights. Below these, the acknowledged nobility of Florence, were the leading families of the 'people,' houses created by successful industry or commerce, and pushing up into that privileged order, which, however ignored and even discredited by the laws, was fully recognised by feeling and opinion in the most democratic times of the republic. Rivalries and feuds, street broils and conspiracies, high-handed insolence from the great men, rough vengeance from the populace, still continued to vex jealous and changeful Florence. The popes sought in vain to keep in order their quarrelsome liegemen; to reconcile Guelf with Guelf, and even Guelf with Ghibelline. Embassies went and came, to ask for mediation and to proffer it; to apply the healing paternal hand; to present an obsequious and ostentatious submission. Cardinal legates came in state, and were received with reverential pomp; they formed private committees, and held assemblies, and made marriages; they harangued in honied words, and gained the largest promises; the Great Square was turned into a vast theatre, and on this great stage 150 dissidents on each side came forward, and in the presence and with the benediction of the cardinal kissed each other on the mouth. And if persuasion failed, the pope's representative hesitated not to excommunicate and interdict the faithful but obdurate city. But whether excommunicated or blessed, Florence could not be at peace; however wise and subtle had been the peace-maker's arrangements, his departing *cortège* was hardly out of sight of the city before they were blown to the winds. Not more successful were the efforts of the sensible and moderate citizens who sighed for tranquillity within its walls. Dino Compagni's interesting, though not very orderly narrative, describes with great frankness, and with the perplexity of a simple-hearted man puzzled by the continual triumph of clever wickedness, the variety and the fruitlessness of the expedients devised by him and other good citizens against the resolute and incorrigible selfishness of the great Guelfs—ever, when checked in one form, breaking out in another; proof against all persuasion, all benefits; not to be bound by law, or compact, or oath; eluding or turning to its own account the deepest and sagest contrivances of constitutional wisdom.

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[1] G. Vill. 7. 2, 17.

[2] Giotto painted in it: Vasari, Vit. di Giotto, p. 314.

A great battle won against Ghibelline Arezzo, raised the renown and the military spirit of the Guelf nobility; for the fame of the battle was great; the hosts contained the choicest chivalry of either side, armed and appointed with emulous splendour. The fighting was hard; there was brilliant and conspicuous gallantry, and the victory was complete. It sealed Guelf ascendency. The Ghibelline warrior-bishop of Arezzo fell, with three of the Uberti, and other Ghibelline chiefs. It was a day of trial. 'Many that day 'who had been esteemed of great prowess, were found dastards: 'and many who had never been spoken of, were highly accounted 'of.' It repaired the honour of Florence, and the citizens showed their feeling of its importance, by mixing up the marvellous with its details. Its tidings came to Florence, so the story went, at the very hour in which it was won. The Priors of the republic were resting in their palace during the noonday heat, when a knock was heard at their chamber door, and the cry, 'Rise up! the Aretini are defeated.' The door was opened, but there was no one; their servants had seen no one enter the palace, and no one came from the army till the hour of vespers, on a long summer's day. In this battle the Guelf leaders had won great glory. The hero of the day was the proudest, handsomest, craftiest, most fair spoken, most winning, most ambitious, most unscrupulous Guelf noble in Florence—of a family who inherited the spirit and recklessness of the proscribed Uberti, and did not refuse the popular epithet of '*Malefami*'—Corso Donati. He did not come back from the field of Campaldino, where he had won the battle by disobeying orders, with any increased disposition to yield to rivals, or court the populace, or respect other men's rights. Those rivals, too,—and they also had fought with self-devotion and gallantry in the post of honour at Campaldino:—were such as he could hate from his soul—rivals whom he despised, and who yet were too strong for him. His blood was ancient, they were upstarts; he was a soldier, they were traders; he was poor, they the richest men in Florence; they had chosen to live close to the Donati, they had bought the palace of an old Ghibelline family, had enlarged, adorned, and fortified it, and there kept great state. They had crossed him in marriages, bargains, inheritances; they had won popularity, consideration, honour, influence; and yet they were but men of business and detail, while he was a man of great plans, involved in all the great movements of the day. He was the friend and intimate of lords and noblemen, with great connexions and famous through all Italy; they were the favourites of the common people for their kindness and good nature, and even showed consideration for Ghibellines. He was an accomplished man of the world, keen and subtle, 'full of malicious thoughts, mischievous and crafty;' they were inexperienced in intrigue, and had the reputation of being clumsy and stupid: he was the most graceful and engaging of courtiers; they were not even gentlemen, and still retained the vulgarity, the rude and repulsive manners of their low origin: lastly, in the debates of that excitable republic he was the most eloquent speaker, and they were tongue-tied.

'There was a family,' writes Dino Compagni, 'who called them- 'selves the Cerchi, men of low estate, but good merchants and very 'rich; and they dressed richly, and maintained many servants 'and horses, and made a brave show; and some of them bought 'the palace of the Conti Guidi, which was near the houses of the 'Pazzi and Donati, who were more ancient of blood but not so 'rich; therefore, seeing the Cerchi rise to great dignity, and that 'they had walled and enlarged the palace, and kept great state, 'the Donati began to have a great hatred against them.' Villani gives the same account of the feud. 'It began in 'that quarter of scandal the Sesto of Porta S. Piero, between the 'Cerchi and Donati, on the one side through jealousy, on the 'other through churlish unthankfulness. Of the house of the 'Cerchi was head Messer Vieri de' Cerchi, and he and those of 'his house were people of great business, and powerful, and of great 'relationships, and most wealthy traders, so that their company 'was one of the greatest in the world; men they were of soft 'life, and who meant no harm; boorish, and unthankful, like 'people who had come in a short time to great state and power. 'The Donati were gentlemen and warriors, and of no excessive 'wealth . . .They were neighbours in Florence and in the country, 'and by the conversation of their jealousy with the ill-tempered 'boorishness of the others, arose the proud scorn that there was 'between them.' The glories of Campaldino were not as oil on these troubled waters. The conquerors flouted each other all the more fiercely in the streets on their return, and ill-treated the lower people with less scruple. No gathering for festive or serious purposes could be held without tempting strife. A marriage, a funeral, a ball, a gay procession of cavaliers and ladies,—any occasion where one man stood while another sat, where horse or man might jostle another, where pride might be nettled or temper shown, was in danger of ending in blood. The lesser quarrels meanwhile ranged themselves under the greater ones; and these, especially that between the Cerchi and Donati, took more and more a political character. The Cerchi inclined more and more to the trading classes and the lower people; they threw themselves on their popularity, and began to hold aloof from the meetings of the 'Parte Guelfa,' while this organized body became an instrument in the hands of their opponents, a club of the nobles. Corso Donati, besides mischief of a more substantial kind, turned his ridicule on their solemn dulness and awkward speech, and his friends the jesters, one Scampolino in particular, carried his gibes and nicknames all over Florence. The Cerchi received all in sullen and dogged indifference. They were satisfied with repelling attacks, and nursed their hatred.[1]

Thus the city was divided, and the attempts to check the factions only exasperated them. It was in vain that, when at times the government or the populace lost patience, severe measures were taken. It was in vain that the reformer, Gian della Bella, carried for a time his harsh 'orders of justice' against the nobles, and invested popular vengeance with the solemnity of law and with the pomp and ceremony of a public act—that when a noble had been convicted of killing a citizen, the great officer, 'Standard-bearer' as he was called, of justice, issued forth in state and procession, with the banner of justice borne before him, with all his train, and at the head of the armed citizens, to the house of the criminal, and razed it to the ground. An eye-witness describes the effect of such chastisement:—'I, Dino Compagni, being 'Gonfalonier of Justice in 1293, went to their houses, and to 'those of their relations, and these I caused to be pulled down 'according to the laws. This beginning was followed by an evil 'practice in the case of the other Gonfaloniers; because, if they

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[1] Dino Compagni, pp. 32, 34, 38.

‘demolished the houses according to the laws, the people said ‘that they were cruel; and that they were cowards if they did ‘not demolish them completely; and many distorted justice for ‘fear of the people.’ Gian della Bella was overthrown with few regrets on the part of the people. Equally vain was the attempt to keep the peace by separating the leaders of the disturbances; they were banished by a kind of ostracism; they departed in ostentatious meekness, Corso Donato to plot at Rome, Vieri de’ Cerchi to return immediately to Florence. Anarchy had got too fast a hold on the city; and it required a stronger hand than that of the pope, or the signory of the republic to keep it down.

Yet Florence prospered. Every year it grew richer, more intellectual, more refined, more beautiful, more gay. With its anarchy there was no stagnation. Torn and divided as it was, its energy did not slacken, its busy and creative spirit was not deadened, its hopefulness not abated. The factions, fierce and personal as they were, did not hinder that interest in political ideas, that active and subtle study of the questions of civil government, that passion and ingenuity displayed in political contrivance, which now pervaded Northern Italy, everywhere marvellously patient and hopeful, though far from equally successful. In Venice at the close of the 13th century, that polity was finally settled and consolidated, by which she was great as long as cities could be imperial, but which, even in its decay, survived the monarchy of Louis XIV. and existed within the memory of living men; in Florence, the constructive spirit of law and order only resisted, but never triumphed. Yet at this time it was resolute and sanguine, ready with experiment and change, and not yet dispirited by continual failure. Political interest, however, and party contests were not sufficient to absorb and employ the citizens of Florence. Their genial and versatile spirit, so keen, so inventive, so elastic, which made them such hot and impetuous partisans, kept them from being only this. The time was one of growth; new knowledge, new powers, new tastes were opening to men; new pursuits attracted them. There was commerce, there was the School philosophy, there was the science of nature, there was ancient learning, there was the civil law, there were the arts, there was poetry, all rude as yet, and unformed, but full of hope—the living parents of mightier offspring. Frederick II. had once more opened Aristotle to the Latin world, had given an impulse which was responded to through Italy to the study of the great monuments of Roman legislation; himself a poet, his example and his splendid court had made poetry fashionable. In the end of the 13th century a great stride was made at Florence. While her great poet was growing up to manhood, as rapid a change went on in her streets, her social customs, the wealth of her citizens, their ideas of magnificence and beauty, their appreciation of literature. It was the age of growing commerce and travel; Franciscan missionaries had reached China, and settled there; in 1294, Marco Polo returned to Venice, the first successful explorer of the East. The merchants of Florence lagged not; their field of operations was Italy and the West; they had their correspondents in London, Paris, and Bruges; they were the bankers of popes and kings.[1] And their city shows to this day the wealth and magnificence of the last years of the thirteenth century. The ancient buildings, consecrated in the memory of the Florentine people, were repaired, enlarged, adorned with marble and bronze—Or San Michele, the Badia, the Baptistery,—and new buildings rose on a grander scale. In 1294 was begun the Mausoleum of the great Florentine dead, the Church of S. Croce. In the same year, a few months later, Arnolfo laid the deep foundations which were afterwards to bear up Brunelleschi's dome, and traced the plan of the magnificent cathedral. In 1298, he began to raise a Town-hall worthy of the Republic, and of being the habitation of its magistrates, the frowning mass of the Palazzo Vecchio. In 1299, the third circle of the walls was commenced, with the benediction of bishops, and the concourse of all the 'lords and orders' of Florence. And Giotto was now beginning to throw Cimabue into the shade,—Giotto, the shepherd's boy, painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer at once, who a few years later was to complete and crown the architectural glories of Florence by that masterpiece of grace, his marble Campanile.

Fifty years made then all that striking difference in domestic habits, in the materials of dress, in the value of money, which they have usually made in later centuries. The poet of the fourteenth century describes the proudest nobleman of a hundred years before 'with his leathern girdle and clasp of bone;' and in one of the most beautiful and natural of all poetic celebrations of the good old time, draws the domestic life of ancient Florence in the household where his ancestor was born:—

'A così riposato, a così bello
Viver di cittadini, a così fida
Cittadinanza, a così dolce ostello
Maria mi diè, chiamata in alte grida,'—(*Par.* c. 15.)

where high-born dames still plied the distaff and the loom; still rocked the cradle with the words which their own mothers had used; or working with their maidens, told them old tales of

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[1] *E.g.* the *Mozzi*, of Greg. X.; *Peruzzi*, of Philip le Bel; *Spini*, of Boniface VIII.; *Cerchi del Garbo*, of Benedict XI. (G. Vill. 7, 42, 8, 63, 71. Dino Comp. p. 35.)

'the forefathers of the city, of Troy, of Fiesole, and of Rome.' Villani still finds this rudeness within forty years of the end of the century, almost within the limits of his own and Dante's life; and speaks of that 'old first people,' 'il primo Popolo Vecchio,' with their coarse food and slender expenditure, their leather jerkins, and plain close gowns, their small dowries and late marriages, as if they were the first founders of the city, and not a generation which had lasted on into his own.[1] Twenty years later, his story is of the gaiety, the riches, the profuse munificence, the brilliant festivities, the careless and joyous life, which attracted foreigners to Florence as the city of pleasure; of companies of a thousand or more, all clad in white robes, under a lord, styled 'of Love,' passing their time in sports and dances; of ladies and knights, 'going through the city with trumpets and other instruments, with joy and gladness,' and meeting together in banquets evening and morning; entertaining illustrious strangers, and honourably escorting them on horseback in their passage through the city; tempting by their liberality, courtiers, and wits, and minstrels, and jesters, to add to the amusements of Florence. Nor were these the boisterous triumphs of unrefined and coarse merriment. How variety of character was drawn out, how its more delicate elements were elicited and tempered, how nicely it was observed, and how finely drawn, let the racy and open-eyed story-tellers of Florence testify.

Not perhaps in these troops of revellers, but amid music and song, and in the pleasant places of social and private life, belonging to Florence of the arts and poetry, not to the Florence of factions and strife, should we expect to find the friend of the sweet singer, Casella, and of the reserved and bold speculator, Guido Cavalcanti;—the mystic poet of the Vita Nuova, so sensitive and delicate, trembling at a gaze or a touch, recording visions, painting angels, composing Canzoni and commenting on them; finally devoting himself to the austere consolations of deep study. To superadd to such a character that of a democratic politician of the middle ages, seems an incongruous and harsh combination. Yet it was a real one in this instance. The scholar's life is, in our idea of it, far separated from the practical and the political; we have been taught by our experience to disjoin enthusiasm in love, in art, in what is abstract or imaginative, from keen interest and successful interference in the affairs and conflicts of life. The practical man may be a *dilettante;* but the dreamer, or the thinker, wisely or indolently keeps out of the rough ways where real passions and characters meet and jostle, or if he ventures, seldom gains honour there. The separation is a natural one; but it grows wider as society becomes more vast and manifold, and its ends, functions, and pursuits are disentangled, while they multiply. In Dante's time, and in an Italian city, it was no strange thing that the most refined and tender interpreter of feeling, the popular poet whose verses touched all hearts, and were in every mouth, should be also at once the ardent follower of all abstruse and difficult learning, and a prominent character among those who administered the state. In that narrow sphere of action, in that period of dawning powers and circumscribed knowledge, it seemed no unreasonable hope, or unwise ambition, to attempt the compassing of all science, and to make it subserve and illustrate the praise of active citizenship.[1] Dante, like other literary celebrities of the time, was not less from the custom of the day, than from his own purpose, a public man; he took his place among his fellow-citizens; he went out to war with them; he fought, it is said, among the skirmishers at the great Guelf victory of Campaldino; to qualify himself for office in the democracy, he enrolled himself in one of the Guilds of the people, and was matriculated in the 'Art' of the Apothecaries; he served the state as its agent abroad; he went on important missions to the cities and courts of Italy; according to a Florentine tradition, which enumerates fourteen distinct embassies, even to Hungary and France. In the memorable year of Jubilee, 1300, he was one of the Priors of the Republic. There is no shrinking from fellowship and cooperation and conflict with the keen or bold men of the market-place and council-hall, in that mind of exquisite and, as drawn by itself, exaggerated sensibility. The doings and characters of men, the workings of society, the fortunes of his native city, were watched and thought of with as deep an interest as the courses of the stars, and read in the real spectacle of life with as profound emotion as in the miraculous page of Virgil; and no scholar ever read Virgil with such feeling—no astronomer ever watched the stars with more eager inquisitiveness. The whole man opens to the world around him; all affections and powers, soul and sense, diligently and thoughtfully directed and trained, with free and concurrent and equal energy, with distinct yet harmonious purposes, seek out their respective and appropriate objects, moral, intellectual, natural, spiritual, in that admirable scene and hard field where man is placed to labour and love, to be exercised, proved, and judged.

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[1] G. Vill. 7, 89. 1282.

In a fresco in the chapel of the old palace of the Podestà,[2] at Florence, is a portrait of Dante, said to be by the hand of his cotemporary Giotto. He is represented as he might have been in the year of Campaldino. The countenance is youthful yet manly, more manly than it appears in the engravings of the picture; but it only suggests the strong deep features of the well-known traditional face. He is drawn with much of the softness, and melancholy pensive sweetness, and with something of the quaint stiffness of the Vita Nuova, with his flower and his book. With him is drawn his master, Brunetto Latini,[1] and Corso Donati. We do not know what occasion led Giotto thus to associate him with the 'Great Baron.' Dante was, indeed, closely connected with the Donati family. The dwelling of his family was near theirs, in the 'Quarter of Scandal,' the Ward of the Porta S. Piero. He married a daughter of their house, Madonna Gemma. None of his friends are commemorated with more affection than the companion of his light and wayward days, remembered not without a shade of anxious sadness, yet with love and hope, Corso's brother, Forese.[2] No sweeter spirit sings and smiles in the illumined spheres of Paradise, than she whom Forese remembers as on earth that sister,

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[1] *Vide* the opening of the *De Monarchia.*

[2] Now a prison, the Bargello. *Vide* Vasari, Vit. di Giotto, p. 311.

> 'Che tra bella e buona
> Non so qual fosse più—' [3]

and who, from the depth of her heavenly joy, teaches the poet that in the lowest place among the blessed there can be no envy[3]—the sister of Forese and Corso, Piccarda. But history does not group together Corso and Dante. Yet the picture represents the truth—their fortunes were linked together. They were actors in the same scene—at this distance of time two of the most prominent—though a scene very different from that calm and grave assembly, which Giotto's placid pencil has drawn on the old chapel wall.

The outlines of this part of Dante's history are so well known that it is not necessary to dwell on them. More than the outlines we know not. The family quarrels came to a head, issued in parties, and the parties took names; they borrowed them from two rival factions in a neighbouring town, whose feud was imported into Florence; and the Guelfs became divided into the Black Guelfs who were led by the Donati, and the White Guelfs who sided with the Cerchi. It still professed to be but a family feud, confined to the great houses; but they were too powerful and Florence too small for it not to affect the whole Republic. The middle classes and the artizans looked on, and for a time not without satisfaction, at the strife of the great men; but it grew evident that one party must crush the other, and become dominant in Florence; and of the two, the Cerchi and their White adherents were less formidable to the democracy than the unscrupulous and overbearing Donati, with their military renown and lordly tastes; proud not merely of being nobles, but Guelf nobles; always loyal champions, once the martyrs, and now the hereditary assertors of the great Guelf cause. The Cerchi with less character and less zeal, but rich, liberal, and showy, and with more of rough kindness and vulgar good-nature for the common people, were more popular in Guelf Florence than the 'Parte Guelfa;' and, of course, the Ghibellines wished them well. Both the cotemporary historians of Florence lead us to think that they might have been the governors and guides of the Republic—if they had chosen, and had known how; and both, though condemning the two parties equally, seemed to have thought that this would have been the best result for the State. But the accounts of both, though they are very different writers, agree in their scorn of the leaders of the White Guelfs. They were upstarts, purse-proud, vain, and coarse-minded: and they dared to aspire to an ambition which they were too dull and too cowardly to pursue, when the game was in their hands. They wished to rule; but when they might, they were afraid. The commons were on their side, the moderate men, the party of law, the lovers of republican government, and for the most part the magistrates; but they shrunk from their fortune, 'more from cowardice than from goodness, because they exceedingly feared their adversaries.'[1] Boniface VIII. had no prepossessions in Florence, except for energy and an open hand; the side which was most popular he would have accepted and backed; but 'he would not lose,' he said, 'the men for the women.' '*Io non voglio perdere gli uomini per le femminelle.*'[2] If the Black party furnished types for the grosser or fiercer forms of wickedness in the poet's Hell, the White party surely were the originals of that picture of stupid and cowardly selfishness, in the miserable crowd who moan and are buffeted in the vestibule of the pit, mingled with the angels who dared neither to rebel nor be faithful, but '*were for themselves;*' and whoever it may be who is singled out in the 'setta dei cattivi,' for deeper and special scorn—he,

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[1] He died in 1294. G. Vill. 8, 10. [2] Purgat. c. 23. [3] Parad. c. 3.

> 'Che fece per viltà il gran rifiuto,'

the idea was derived from the Cerchi in Florence.

A French prince was sent by the Pope to mediate and make peace in Florence. The Black Guelfs and Corso Donati came with him. The magistrates were overawed and perplexed. The White party were, step by step, amused, deceived, outmanœuvred, entrapped, led blindly into false plots, entangled in the elaborate subtleties—caught and exposed with all the zest and malice and insulting mockery, of Italian intrigue—betrayed, mocked, crushed, chased out of their houses and from the city, condemned unheard, outlawed, ruined in name and property, by the French mediator appointed by the Pope, between them and their opponents. With them fell many citizens who had tried to hold the balance between the two parties: the leaders of the Black Guelfs were guilty of no errors of weakness. In two extant lists of the proscribed—condemned in his absence, first, for corruption and various crimes, especially for hindering the entrance into Florence of Charles de Valois, to a heavy fine and banishment, then, two months after, for contumacy, to be burned alive if he ever fell into the hands of the Republic,—appears the name of Dante Alighieri,—and more than this, concerning the history of his expulsion, we know not.[1]

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[1] Dino Comp. p. 45. [2] Ibid. p. 62.

Of his subsequent life, history tells us little more than the general character. He acted for a time in concert with the expelled party, in attempting to force their way back to Florence; and gave them up at last, in scorn and despair: but he never returned to Florence. And he found no new home for the rest of his days—nineteen years, from his exile to his death, he was a wanderer. The character is stamped on his writings. History, tradition, documents, all scanty or dim, do but disclose him to us at different points, appearing here and there, we are not told how or why. One old record, discovered by antiquarian industry, shows him in a village church near Florence, planning, with the Cerchi and the White party, an attack on the Black Guelfs. In another, he appears in the Val di Magra, making peace between its small potentates: in another, as the inhabitant of a certain street in Padua. Local traditions preserve uncertain notices of his visits—a ruined tower, a mountain glen, a cell in a convent. In the recollections of the following generation, his solemn and melancholy form mingled reluctantly, and for a while, in the brilliant court of the Scaligers, and scared the women, as a visitant of the other world, as he passed by their doors in the streets of Verona. Rumour brings him to the West—with probability to Paris, possibly to Oxford. But little certain can be made out about the places where he was an honoured and admired, but it may be, not always a welcome guest—till we find him sheltered, cherished, and then laid at last to rest, by the

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[1] Pelli, pp. 105, 106.

Lords of Ravenna. There he still rests, in a small, solitary chapel, built, not by a Florentine, but a Venetian. Florence, 'that mother of little love,' asked for his bones; but rightly asked in vain—his place of repose is better in those remote and forsaken streets 'by the shore of the Adrian Sea,'[1] hard by the last relics of the Roman Empire,—the mausoleum of the children of Theodosius, and the mosaics of Justinian—than among the assembled dead of S. Croce, or amid the magnificence of S. Maria del Fiore.

The Commedia, at the first glance, shows the traces of its author's life. It is the work of a wanderer. The very form in which it is cast is that of a journey, difficult, toilsome, perilous, and full of change. It is more than a working out of that touching phraseology of the middle ages, in which 'the way' was the technical theological expression for this mortal life, and '*viator*,' meant man in his state of trial, as '*comprehensor*,' meant man made perfect—as having attained to his heavenly country. It is more than merely this. The writer's mind is full of the recollections and definite images of his various journeys. The permanent scenery of the Inferno and Purgatorio, very variously and distinctly marked, is that of travel. The descent down the sides of the Pit, and the ascent of the Sacred Mountain, show one familiar with such scenes—one who had climbed painfully in perilous passes, and grown dizzy on the brink of narrow ledges over sea or torrent. It is scenery from the gorges of the Alps and Apennines, or the terraces and precipices of the Riviera. Local reminiscences abound;—the severed rocks of the Adige valley—the waterfall of S. Benedetto—the crags of Pietra-pana and S. Leo, which overlook the plains of Lucca and Ravenna—the 'fair river' that flows among the poplars between Chiaveri and Sestri—the marble quarries of Carrara—the 'rough and desert ways between Lerici and Turbia,' and those towery cliffs, going sheer into the deep sea at Noli, which travellers on the Corniche road some thirty years ago, may yet remember with fear. Mountain experience furnished that picture of the traveller caught in an Alpine mist and gradually climbing above it; seeing the vapours grow thin, and the sun's orb appear faintly through them; and issuing at last into sunshine on the mountain top—the light of sunset lost already on the shores below :—

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[1] These notices have been carefully collected by *Pelli*, who seems to have left little to glean, (*Memorie*, &c. Ed. 2^{da}, 1823.) A few additions have been made by *Gerini* (*Mem. Stor. della Lunigiana*), and *Troya* (*Veltro Allegorico*), but they are not of much importance. *Arrivabene* (*Secolo di Dante*), has brought together a mass of illustration which is very useful, and would be more so, if he were more careful, and quoted his authorities. *Balbo*, arranges these materials with sense and good feeling; though, as a writer, he is below his subject. A few traits and anecdotes may be found in the novelists—as Sacchetti.

> 'Ai raggi, morti già nei bassi lidi :'

or that image of the cold dull shadow under the Alpine fir :

> 'Un' ombra smorta
> Qual sotto foglie verdi e rami nigri
> Sovra suoi freddi rivi, l' Alpe porta :'

or of the large snow-flakes falling without wind, among the mountains—

> 'Come di neve in Alpe senza vento.'

He delights in a local name and local image — the boiling pitch, and the clang of the shipwrights in the arsenal of Venice—the sepulchral fields of Arles and Pola—the hot-spring of Viterbo—the hooded monks of Cologne—the dykes of Flanders and Padua—the Maremma, with its rough brushwood, its wild boars, its snakes and fevers. He had listened to the south wind among the pine-tops, in the forest by the sea at Ravenna. He had watched under the Carisenda tower at Bologna, and seen the driving clouds give away their motion to it, and make it seem to be falling; and had noticed how at Rome, the October sun sets between Corsica and Sardinia. His images of the sea are as numerous and definite—the ship backing out of the tier in harbour, the diver plunging after the fouled anchor, the mast rising, the ship going fast before the wind, the water closing in its wake, the arched backs of the porpoises the forerunners of a gale, the admiral watching everything from poop to prow, the oars stopping altogether at the sound of the whistle, the swelling sails becoming slack when the mast snaps and falls.[1] And nowhere could we find so many of the most characteristic and strange sensations of the traveller touched with such truth. Every one knows the lines which speak of the sinking of heart on the first evening of travel at sea, or at the sound of the distant bell ;[2] the traveller's *morning* feelings are not less delicately noted—the strangeness on first waking in the open air with the sun high ; morning thoughts, as day by day he wakes nearer home ; the morning sight of the sea beach, quivering in the early light ; the irresolution and lingering, before setting out[3]—

> 'Noi eravam lunghesso 'l mare ancora,
> Come gente che pensa al suo cammino,
> Che va col cuore, e col corpo dimora.'

He has recorded equally the anxiety, the curiosity, the suspicion with which, in those times, stranger met and eyed stranger on the road; but a still more characteristic trait is to be found in those lines where he describes the pilgrim's first look round the church of his vow, and his thinking how he shall tell of it:—

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[1] Inf. 17, 16, 31 ; Purg. 24 ; Par. 2 ; Inf. 22 ; Purg. 30 ; Par. 25 ; Inf. 7.

[2] Purg. 8. "Era già l' ora," &c.

[3] Purg. 19, 27, 1, 2.

> 'E quasi peregrin che si ricrea
> Nel tempio del suo voto riguardando,
> E spera gia ridir com' ello stea:'

or again, in that description, so simple and touching, of his thoughts while waiting to see the relic for which he left his home:—

> 'Quale è colui che forse di Croazia
> Viene a veder la Veronica nostra,
> Che per l' antica fama non si sazia,
> Ma dice nel pensier, fin che si mostra;
> Signor mio Gesu Cristo Dio verace,
> Or fu sì fatta la sembianza vostra?'

Of these years then of disappointment and exile the 'Divina Commedia' was the labour and fruit. A story in Boccaccio's life, told with some detail, implies indeed that it was begun, and some progress made in it, while Dante was yet in Florence—begun in Latin, and he quotes three lines of it—continued afterwards in Italian. This is not impossible; indeed the germ and presage of it may be traced in the Vita Nuova. The idealized saint is there, in all the grace of her pure and noble humbleness, the guide and safeguard of the poet's soul. She is already in glory with Mary the queen of angels. She already beholds the face of the Ever-blessed. And the *envoye* of the Vita Nuova is the promise of the Commedia. 'After this sonnet,' (in which he describes how beyond the widest sphere of heaven his love had beheld a lady receiving honour, and dazzling by her glory the unaccustomed spirit)—'After this sonnet there appeared to me a marvellous 'vision, in which I saw things which made me resolve not to 'speak more of this blessed one, until such time as I should be 'able to indite more worthily of her. And to attain to this, I 'study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knows. So that, 'if it shall be the pleasure of Him, by whom all things live, that 'my life continue for some years, I hope to say of her that which 'never hath been said of any woman. And afterwards, may it 'please Him, who is the Lord of kindness, that my soul may go 'to behold the glory of her lady, that is, of that blessed Beatrice, 'who gloriously gazes on the countenance of Him, *qui est per 'omnia secula benedictus.*' It would be wantonly violating probability, and the unity of a great life, to suppose that this purpose, though transformed, was ever forgotten or laid aside. The poet knew not what he was promising, what he was pledging himself to—through what years of toil and anguish he would have to seek the light and the power he had asked; in what form his high venture should be realized. The Commedia is the work of no light resolve, and we need not be surprised at finding the resolve and the purpose at the outset of the poet's life. We may freely accept the key supplied by the words of the Vita Nuova. The spell of boyhood is never broken, through the ups and downs of life. His course of thought advances, alters, deepens, but is continuous. From youth to age, from the first glimpse to the perfect work, the same idea abides with him, 'even from the flower, till the grape was ripe.' It may assume various changes,—an image of beauty, a figure of philosophy, a voice from the other world, a type of heavenly wisdom and joy,—but still it holds, in self-imposed and willing thraldom, that creative and versatile and tenacious spirit. It was the dream and hope of too deep and strong a mind to fade and come to nought—to be other than the seed of the achievement and crown of life. But, with all faith in the star and freedom of genius, we may doubt whether the prosperous citizen would have done that which was done by the man without a home. Beatrice's glory might have been sung in grand though barbarous Latin to the literati of the fourteenth century; or a poem of new beauty might have fixed the language and opened the literature of modern Italy; but it could hardly have been the Commedia. That belongs, in its date and its greatness, to the time when sorrow had become the poet's daily portion and the condition of his life.

The Commedia is a novel and startling apparition in literature. Probably it has been felt by some, who have approached it with the reverence due to a work of such renown, that the world has been generous in placing it so high. It seems so abnormal, so lawless, so reckless of all ordinary proprieties and canons of feeling, taste, and composition. It is rough and abrupt; obscure in phrase and allusion, doubly obscure in purpose. It is a medley of all subjects usually kept distinct: scandal of the day and transcendental science, politics and confessions, coarse satire and angelic joy, private wrongs, with the mysteries of the faith, local names and habitations of earth, with visions of hell and heaven. It is hard to keep up with the ever changing current of feeling, to pass as the poet passes, without effort or scruple, from tenderness to ridicule, from hope to bitter scorn or querulous complaint, from high-raised devotion to the calmness of prosaic subtleties or grotesque detail. Each separate element and vein of thought has its precedent; but not their amalgamation. Many had written visions of the unseen world, but they had not blended with them their personal fortunes. S. Augustine had taught the soul to contemplate its own history, and had traced its progress from darkness to light; but he had not interwoven with it the history of Italy, and the consummation of all earthly destinies.

Satire was no new thing; Juvenal had given it a moral, some of the Provençal poets a political, turn; S. Jerome had kindled into it fiercely and bitterly even while expounding the Prophets; but here it streams forth in all its violence, within the precincts of the eternal world, and alternates with the hymns of the blessed. Lucretius had drawn forth the poetry of nature and its laws; Virgil and Livy had unfolded the poetry of the Roman empire; S. Augustine, the still grander poetry of the history of the City of God; but none had yet ventured to weave into one the three wonderful threads. And yet the scope of the Italian poet, vast and comprehensive as the issue of all things, universal as the government which directs nature and intelligence, forbids him not to stoop to the lowest caitiff he has ever despised, the minutest fact in nature that has ever struck his eye, the merest personal association which hangs pleasantly in his memory. Writing for all time, he scruples not to mix with all that is august and permanent in history and prophecy, incidents the most transient, and names the most obscure; to waste an immortality of shame or praise on those about whom his own generation were to inquire in vain. Scripture history runs into profane; Pagan legends teach their lesson side by side with Scripture scenes and miracles: heroes and poets of Heathenism, separated from their old classic world, have their place in the world of faith, discourse with Christians of Christian dogmas, and even mingle with the Saints; Virgil guides the poet through his fear and his penitence to the gates of Paradise.

This feeling of harsh and extravagant incongruity, of causeless and unpardonable darkness, is perhaps the first impression of many readers of the Commedia. But probably, as they read on, there will mingle with this a sense of strange and unusual grandeur, arising not alone from the hardihood of the attempt, and the mystery of the subject, but from the power and the character of the poet. It will strike them that words cut deeper than is their wont; that from that wild uncongenial imagery, thoughts emerge of singular truth and beauty. Their dissatisfaction will be chequered, even disturbed—for we can often bring ourselves to sacrifice much for the sake of a clear and consistent view—by the appearance, amid much that repels them, of proofs undeniable and accumulating of genius as mighty as it is strange. Their perplexity and disappointment may grow into distinct condemnation, or it may pass into admiration and delight; but no one has ever come to the end of the Commedia without feeling that if it has given him a new view and specimen of the wildness and unaccountable waywardness of the human mind, it has also added, as few other books have, to his knowledge of its feelings, its capabilities, and its grasp, and suggested larger and more serious thoughts, for which he may be grateful, concerning that unseen world of which he is even here a member.

Dante would not have thanked his admirers for becoming apologists. Those in whom the sense of imperfection and strangeness overpowers sympathy for grandeur, and enthusiasm for nobleness, and joy in beauty, he certainly would have left to themselves. But neither would he teach any that he was leading them along a smooth and easy road. The Commedia will always be a hard and trying book; nor did the writer much care that it should be otherwise. Much of this is no doubt to be set down to its age; much of its roughness and extravagance, as well as of its beauty—its allegorical spirit, its frame and scenery. The idea of a visionary voyage through the worlds of pain and bliss is no invention of the poet—it was one of the commonest and most familiar medieval vehicles of censure or warning; and those who love to trace the growth and often strange fortunes of popular ideas, or whose taste leads them to disbelieve in genius, and track the parentage of great inventions to the foolish and obscure, may find abundant materials in the literature of legends.[1] But his own age—the age which received the Commedia with mingled enthusiasm and wonder, and called it the Divine, was as much perplexed as we are, though probably rather pleased thereby than offended. That within a century after its composition, in the more famous cities and universities of Italy, Florence, Venice, Bologna, and Pisa, chairs should have been founded, and illustrious men engaged to lecture on it, is a strange homage to its power, even in that time of quick feeling; but as strange and great a proof of its obscurity. What is dark and forbidding in it was scarcely more clear to the poet's cotemporaries. And he, whose last object was amusement, invites no audience but a patient and confiding one.

> 'O voi che siete in piccioletta barca,
> Desiderosi di ascoltar, seguiti
> Dietro al mio legno che cantando varca,
> Tornate a riveder li vostri liti:
> Non vi mettete in pelago, che forse
> Perdendo me rimarreste smarriti.
> L' acqua ch' io prendo giammai non si corse:
> Minerva spira, e conducemi Apollo,
> E nuove muse mi dimostran l' Orse.
> Voi altri pochi, che drizzaste 'l collo
> Per tempo al pan degli angeli, del quale
> Vivesi qui, ma non si vien satollo,
> Metter potete ben per l' alto sale
> Vostro navigio, servando mio solco
> Dinanzi all' acqua che ritorna eguale.

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[1] *Vide* Ozanam, *Dante*, pp. 535, *sqq.* Ed. 2de.

> Que' gloriosi che passaro a Colco,
> Non s' ammiraron, come voi farete,
> Quando Jason vider fatto bifolco.'—*Parad.* 2.[1]

The character of the Commedia belongs much more, in its excellence and its imperfection, to the poet himself and the nature of his work, than to his age. That cannot screen his faults; nor can it arrogate to itself—it must be content to share, his glory. His leading idea and line of thought was much more novel then than it is now, and belongs much more to the modern than the medieval world. The 'Story of a Life,' the poetry of man's journey through the wilderness to his true country, is in various and very different shapes as hackneyed a form of imagination, as an allegory, an epic, a legend of chivalry were in former times. Not, of course, that any time has been without its poetical feelings and ideas on the subject; and never were they deeper and more diversified, more touching and solemn, than in the ages that passed from S. Augustine and S. Gregory to S. Thomas and S. Bonaventura. But a philosophical poem, where they were not merely the colouring, but the subject, an *epos* of the soul, placed for its trial in a fearful and wonderful world, with relations to time and matter, history and nature, good and evil, the beautiful, the intelligible, and the mysterious, sin and grace, the infinite and the eternal,—and having in the company and under the influences of other intelligences, to make its choice, to struggle, to succeed or fail, to gain the light, or be lost—this was a new and unattempted theme. It has been often tried since, in faith or doubt, in egotism, in sorrow, in murmuring, in affectation, sometimes in joy,—in various forms, in prose and verse, completed or fragmentary, in reality or fiction, in the direct or the shadowed story, in the 'Confessions,' in 'Wilhelm Meister' and 'Faust,' in the 'Excursion.' It is common enough now for the poet, in the faith of human sympathy, and sense of the unexhausted vastness of his mysterious subject, to believe that his fellows will not see without interest and profit, glimpses of his own path and fortunes—hear from his lips the disclosure of his chief delights, his warnings, his fears — follow the many-coloured changes, the impressions and workings of a character at once the contrast and the counterpart to their own. But it was a new path then; and he needed to be, and was, a bold man, who first opened it —a path never trod without peril, usually with loss or failure.

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[1] 'O ye who fain would listen to my song,
Following in little bark full eagerly
My venturous ship, that chanting hies along,
Turn back unto your native shores again;
Tempt not the deep, lest haply losing me,
In unknown paths bewildered ye remain.
I am the first this voyage to essay;
Minerva breathes—Apollo is my guide;
And new-born muses do the Bears display.
Ye other few, who have look'd up on high
For angels' food betimes, e'en here supplied
Largely, but not enough to satisfy,—
Mid the deep ocean ye your course may take,
My track pursuing the pure waters through,
Ere reunites the quickly-closing wake.
Those glorious ones, who drove of yore their prow
To Colchos, wonder'd not as ye will do,
When they saw Jason working at the plough.'—WRIGHT'S *Dante*.

And certainly no great man ever made less secret to himself of his own genius. He is at no pains to rein in or to dissemble his consciousness of power, which he has measured without partiality, and feels sure will not fail him. 'Fidandomi di me più che di un altro'—is a reason which he assigns without reserve. We look with the distrust and hesitation of modern days, yet, in spite of ourselves, not without admiration and regret, at such frank hardihood. It was more common once than now. When the world was young, it was more natural and allowable—it was often seemly and noble. Men knew not their difficulties as we know them—we, to whom time, which has taught so much wisdom, has brought so many disappointments—we who have seen how often the powerful have fallen short, and the noble gone astray, and the most admirable missed their perfection. It is becoming in us to distrust ourselves—to be shy if we cannot be modest—it is but a respectful tribute to human weakness and our brethren's failures. But there was a time when great men dared to claim their greatness —not in foolish self-complacency, but in unembarrassed and majestic simplicity, in magnanimity and truth, in the consciousness of a serious and noble purpose, and of strength to fulfil it. Without passion, without elation as without shrinking, the poet surveys his superiority and his high position, as something external to him; he has no doubts about it, and affects none. He would be a coward, if he shut his eyes to what he could do; as much a trifler in displaying reserve as ostentation. Nothing is more striking in the Commedia than the serene and unhesitating confidence with which he announces himself the heir and reviver of the poetic power so long lost to the world—the heir and reviver of it in all its fulness. He doubts not of the judgment of posterity. One has arisen who shall throw into the shade all modern reputations, who shall bequeath to Christendom the glory of that name of Poet, 'Che più dura e più onora,' hitherto the exclusive boast of heathenism, and claim the rare honours of the laurel:—

> 'Si rade volte, padre, se ne coglie
> Per trionfare o Cesare o poeta
> (Colpa e vergogna dell' umane voglie,)

Che partorir letizia in su la lieta
Delfica deità dovria la fronda
Peneia quando alcun di sè asseta.'—*Parad.* 1.

He has but to follow his star to be sure of the glorious port:[1] he is the master of language: he can give fame to the dead—no task or enterprise appals him, for whom spirits keep watch in heaven, and angels have visited the shades—'Tal si partì dal cantar alleluia:'—who is Virgil's foster child and familiar friend. Virgil bid him lay aside the last vestige of fear. Virgil is to 'crown him king and priest over himself,' for a higher venture than heathen poetry had dared; in Virgil's company he takes his place without diffidence, and without vain-glory, among the great poets of old—a sister soul.[2]

'Poichè la voce fu restata e queta,
Vidi quattro grand' ombre a noi venire:
Sembianza avean nè trista nè lieta:

* * * * *

Così vidi adunar la bella scuola
Di quei signor dell' altissimo canto
Che sovra gli altri come aquila vola.
Da ch' ebber ragionato insieme alquanto
Volsersi a me con salutevol cenno
E 'l mio maestro sorrise di tanto.
E più d' onore ancora assai mi fenno:
Ch' essi mi fecer della loro schiera,
Sì ch' io fui sesto tra cotanto senno.'—*Inf.* 4.

This sustained magnanimity and lofty self-reliance, which never betrays itself, is one of the main elements of the grandeur of the Commedia. It is, more than any other poem of equal mark, the mirror of the poet's character—and that character, one of the greatest. It is an imposing spectacle to see such fearlessness, such freedom, and such success in an untried path, amid unprepared materials and rude instruments, models scanty and only half understood, powers of language still doubtful and suspected, the deepest and strongest thought still confined to unbending forms and the harshest phrase; exact and extensive knowledge, as yet far out of reach; with no help from time, which familiarizes all things, and of which, manner, elaboration, judgment, and taste are the gifts and inheritance;—to see the poet, trusting to his eye 'which saw everything'[3] and his searching and creative spirit, venture undauntedly into all regions of thought and feeling, to draw thence a picture of the government of the universe.

But such greatness had to endure its price and its counterpoise. Dante is alone:—except in his visionary world, solitary and companionless. The blind Greek had his throng of listeners; Shakspere his free associates of the stage; the blind Englishman his home and the voices of his daughters; Goethe, his correspondents, a court, and all Germany to applaud. Not so Dante,—the friends of his youth are already in the region of spirits, and meet him there—Casella, Forese,—Guido Cavalcanti will soon be with them. In this upper world he thinks and writes as a friendless man,—to whom all that he had held dearest was either lost or embittered—for himself.

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[1] Brunetto Latini's Prophecy. Inf. 15. [2] Purg. c. 21.
[3] 'Dante che tutto vedea.'—Sacchetti, Nov. 114.

And so he is his own law; he owns no tribunal of opinion or standard of taste, except among the great dead. He hears them exhort him to 'let the world talk on—to stand like a tower unshaken by the winds'—to be 'no timid friend to truth,'[1] 'to fear to lose life among those who shall call this present time antiquity.'[2] He belongs to no party. He is his own arbiter of the beautiful and the becoming; his own judge over right and injustice, innocence and guilt. He has no followers to secure, no school to humour, no public to satisfy; nothing to guide him, and nothing to consult, nothing to bind him, nothing to fear, out of himself. In full trust in heart and will, in his sense of truth, in his teeming brain, he gives himself free course. If men have idolized the worthless, and canonized the base, he reverses their award without mercy, and without apology; if they have forgotten the just because he was obscure, he remembers him: if 'Ser Martino and Monna Berta,'[3] the wimpled and hooded gossips of the day, with their sage company, have settled it to their own satisfaction that Providence cannot swerve from their general rules, cannot save where they have doomed, or reject where they have approved —he both fears more and hopes more. Deeply reverent to the judgment of the ages past, reverent to the persons whom they have immortalized for good and even for evil, in his own day he cares for no man's person and no man's judgment. And he shrinks not from the auguries and forecastings of his mind about their career and fate. Men reasoned rapidly in those days on such subjects, and without much scruple; but not with such deliberate and discriminating sternness. The most popular and honoured names in Florence,

'Farinata e 'l Tegghiaio, che fur sì degni
Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo, e 'l Mosca,
E gli altri, ch' a ben far poser gl' ingegni;'

have yet the damning brand: no reader of the Inferno can have forgotten the shock of that terrible reply to the poet's questionings, about their fate:

'Ei son tra l' anime piu nere.'[4]

If he is partial, it is no vulgar partiality: friendship and old affection do not venture to exempt from its fatal doom the sin of his famous master, Brunetto Latini; nobleness and great deeds, a kindred character and common wrongs, are not enough to redeem Farinata; and he who could tell her story, bowed to the eternal law, and dared not save Francesca. If he condemns by a severer rule than that of the world, he absolves with fuller faith in the possibilities of grace. Many names of whom history has recorded no good, are marked by him for bliss; yet not without full respect for justice. The penitent of the last hour is saved, but he suffers loss. Manfred's soul is rescued; mercy had accepted his tears, and forgiven his great sins; and the excommunication of his enemy did not bar his salvation:

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[1] Purg. 5. [2] Parad. 17. [3] Parad. 13. [4] Inf. 6.

> 'Per lor maladizion sì non si perde
> Che non possa tornar l' eterno amore
> Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde.'

But it was no ineffectual punishment; it was to keep him for long years from the perfection of heaven.[1] And with the same independence with which he assigns their fate, he selects his instances—instances which are to be the types of character and its issues. No man ever owned more unreservedly the fascination of greatness, its sway over the imagination and the heart; no one prized more the grand harmony and sense of fitness which there is, when the great man and the great office are joined in one, and reflect each other's greatness. The famous and great of all ages are gathered in the poet's vision; the great names even of fable—Geryon and the giants, the Minotaur and Centaurs, and the heroes of Thebes and Troy. But not the great and famous only: this is too narrow, too conventional a sphere; it is not real enough. He felt, what the modern world feels so keenly, that wonderful histories are latent in the inconspicuous paths of life, in the fugitive incidents of the hour, among the persons whose faces we have seen. The Church had from the first been witness to the deep interest of individual life. The rising taste for novels showed that society at large was beginning to be alive to it. And it is this feeling—that behind the veil there may be grades of greatness but nothing insignificant,—that led Dante to refuse to restrict himself to the characters of fame. He will associate with them the living men who have stood round him; they are part of the same company with the greatest. That they have interested him, touched him, moved his indignation or pity, struck him as examples of great vicissitude or of a perfect life, have pleased him, loved him—this is enough why they should live in his poem as they have lived to him. He chooses at will; history, if it has been negligent at the time about those whom he thought worthy of renown, must be content with its loss. He tells their story, or touches them with a word like the most familiar names, according as he pleases. The obscure highway robber, the obscure betrayer of his sister's honour—Rinier da Corneto and Rinier Pazzo, and Caccianimico—are ranked, not according to their obscurity, but according to the greatness of their crimes, with the famous conquerors, and 'scourges of God,' and seducers of the heroic age, Pyrrhus and Attila, and the great Jason of 'royal port, who sheds no tear in his torments.'[1] He earns as high praise from Virgil, for his curse on the furious wrath of the old frantic Florentine burgher, as if he had cursed the disturber of the world's peace.[2] And so in the realms of joy, among the faithful accomplishers of the highest trusts, kings and teachers of the nations, founders of orders, sainted empresses, appear those, whom, though the world had forgotten or misread them, the poet had enshrined in his familiar thoughts, for their sweetness, their gentle goodness, their nobility of soul; the penitent, the nun, the old crusading ancestor, the pilgrim who had deserted the greatness which he had created, the brave logician, who 'syllogised unpalatable truths' in the Quartier Latin of Paris.[3]

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[1] Charles of Anjou, his Guelf conqueror, is placed above him, in the valley of the kings (*Purg.* 7), "Colui dal maschio naso"—notwithstanding the charges afterwards made against him, *Purg.* 20.

There is small resemblance in all this—this arbitrary and imperious tone, this range of ideas, feelings, and images, this unshackled freedom, this harsh reality—to the dreamy gentleness of the Vita Nuova, or even the staid argumentation of the more mature Convito. The Vita Nuova is all self concentration—a brooding, not unpleased, over the varying tides of feeling, which are little influenced by the world without; every fancy, every sensation, every superstition of the lover is detailed with the most whimsical subtlety. The Commedia, too, has its tenderness—and that more deep, more natural, more true, than the poet had before adapted to the traditionary formulæ of the 'Courts of Love,'—the eyes of Beatrice are as bright, and the 'conquering light of her smile;' they still culminate, but they are not alone, in the poet's heaven. And the professed subject of the Commedia is still Dante's own story and life; he still makes himself the central point. And steeled as he is by that high and hard experience of which his poem is the projection and type,—'Tetragono ai colpi della fortuna,'—a stern and brief-spoken man set on objects, and occupied with a theme, lofty and vast as can occupy man's thoughts, he still lets escape ever and anon some passing avowal of delicate sensitiveness,[1] lingers for a moment on some indulged self-consciousness, some recollection of his once quick and changeful mood—'io che son trasmutabil per tutte guise'[2]—or half playfully alludes to the whispered name of a lady,[3] whose pleasant courtesy has beguiled a few days of exile. But he is no longer spell-bound and entangled in fancies of his own weaving—absorbed in the unprofitable contemplation of his own internal sensations. The man is indeed the same, still a Florentine, still metaphysical, still a lover; he returns to the haunts and images of youth, to take among them his poet's crown, but 'with other voice and other garb,'[4] a penitent and a prophet—with larger thoughts, wider sympathies, freer utterance; sterner and fiercer, yet nobler and more genuine in his tenderness—as one whom trial has made serious, and keen, and intolerant of evil, but not sceptical or callous; yet with the impressions and memories of a very different scene from his old day-dreams.

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[1] See the magnificent picture Inf. 18. [2] Inf. 8.

[3] Cunizza, Piccarda, Cacciaguida, Roméo. (Parad. 9, 3, 15, 6, 10.)

> —'La luce eterna di Sigieri
> Che leggendo nel vico degli Strami
> Sillogizzò invidiosi veri—'

in company with S. Thomas Aquinas, in the sphere of the Sun. Ozanam gives a few particulars of this forgotten professor of the 'Rue du Fouarre,' pp. 320–323.

> 'After that it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most famous daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth from her most sweet bosom, (wherein I had been nourished up to the maturity of my life, and in which, with all peace to her, I long with all my heart to rest my weary soul, and finish the time which is given me.) I have passed through almost all the regions to which this language reaches; a wanderer, almost a beggar, displaying, against my will, the stroke of fortune, which is ofttimes unjustly wont to be imputed to the person stricken. Truly, I have been a ship without a sail or helm, carried to divers harbours, and gulfs, and shores, by that parching wind which sad poverty breathes; and I have seemed vile in the eyes of many, who perchance, from some fame, had imagined of me in another form; in the sight of whom not only did my presence become nought, but every work of mine less prized, both what had been and what was to be wrought.'—*Convito*, Tr. i. c. 3.

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[1] For instance, his feeling of distress at gazing at the blind, who were not aware of his presence—

'A me pareva andando fare oltraggio
Vedendo altrui, non essendo veduto.'—*Purg.* 13.

and of shame, at being tempted to listen to a quarrel between two lost spirits:—

'Ad ascoltarli er' io del tutto fisso,
Quando 'l Maestro mi disse: or pur mira,
Che per poco è, che teco non mi risso.
Quando io 'l senti' a me parlar con ira
Volsimi verso lui con tal vergogna,
Ch' ancor per la memoria mi si gira, &c.'—*Inf.* 30.

and the burst,

'O dignitosa coscienza e netta,
Come t' è picciol fallo amaro morso.'—*Purg.* 3.

[2] Parad. 5. [3] Purg. 24. [4] Parad. 25.

Thus proved, and thus furnished,—thus independent and confident, daring to trust his instinct and genius in what was entirely untried and unusual, he entered on his great poem, to shadow forth, under the figure of his own conversion and purification, not merely how a single soul rises to its perfection, but how this visible world, in all its phases of nature, life, and society, is one with the invisible, which borders on it, actuates, accomplishes, and explains it. It is this vast plan, to take into his scope, not the soul only in its struggles and triumph, but all that the soul finds itself engaged with in its course; the accidents of the hour, and of ages past; the real persons, great and small, apart from and without whom it cannot think or act; the material world, which is its theatre and home, which gives so many various sides to the Commedia, which makes it so novel and strange. It is not a mere personal history, or a pouring forth of feeling, like the Vita Nuova, though he is himself the mysterious voyager, and he opens without reserve his actual life and his heart—though he speaks in the first person, he is but a character of the drama, and in great part of it with not more of distinct personality than in that paraphrase of the penitential Psalms, in which he has preluded to much of the Commedia. Yet the Commedia is not a pure allegory; it admits, and makes use of the allegorical, but the laws of allegory are too narrow for it; the real in it is too impatient of the veil, and breaks through in all its hardness and detail, into what is most shadowy. History is indeed seen not in its ephemeral look, but under the light of God's final judgments, in its completion, not in its provisional and fragmentary character, seen therefore but in faith;—but its issues, which in this confused scene we ordinarily contemplate in the gross, the poet brings down to detail and individuals: he faces and grasps the tremendous thought that the very men and women whom we see and speak to, are now the real representatives of sin and goodness, the true actors in that scene which is so familiar to us as a picture—unflinching and terrible heart, he endures to face it in its most harrowing forms. But he wrote not for sport, nor to give poetic pleasure; he wrote to warn; the seed of the Commedia was sown in tears, and reaped in misery: and the consolations which it offers are awful as they are real.

Thus, though he throws into symbol and image, what can only be expressed by symbol and image, we can as little forget in reading him this real world in which we live, as we can in one of Shakspere's plays. It is not merely that the poem is crowded with real personages, most of them having the single interest to us of being real. But all that is associated with man's history and existence is interwoven with the main course of thought—all that gives character to life, all that gives it form and feature, even to quaintness, all that occupies the mind, or employs the hand—speculation, science, arts, manufactures, monuments, scenes, customs, proverbs, ceremonies, attitudes of men, habits of living creatures, games, punishments. The wildest and most unearthly imaginations, the most abstruse thoughts take up into, and incorporate with themselves the forcible and familiar impressions of our mother earth, and do not refuse the company and aid even of the homeliest.

This is not mere poetic ornament, peculiarly, profusely, or extravagantly employed. It is one of the ways in which his dominant feeling expresses itself—spontaneous and instinctive in each several instance of it, but the kindling and effluence of deliberate thought, and attending on a clear purpose—the feeling of the real and intimate connexion between the objects of sight and faith. It is not that he sees in one the simple counterpart and reverse of the other, or sets himself to trace out universally their mutual correspondences; he has too strong a sense of the reality of this familiar life to reduce it merely to a shadow and type of the unseen. What he struggles to express in countless ways, with all the resources of his strange and gigantic power, is that this world and the next are both equally real, and both one—parts, however different, of one whole. The world to come we know but in 'a glass darkly;' man can only think and imagine of it in images, which he knows to be but broken and faint reflections: but this world we know, not in outline, and featureless idea, but by name, and face, and shape, by place and person, by the colours and forms which crowd over its surface, the men who people its habitations, the events which mark its moments. Detail fills the sense here, and is the mark of reality. And thus he seeks to keep alive the feeling of what that world is which he connects with heaven and hell; not by abstractions, not much by elaborate and highly-finished pictures, but by names, persons, local features, definite images. Widely and keenly has he ranged over and searched into the world—with a largeness of mind which disdained not to mark and treasure up, along with much unheeded beauty, many a characteristic feature of nature, unnoticed because so common. Every part of his life contributes to the impression, which, often instinctively it may be, he strives to produce, of the manifold variety of our life. As a man of society his memory is full of its usages, formalities, graces, follies, fashions,—of expressive motions, postures, gestures, looks,—of music, of handicrafts, of the conversation of friends or associates,—of all that passes, so transiently yet so keenly pleasant or distasteful, between man and man. As a traveller he recals continually the names and scenes of the world;—as a man of speculation, the secrets of nature—the phenomena of light, the theory of the planets' motions, the idea and laws of physiology. As a man of learning, he is filled with the thoughts and recollections of classic fable and history; as a politician with the thoughts, prognostications, and hopes, of the history of the day; as a moral philosopher he has watched himself, his external sensations and changes, his inward passions, his mental powers, his ideas, his conscience; he has far and wide noted character, discriminated motives, classed good and evil deeds. All that the man of society, of travel, of science, of learning, the politician, the moralist, could gather, is used at will in the great poetic structure. But all converges to the purpose, and is directed by the intense feeling of the theologian, who sees this wonderful and familiar scene melting into, and ending in another yet more wonderful, but which will one day be as familiar,—who sees the hard but sure progress of the manifold remedies of the Divine government to their predestined issue; and, over all, God and His saints.

So comprehensive in interest is the Commedia. Any attempt to explain it, by narrowing that interest, to politics, philosophy, the moral life, or theology itself, must prove inadequate. Theology strikes the key-note; but history, natural and metaphysical science, poetry, and art, each in their turn join in the harmony, independent, yet ministering to the whole. If from the poem itself we could be for a single moment in doubt of the reality and dominant place of religion in it, the plain-spoken prose of the Convito would show how he placed 'the Divine Science, 'full of peace, and suffering no strife of opinion and sophisms, 'for the excellent certainty of its subject which is God,' in single perfection above all other sciences, 'which are, as Solomon 'speaks,[1] but queens, or concubines, or maidens; but she is the '"Dove," and the "perfect one"—Dove, because without stain 'strife—perfect, because perfectly she makes us behold the 'truth, in which our soul stills itself and is at rest.' But the same passage[2] shows likewise how he viewed all human knowledge and human interest as holding their due place in the hierarchy of wisdom, and among the steps of man's perfection. No account of the Commedia will prove sufficient, which does not keep in view, first of all, the high moral purpose and deep spirit of faith with which it was written, and then the wide liberty of materials and means which the poet allowed himself in working out his design.

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[1] Cant. vi. 8, 9.

[2] Convito, Tr. 2. c. 14, 15.

Doubtless, his writings have a political aspect. The 'great Ghibelline poet' is one of Dante's received synonymes; of his strong political opinions, and the importance he attached to them, there can be no doubt. And he meant his poem to be the vehicle of them, and the record to all ages of the folly and selfishness with which he saw men governed. That he should take the deepest interest in the goings on of his time, is part of his greatness; to suppose that he stopped at them, or that he subordinated to political objects or feelings all the other elements of his poem, is to shrink up that greatness into very narrow limits. Yet this has been done by men of mark and ability, by Italians, by men who read the Commedia in their own mother-tongue. It has been maintained as a satisfactory account of it,—maintained with great labour and pertinacious ingenuity,—that Dante meant nothing more by his poem than the conflicts and ideal triumph of a political party. The hundred cantos of that Vision of the Universe, are but a manifesto of the Ghibelline propaganda, a sort of Ghibelline and mediæval *Histoire de Dix Ans*, designed, under the veil of historic images and scenes, to insinuate what it was dangerous to announce; and Beatrice, in all her glory and sweetness, is but a specimen of the jargon, cant, and slang of Ghibelline freemasonry. To Professor Rosetti must belong the distinction of having degraded the greatest name of his country to a depth of laborious imbecility, to which the trifling of schoolmen and academicians is as nothing; of having solved the enigma of Dante's works, by imagining for him a character in which it is hard to say which predominates, the pedant, mountebank, or infidel. After that we may read Voltaire's sneers with patience, and even enter with gravity on the examination of Father Hardouin's Historic Doubts. The fanaticism of a perhaps outraged, but essentially foolish liberalism, is but a poor excuse for such dulness of heart and perverseness of intellect.[1]

Dante was not a Ghibelline, though he longed for the interposition of an Imperial power. Historically, he was not. It is true that he forsook the Guelfs, with whom he had been brought up, and that the White Guelfs, with whom he was expelled from Florence, were at length merged and lost in the Ghibelline party;[2] and he acted with them for a time.[3] But no words can be stronger than those in which he disjoins himself from that 'evil and foolish company,' and claims his independence—

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[1] In the 'Remains of Arthur Henry Hallam' is a paper, in which he examines and disposes of this theory with a courteous and forbearing irony, which would have deepened probably into something more, on thinking over it a second time.

[2] Dino Comp. pp. 89—91.

[3] His name appears among the White delegates in 1307. Pelli, p. 117.

'A te fia bello
Averti fatto parte per te stesso.'[1]

And it is not easy to conceive a Ghibelline partizan putting into the mouth of Justinian, the type of law and empire, a general condemnation of his party as heavy as that of their antagonists—the crime of having betrayed, as the Guelfs had resisted—the great symbol of public right—

'Omai puoi giudicar di que' cotali
Ch' io accusai di sopra, e de' lor falli
Che son cagion di tutti i vostri mali.
L' uno al pubblico segno i gigli gialli
Oppone, e *quel s' appropria l' altro a parte,*
Sì ch' è forte a veder qual più si falli.
Faccian li Ghibellin, faccian lor arte
Sott' altro segno; che mal segue quello
Sempre chi la giustizia e lui diparte.'[2]

And though, as the victim of the Guelfs of Florence, he found refuge among Ghibelline princes, he had friends among Guelfs also. His steps and his tongue were free to the end. And in character and feeling, in his austerity, his sturdiness and roughness, his intolerance of corruption and pride, his strongly-marked devotional temper, he was much less a Ghibelline than one of those stern Guelfs who hailed Savonarola.

But he had a very decided and complete political theory, which certainly was not Guelf; and, as parties then were, it was not much more Ghibelline. Most assuredly no set of men would have more vigorously resisted the attempt to realize his theory, would have joined more heartily with all immediate opponents—Guelfs, Black, White, and Green, or even Boniface VIII., to keep out such an emperor as Dante imagined, than the Ghibelline nobles and potentates.

Dante's political views were a dream; though a dream based on what had been, and an anticipation of what was, in part at least, to come. It was a dream in the middle ages, in divided and republican Italy, the Italy of cities,—of a real and national government, based on justice and law. It was the dream of a real *state:* he imagined that the Roman empire had been one great state; he persuaded himself that Christendom might be such;—he was wrong in both instances; but in this case, as in so many others, he had already caught the spirit and ideas of a far distant future; and the political organization of modern times, so familiar to us that we cease to think of its exceeding wonder, is the practical confirmation, though in a form very different from what he imagined, of the depth and farsightedness of those expectations which are in outward form so chimerical—'*i miei non falsi errori.*'

He had studied the 'infinite disorders of the world' in one of their most unrestrained scenes, the streets of an Italian republic. Law was powerless, good men were powerless, good intentions came to nought—neither social habits nor public power could resist when selfishness chose to have its way. The Church was indeed still the salt of the nations; but it had once dared, and achieved more; it had once been the only power which ruled them. And this it could do no longer. If strength and energy had been enough to make the Church's influence felt on government, there was a Pope who could have done it—a man who was undoubtedly the most wondered at and admired of his age, whom friend or foe never characterised without adding the invariable epithet of his greatness of soul—the 'magnanimus peccator,' whose Roman grandeur in meeting his unworthy fate fascinated into momentary sympathy even Dante.[1] But among the things which Boniface VIII. could not do, even if he cared about it, was the maintaining peace and law in Italian towns. And while this great political power was failing, its correlative and antagonist was paralysed also. 'Since the death of Frederic II.,' says Dante's contemporary,[2] 'the fame and recollections of the empire were well nigh extinguished.' Italy was left without government—'come nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta'—to the mercies of her tyrants:—

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[1] Parad. 17.

[2] Parad. 6.

'Che le terre d'Italia tutte piene
Son di tiranni, e un Marcel diventa
Ogni villan, che parteggiando viene.'—*Purg.* 6.

In this scene of violence and disorder, with the Papacy gone astray, the empire debased and impotent, the religious orders corrupted, power meaning lawlessness, the well-disposed become weak and cowardly, religion neither guide nor check to society, but only the consolation of its victims—Dante was bold and hopeful enough to believe in the Divine appointment, and the possibility, of law and government—of a state. In his philosophy, the institutions which provide for man's peace and liberty in this life are part of God's great order for raising men to perfection;—not indispensable, yet ordinary parts; having their important place, though but for the present time; and though imperfect, real instruments of His moral government. He could not believe it to be the intention of Providence, that on the introduction of higher hopes and the foundation of a higher society, civil society should collapse and be left to ruin, as henceforth useless or prejudicial in man's trial and training; that those significant intimations of nature, that law and its results, justice, peace, and stability, which ought to be and might be realized among men, had lost their meaning and faded away before the announcement of a kingdom not of this world. And if the perfection of civil society had not been superseded by the Church, it had become clear, if events were to be read as signs, that she was not intended to supply its political offices and functions. She had taught, elevated, solaced, blessed, not only individual souls, but society; she had for a time even governed it; but though her other powers remained, she could govern it no longer. Failure had made it certain that, in his strong and quaint language, '*Virtus authorizandi regnum nostræ mortalitatis est contra naturam ecclesiæ; ergo non est de numero virtutum suarum.*' Another and distinct organization was required for this, unless the temporal order was no longer worthy the attention of Christians.

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[1] 'Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso
E nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto;
  Veggiolo un' altra volta esser deriso;
Veggio rinnovellar l'aceto e 'l fele,
E tra vivi ladroni essere anciso.'—*Purg.* 20.

G. Vill. 8. 63. 'Come magnanimo e valente, disse, *Dacchè per tradimento, come Gesù Cristo voglio esser preso e mi conviene morire, almeno voglio morire come Papa;*' e di presente si fece parare dell' ammanto di S. Piero, e colla corona di Costantino in Capo, e colle chiavi e croce in mano, e in su la sedia papale si pose a sedere, e giunto a lui Sciarra e gli altri suoi nimici, con villane parole lo scherniro.'

[2] Dino Compagni.

This is the idea of the 'De Monarchia;' and though it holds but a place in the great scheme of the Commedia, it is prominent there also—an idea seen but in a fantastic shape, encumbered and confused with most grotesque imagery, but the real idea of polity and law, which the experience of modern Europe has attained to.

He found in clear outline in the Greek philosophy, the theory of merely human society; and raising its end and purpose, '*finem totius humanæ civilitatis,*' to a height and dignity which Heathens could not forecast, he adopted it in its more abstract and ideal form. He imagined a single authority, unselfish, inflexible, irresistible, which could make all smaller tyrannies to cease, and enable every man to live in peace and liberty, so that he lived in justice. It is simply what each separate state of Christendom has by this time more or less perfectly achieved. The theorizer of the middle ages could conceive of its accomplishment only in one form, as grand as it was impossible,—a universal monarchy.

But he did not start from an abstraction. He believed that history attested the existence of such a monarchy. The prestige of the Roman empire was then strong; Europe still lingers on the idea, and cannot even yet bring itself to give up its part in that greatest monument of human power. But in the middle ages the Empire was still believed to exist. It was the last greatness which had been seen in the world, and the world would not believe that it was over. Above all, in Italy, a continuity of lineage, of language, of local names, and in part of civilization and law, forbad the thought that the great

Roman people had ceased to be. Florentines and Venetians boasted that they were Romans: the legends which the Florentine ladies told to their maidens at the loom were tales of their mother city, Rome. The Roman element, little understood, but profoundly reverenced and dearly cherished, was dominant; the conductor of civilization, and enfolding the inheritance of all the wisdom, experience, feeling, art, of the past, it elevated, though it overawed, oppressed, and enslaved. A deep belief in Providence, added to the intrinsic grandeur of the empire a sacred character. The flight of the eagle has been often told and often sung; but neither in Livy or Virgil, Gibbon or Bossuet, with intenser sympathy or more kindred power, than in those rushing and unflagging verses in which the middle-age poet hears the imperial legislator relate the fated course of the 'sacred sign,' from the day when Pallas died for it, till it accomplished the vengeance of heaven in Judæa, and afterwards, under Charlemagne, smote down the enemies of the Church.

The following passage, from the 'De Monarchia,' will show the poet's view of the Roman empire, and its office in the world:—

> 'To the reasons above alleged, a memorable experience brings confirmation: I mean that state of mankind which the Son of God, when He would for man's salvation take man upon Him, either waited for, or ordered when so He willed. For if from the fall of our first parents, which was the starting point of all our wanderings, we retrace the various dispositions of men and their times, we shall not find at any time, except under the divine monarch Augustus, when a perfect monarchy existed, that the world was every where quiet. And that then mankind was happy in the tranquillity of universal peace, this all writers of history, this the poets, this even the scribe of the meekness of Christ has deigned to attest. And lastly, Paul has called that most blessed condition the fulness of time. Truly time, and the things of time, were full, for no mystery of our felicity then lacked its minister. But how the world has gone on from the time when that seamless robe was first torn by the claws of covetousness, we may read, and would that we might not see. O race of men! by how great storms and losses, by how great shipwrecks hast thou of necessity been vexed, since transformed into a beast of many heads, thou hast been struggling different ways, sick in understanding, equally sick in heart. The superior intellect, with its invincible reasons, thou reckest not of; nor the inferior, with its eye of experience; nor affection with the sweetness of divine suasion, when the trumpet of the Holy Ghost sounds to thee—"Behold, how good is it, and how pleasant, brethren, to dwell together in unity."'—*De Monarch.* lib. i. p. 54.

Yet this great Roman Empire existed still unimpaired in name—not unimposing even in what really remained of it. Dante, to supply a want, turned it into a theory,—a theory easy to smile at now, but which contained and was a beginning of unknown or unheeded truth. What he yearns after is the predominance of the principle of justice in civil society. That, if it is still

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[1] Paradiso, c. 6.

imperfect, is no longer a dream in our day; but experience had never realized it to him, and he takes refuge in tentative and groping theory. The divinations of the greatest men have been vague and strange, and none have been stranger than those of the author of the 'De Monarchia.' The second book, in which he establishes the title of the Roman people to Universal Empire, is as startling a piece of mediæval argument as it would be easy to find.

> 'As when we cannot attain to look upon a cause, we commonly wonder at a new effect, so when we know the cause, we look down with a certain derision, on those who remain in wonder. And I indeed wondered once, how the Roman people had been set over the world; and looking at it superficially, I thought that they had obtained this by no right, but by mere force of arms. But when I fixed deeply the eyes of my mind on it, and by most effectual signs knew that Divine Providence had wrought this, wonder departed, and a certain scornful contempt came in its stead, when I perceived the nations raging against the pre-eminence of the Roman people:—when I see the people imagining a vain thing, as I once used to do; when, moreover, I grieve over kings and princes agreeing in this only, to be against the Lord, and his anointed Roman Emperor. Wherefore in derision, not without a certain grief, I can cry out, for that glorious people and for Cæsar, with him who cried in behalf of the Prince of Heaven, "Why did the nations rage, and the people imagine vain things; the kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were joined in one against the Lord, and his anointed." But because natural love suffers not derision to be of long duration, but,—like the summer sun, which scattering the morning mists, irradiates the east with light,—so prefers to pour forth the light of correction, to break the bonds of the ignorance of such kings and rulers, to show that the human race is free from *their* yoke, therefore I will exhort myself, in company with the most holy Prophet, taking up his following words, "Let us break their bonds, and cast away from us their yoke."'

And to prove this pre-eminence of right in the Roman people, and their heirs, the Emperors of Christendom, he appeals not merely to the course of providence, to their high and noble ancestry, to the blessings of their just and considerate laws, to their unselfish guardianship of the world—'*Romanum imperium de fonte nascitur pietatis;*' to their noble examples of private virtue, self-devotion, and public spirit—'those most 'sacred victims of the Decian house, who laid down their lives 'for the public weal, as Livy,—not as *they* deserved, but as *he* 'was able,—tells to their glory—that unspeakable sacrifice of 'freedom's sternest guardians, the Catos;' to the 'judgment of God' in that great duel and wager of battle for empire, in which heaven declared against all other champions and 'co-athletes'—Alexander, Pyrrhus, Hannibal, and by all the formalities of judicial combat awarded the great prize to those who fought, not for love or hatred, but justice—'*Quis igitur 'nunc adeo obtusæ mentis est, qui non videat, sub jure duelli 'gloriosum populum coronam totius orbis esse lucratum?*'—not merely to arguments derived ‘from the principles of the Christian faith’—but to *miracles*. ‘The Roman empire,’ he says, ‘was, in order to its perfection, aided by the help of miracles; ‘therefore it was willed by God; and by consequence, both ‘was, and is, of right.’ And these miracles, ‘proved by the ‘testimony of illustrious authorities,’ are the prodigies of Livy—the ancile of Numa, the geese of the Capitol, the escape of Clelia, the hail-storm which checked Hannibal.

The intellectual phenomenon is a strange one. It would be less strange if Dante were arguing in the Schools, or pleading for a party. But even Henry of Luxemburgh cared little for such a throne as the poet wanted him to fill, much less Can Grande and the Visconti. The idea, the theory, and the argument, is the writer's own solitary meditation. We may wonder. But there are few things more strange than the history of argument. How often has a cause or an idea turned out, in the eyes of posterity, so much better than its arguments. How often have we seen argument getting as it were into a groove, and unable to extricate itself, so as to do itself justice. The every day cases of private experience, of men defending right conclusions on wrong or conventional grounds, or in a confused form, engaged with conclusions of a like yet different nature;—of arguments, theories, solutions, which once satisfied, satisfying us no longer, on a question about which we hold the same belief—of one party unable to comprehend the arguments of another—of one section of the same side, smiling at the defence of their common cause by another,—are all reproduced on a grander scale in the history of society. There too, one age cannot comprehend another; there too it takes time to disentangle, subordinate, eliminate. Truth of this sort is not the elaboration of one keen or strong mind, but of the secret experience of many. ‘Nihil sine ætate est, omnia tempus expectant.’ But a counterpart to the ‘De Monarchia’ is not wanting in our own day; theory has not ceased to be mighty. In warmth and earnestness, in sense of historic grandeur, in its support of a great cause and a great idea, not less than in the thought of its motto, Εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω, De Maistre's volume ‘Du Pape,’ recals the antagonist ‘De Monarchia;’ but it recals it not less in its bold dealing with facts, and its bold assumption of principles, though the knowledge and debates of five more busy centuries, and the experience of modern courts and revolutions, might have guarded the Piedmontese nobleman from the mistakes of the old Florentine.

But the idea of the ‘De Monarchia’ is no key to the Commedia. The direct and primary purpose of the Commedia is surely its obvious one. It is to stamp a deep impression on the mind of the issues of good and ill doing here,—of the real worlds of pain and joy. To do this forcibly, it is done in detail—of course it can only be done in figure. Punishment, purification, or the fulness of consolation are as he would think, at this very moment, the lot of all the numberless spirits who have ever lived here—spirits still living and sentient as himself: parallel with our life, they too are suffering or are at rest. Without pause or interval, in all its parts simultaneously, this awful scene is going on—the judgments of God are being fulfilled—could we but see it. It exists, it might be seen, at each instant of time, by a soul whose eyes were opened, which was carried through it. And this he imagines. It had been imagined before—it is the working out, which is peculiar to him. It is not a barren vision. His subject is, besides the eternal world, the soul which contemplates it, by sight, according to his figures—in reality, by faith. As he is led on from woe to deeper woe, then through the tempered chastisements and resignation of Purgatory to the beatific vision, he is tracing the course of the soul on earth, realizing sin and weaning itself from it,—of its purification, and preparation for its high lot by converse with the good and wise, by the remedies of grace, by efforts of will and love, perhaps by the dominant guidance of some single pure and holy influence, whether of person, or institution, or thought. Nor will we say but that beyond this earthly probation, he is not also striving to imagine and realize to himself something of the realities of that awful process and training, by which, whether in or out of the flesh, the spirit is made fit to meet its Maker, its Judge, and its Chief Good.

Thus it seems that even in its main design, the poem has more than one aspect; it is a picture, a figure, partially a history, perhaps an anticipation. And this is confirmed, by what the poet has himself distinctly stated, of his ideas of poetic composition. His view is expressed generally in his philosophical treatise, the 'Convito;' but it is applied directly to the Commedia, in a letter, which, if in its present form of doubtful authenticity, without any question represents his sentiments, and the substance of which is incorporated in one of the earliest writings on the poem, Boccaccio's commentary. The following is his account of the subject of the poem:—

> 'For the evidence of what is to be said, it is to be noted, that this work is not of one single meaning only, but may be said to have many meanings ("*polysensuum*"). For the first meaning is that of the letter—another is that of things signified by the letter; the first of these is called the literal sense, the second, the allegorical or moral. This mode of treating a subject may for clearness sake be considered in those verses of the Psalm, "*In Exitu Israel.*" "When Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from the strange people, Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion." For if we look at the *letter* only, there is here signified, the going out of the

children of Israel in the time of Moses—if at the *allegory*, there is signified, our redemption through Christ—if at the *moral* sense, there is signified to us, the conversion of the soul from the mourning and misery of sin to the state of grace—if at the *anagogic* sense,[1] there is signified, the passing out of the holy soul from the bondage of this corruption, to the liberty of everlasting glory. And these mystical meanings, though called by different names, may all be called *allegorical* as distinguished from the literal or historical sense. . . . . This being considered, it is plain that there ought to be a twofold subject, concerning which the two corresponding meanings may proceed. Therefore we must consider first concerning the subject of this work as it is to be understood literally, then it is to be considered allegorically. The subject then of the whole work, taken literally only, is the state of souls after death considered in itself. For about this, and on this, the whole work turns. But if the work be taken allegorically, its subject is man, as by his freedom of choice deserving well or ill, he is subject to the justice which rewards and punishes.'[2]

The passage in the Convito is to the same effect; but his remarks on the *moral* and *anagogic* meaning may be quoted:—

'The third sense is called *moral;* this it is which readers ought to go on noting carefully in writings, for their own profit and that of their disciples: as in the Gospel it may be noted, when Christ went up to the mountain to be transfigured, that of the twelve Apostles, he took with him only three; in which morally we may understand, that in the most secret things we ought to have but few companions. The fourth sort of meaning is called *anagogic*, that is, above our sense; and this is when we spiritually interpret a passage, which even in its literal meaning, by means of the things signified, expresses the heavenly things of everlasting glory: as may be seen in that song of the Prophet, which says, that in the coming out of the people of Israel from Egypt, Judah was made holy and free; which although it is manifestly true according to the letter, is not less true as spiritually understood; that is, that when the soul comes out of sin, it is made holy and free, in its own power.'[3]

With this passage before us, there can be no doubt of the meaning, however veiled, of those beautiful lines, in which Virgil, after having conducted the poet up the steeps of Purgatory—where his sins have been one by one cancelled by the ministering angels, finally takes leave of him, and bids him wait for Beatrice, on the skirts of the earthly Paradise:—

'Come la scala tutta sotto noi
Fu corsa e fummo in su 'l grado superno,
In me ficcò Virgilio gli occhi suoi,
E disse: "Il temporal fuoco, e l' eterno
Veduto hai, figlio, e se' venuto in parte
Ov' io per me più oltre non discerno.
Tratto t' ho qui con ingegno e con arte:
Lo tuo piacere omai prendi per duce;
Fuor se' dell' erte vie, fuor se' dell' arte.

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[1] '*Litera* gesta refert, quid credas *allegoria*,
Moralis quid agas, quid speres *anagogia*.'
De Witte's note from Buti.

[2] Ep. ad Kan Grand. § 6, 7.

[3] Convito, Tr. 2. c. 1.

Vedi il sole che 'n fronte ti riluce:
Vedi l' erbetta, i fiori, e gli arboscelli
Che quella terra sol da se produce.
Mentre che vegnon lieti gli occhi belli
Che lagrimando a te venir mi fenno,
Seder ti puoi e puoi andar tra elli.
Non aspettar mio dir più nè mio cenno:
Libero, dritto, sano è tuo arbitrio,
E fallo fora non fare a suo senno:—
Perch' io te sopra te corono e mitrio." '[1]

The general meaning of the Commedia is clear enough. But it certainly does appear to refuse to be fitted into a connected formal scheme of interpretation. It is not a homogeneous, consistent allegory, like the Pilgrim's Progress and the Fairy Queen. The allegory continually breaks off, shifts its ground, gives place to other elements, or mingles with them—like a stream which suddenly sinks into the ground, and after passing under plains and mountains, reappears in a distant point, and in different scenery. We can, indeed, imagine its strange author commenting on it, and finding or marking out its prosaic substratum, with the coldblooded precision and scholastic distinctions of the Convito. However, he has not done so. And of the many enigmas which present themselves, either in its structure or separate parts, the key seems hopelessly lost. The early commentators are very ingenious, but very unsatisfactory—they see where we can see, but beyond that they are as full of uncertainty as ourselves. It is in character with that solitary and haughty spirit, while touching universal sympathies, appalling and charming all hearts, to have delighted in his own dark sayings, having meaning only to himself. It is true that—whether in irony, or from that quaint studious care for the appearance of literal truth, which makes him apologize for the wonders which he relates, and confirm them by an oath, 'on the words of his poem,'[1] he provokes and challenges us; bids us admire 'the doctrine hidden under strange verses'—bids us strain our eyes, for the veil is thin:—

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[1] 'When we had run
O'er all the ladder to its topmost round,
As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fix'd
His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires, my son,
The temporal and the eternal, thou hast seen:
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts
His beam upon thy forehead: lo! the herb,
The arborets and flowers, which of itself
This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright eyes
With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste
To succour thee, thou mayest or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,
Free of thine own arbitrement to choose,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself." '

Purg. c. 27. (Cary.)

> 'Aguzza, qui, lettor, ben l' occhi al vero:
> Che il velo è ora ben tanto sottile,
> Certo, che il trapassar dentro è leggiero.'

But eyes are still strained in conjecture and doubt.

Yet the most certain and detailed commentary, one which assigned the exact reason for every image or allegory, and its place and connexion in a general scheme, would add but little to the charm or the use of the poem. It is not so obscure, but that every man's experience who has thought over and felt the mystery of our present life, may supply the commentary—the more ample, the wider and more various has been his experience, the deeper and keener his feeling. Details and links of connexion may be matter of controversy; whether the three beasts of the forest mean definitely the vices of the time, or of Florence specially, or of the poet himself—'the wickedness of his heels, compassing him round about,'—may still exercise critics and antiquaries; but that they carry with them distinct and special impressions of evil, and that they are the hindrances of man's salvation, is not doubtful. And our knowledge of the key of the allegory, where we possess it, contributes but little to the effect. We may infer from the Convito[2] that the eyes of Beatrice stand definitely for the *demonstrations*, and her smiles for the *persuasions* of wisdom; but the poetry of the Paradise is not about demonstrations and persuasions, but about looks and smiles; and its ineffable and holy calm—'serenitatis et æternitatis afflatus'—which pervades it, comes from the sacred truths, and holy persons, and that deep spirit of high-raised yet composed devotion, which it requires no interpreter to show us.

Figure and symbol, then, are doubtless the law of composition in the Commedia; but this law discloses itself very variously, and with different degrees of strictness. In its primary and most general form it is palpable, consistent, pervading. There can be no doubt that the poem is meant to be understood figuratively—

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[1] 'Sempre a quel ver, ch' ha faccia di menzogna,
De' l' uom chiuder le labbra, quanto puote,
Però che senza colpa fa vergogna.
Ma qui tacer nol posso; e per le note
Di questa Commedia, lettor, ti giuro
S' elle non sien di lunga grazia vote, &c.'—*Inf.* 16.

[2] Convito, Tr. 3. c. 15.

no doubt of what in general it is meant to shadow forth—no doubt as to the general meaning of its parts, and no break in their connexion with each other. But in its secondary and subordinate applications, the law works—to our eye at least—irregularly, unequally, and fitfully. There can be no question that Virgil, the poet's guide, represents the purely human element in the training of the soul, and of society, as Beatrice does the divine. But neither represent the whole; he does not sum up all appliances of wisdom in Virgil, or all teachings and influences of grace in Beatrice; these have their separate figures. And both represent successively several distinct forms of their general antitype. They have various degrees of abstractness, and narrow down according to that order of things to which they refer and correspond, into the special and the personal. Virgil stands for human wisdom in its widest sense, in the general economy of the poem; but he also stands for it in its various shapes in the different parts. He is the type of human philosophy and science. He is, more definitely, that spirit of imagination and poetry, which opens men's eyes to the glories of the visible, and the truth of the invisible; and to Italians, he is a definite embodiment of it, their own great poet, '*Vates, poeta noster.*' In the Christian order, he is human wisdom, dimly mindful of its heavenly origin, presaging dimly its return to God—sheltering in heathen times that 'vague and unconnected 'family of religious truths originally from God, but sojourning 'without the sanction of miracle or visible home, as pilgrims up and 'down the world.' In the political order, he is the guide of lawgivers, wisdom fashioning the impulses and instincts of men into the harmony of society, contriving stability and peace, guarding justice; fit part for the poet to fill, who had sung the origin of Rome, and the justice and peace of Augustus. In the order of individual life, the progress of the individual soul, he is the human conscience witnessing to duty, its discipline and its hopes, and with yet more certain and fearful presage, to its vindication; the human conscience seeing and acknowledging the law, but unable to confer power to fulfil it—wakened by grace from among the dead, leading the living man up to it, and waiting for its light and strength. But he is more than a figure. To the poet himself, who blends with his high argument his own life, Virgil had been the utmost that mind can be to mind,—teacher, quickener and revealer of power, source of thought, exemplar and model, never disappointing, never attained to, observed with 'long study and great love.'—

'Tu duca, tu signor, e tu maestro.'

And towards this great master, the poet's whole soul is poured forth in reverence and affection. To Dante he is no figure, but a person—with feelings and weaknesses—overcome by the vexation, kindling into the wrath, carried away by the tenderness of the moment. He reads his scholar's heart, takes him by the hand in danger, carries him in his arms and in his bosom, 'like a son more than a companion,' rebukes his unworthy curiosity, kisses him when he shows a noble spirit, asks pardon for his own mistakes. Never were the kind, yet severe ways of a master, or the disciple's diffidence and open-heartedness, drawn with greater force, or less effort; and he seems to have been reflecting on his own affection to Virgil when he makes Statius forget that they were both but shades:—

> 'Or puoi la quantitate
> Comprender dell' amor ch' a te mi scalda,
> Quando *dismento la nostra vanitate*
> *Trattando l' ombre come cosa salda.'—Purg.* 21.

And so with the poet's second guide: the great idea which Beatrice figures, though always present, is seldom rendered artificially prominent, and is often entirely hidden beneath the rush of real recollections, and the creations of dramatic power. Abstractions venture and trust themselves among realities, and for the time are forgotten; a name, a real person, a historic passage, a lament or denunciation, a tragedy of actual life, a legend of classic times, the fortunes of friends—the story of Francesca or Ugolino, the fate of Buonconte's corpse, the apology of Pier delle Vigne, the epitaph of Madonna Pia, Ulysses' western voyage, the march of Roman history—appear and absorb for themselves all interest: or else it is a philosophical speculation, or a theory of morality, or a case of conscience,—not indeed alien from the main subject, but yet independent of allegory, and not translatable into any new meaning—standing on their own ground, worked out each according to its own law. But they do not disturb the main course of the poet's thought, who grasps and paints each detail of human life in its own peculiarity, yet sees in each a significance and interest beyond itself. He does not stop in each case to tell us so, but he makes it felt. The tale ends, the individual disappears, and the great allegory resumes its course. It is like one of those great musical compositions which alone seem capable of truly expressing in a limited time, a course of unfolding and change, in an idea, a career, a life, a society—where one great thought predominates, recurs, gives colour and meaning, and forms the unity of the whole, yet passes through many shades and transitions; is at one time definite, at another suggestive and mysterious; incorporates and gives free place and play to airs and melodies even of an alien cast; strikes off abruptly from its expected road, but without ever losing itself, without breaking its true continuity, or failing of its completeness.

This then seems to us the end and purpose of the Commedia, to produce on the mind a sense of the judgments of God, analogous to that produced by Scripture itself. They are presented to us in the Bible in shapes which address themselves primarily to the heart and conscience, and seek not carefully to explain themselves. They are like the 'great deep,' and the 'strong mountains,'—vast and awful, but abrupt and incomplete, as the huge, broken, rugged piles and chains of mountains. And we see them through cloud and mist, in shapes only approximating to the true one. Still they impress us deeply and truly, often the more deeply because unconsciously; a character, an event, a word, isolated and unexplained, stamps its meaning ineffaceably, though ever a matter of question and wonder; though dark to the intellect, the conscience understands it, often but too well. In such suggestive ways is the Divine government for the most part put before us in the Bible—ways which do not satisfy the understanding, but which fill us with a sense of reality. And it seems to have been by meditating on them, which he certainly did, much and thoughtfully—and on the infinite variety of similar ways in which the strongest impressions are conveyed to us in ordinary life, by means short of clear and distinct explanation—by looks, by images, by sounds, by motions, by remote allusion and broken words, that Dante was led to choose so new and remarkable a mode of conveying to his countrymen his thoughts and feelings and presentiments about the mystery of God's counsel. The Bible teaches us by means of real history, traced so far as is necessary along its real course. The poet expresses his view of the world also in real history, but carried on into figure.

The poetry with which the Christian Church had been instinct from the beginning, converges and is gathered up in the Commedia. The faith had early shown its poetical aspect. It is superfluous to dwell on this, for it is the charge against ancient teaching that it was too large and imaginative. It soon began to try rude essays in sculpture and mosaic; expressed its feeling of nature in verse and prose, rudely also, but often with originality and force; and opened a new vein of poetry in the thoughts, hopes, and aspirations of regenerate man. Modern poetry must go back for many of its deepest and most powerful sources, to the writings of the Fathers, and their followers of the School. The Church further had a poetry of its own, besides the poetry of literature; it had the poetry of devotion—the Psalter chanted daily, in a new language and a new meaning; and that wonderful body of hymns, to which age after age had contributed its offering, from the Ambrosian hymns, to the '*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*' of a king of France, the '*Pange lingua*' of Thomas Aquinas, the '*Dies iræ,*' and '*Stabat Mater,*' of the two Franciscan brethren. The elements and fragments of poetry were everywhere in the Church, in her ideas of life, in her rules and institutions for passing through it, in her preparation for death, in her offices, ceremonial, celebrations, usages, her consecration of domestic, literary, commercial, civic, military, political life, the meanings and ends she had given them, the religious seriousness with which the forms of each were dignified—in her doctrine, and her dogmatic system,—her dependence on the unseen world—her Bible. And from each and all of these, and from that public feeling, which if it expressed itself but abruptly and incoherently, was quite alive to the poetry which surrounded it, the poet received their due impressions of greatness and beauty, of joy and dread; then the poetry of Christian religion and Christian temper hitherto dispersed, or manifested in act only, found its full and distinct utterance, not unworthy to rank in grandeur, in music, in sustained strength, with the last noble voices from expiring Heathenism.

But a long interval had passed since then. The Commedia first disclosed to Christian and modern Europe that it was to have a literature of its own, great and admirable though in its own language, and embodying its own ideas. We are so accustomed to the excellent and varied literature of modern times, so original, so perfect in form and rich in thought, so expressive of all our sentiments, meeting so completely our wants, fulfilling our ideas, that we can scarcely imagine the time when this condition was new—when society was beholden to a foreign language for the exponents of its highest thoughts and feelings. But so it was when Dante wrote. The great poets, historians, philosophers of his day, the last great works of intellect, belonged to old Rome, and the Latin language. So wonderful and prolonged was the fascination of Rome. Men still lived under its influence; believed that the Latin language was the perfect and permanent instrument of thought in its highest forms, the only expression of refinement and civilization;—and had not conceived the hope that their own dialects could ever rise to such heights of dignity and power. Latin, which had enchased and preserved such precious remains of ancient wisdom, was now shackling the living mind in its efforts; men imagined that they were still using it naturally on all high themes and solemn business; but though they used it with facility, it was no longer natural; it had lost the elasticity of life, and had become in their hands a stiffened and distorted, though still powerful instrument. The very use of the word '*latino,*' in the writers of this period, to express what is clear and philosophical in language,[1] while it shows their deep reverence for it, shows how Latin civilization was no longer their own, how it had insensibly become an external and foreign element. But they found it very hard to resign their claim to a share in its glories; with nothing of their own to match against it, they still delighted to speak of it as 'our language,' or its writers as 'our poets,' 'our historians.'[2]

The spell was indeed beginning to break. Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's strange, stern, speculative friend, who is one of the fathers of the Italian language, is characterised in the Commedia[3] by his scornful dislike of Latin, even in the mouth of Virgil. Yet Dante himself, the great assertor, by argument and example, of the powers of the Vulgar tongue, once dared not to think that it could be other to the Latin, than as a subject to his sovereign. He was bolder when he wrote 'De Vulgari Eloquio:' but in the earlier Convito, while pleading earnestly for the beauty of the Italian, he yields with reverence the first place to the Latin—for nobleness, because the Latin is permanent, and the Vulgar subject to fluctuation and corruption; for power, because the Latin can express conceptions to which the Vulgar is unequal; for beauty, because the structure of the Latin is a masterly arrangement of scientific art, and the beauty of the Vulgar depends on mere use. The very title of his poem, the *Commedia,* contains in it a homage to the lofty claims of the Latin. It is called a Comedy, and not Tragedy, he says, after a marvellous account of the essence and etymology of the two, first, because it begins sadly, and ends joyfully; and next, because of its language, that humble speech of ordinary life, 'in which even women converse.'[4]

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[1] Parad. 3, 12, 17. Convit. p. 108, 'A più *Latinamente* vedere la sentenza letterale.'

[2] *Vid.* the 'De Monarchia.'

[3] Inf. 10, and compare the Vit. N. p. 334, ed. Fraticelli.

[4] Ep. ad Kan Grand. § 9.—a curious specimen of the learning of the time: "Sciendum est, quod *Comœdia* dicitur a κωμη, *villa,* et ωδη, quod est *cantus,* unde Comœdia quasi *villanus cantus.* Et est Comœdia *genus quoddam poeticæ narrationis,* ab omnibus aliis differens. Differt ergo a Tragœdia in materia per hoc, quod Tragœdia in principio est admirabilis et quieta, in fine fœtida et horribilis; et dicitur propter hoc a τραγος, i.e. *hircus,* et ωδη, quasi *cantus hircinus,* i.e. fœtidus ad modum hirci, ut patet per Senecam in suis tragœdiis. Comœdia vero inchoat asperitatem alicujus rei, sed ejus materia prospere terminatur, ut patet per Terentium in suis Comœdiis. . . . . Similiter differunt in modo loquendi; elate et sublime Tragœdia, Comœdia vero remisse et humiliter sicut vult Horat. in Poët. . . . Et per hoc patet, quod Comœdia dicitur præsens opus. Nam si ad materiam respiciamus, a principio horribilis et fœtida est, quia Infernus: in fine prospera, desiderabilis et grata, quia Paradisus. Si ad modum loquendi, remissus est modus et humilis, quia locutio Vulgaris, in qua et mulierculæ communicant. Et sic patet quia Comœdia dicitur.' Cf. de Vulg. Eloq. 2. 4. He calls the Æneid, '*l' alta Tragedia,*' Inf. 20. 113. Compare also Boccaccio's explanation

He honoured the Latin, but his love was for the Italian. He was its champion, and indignant defender against the depreciation of ignorance and fashion. Confident of its power, and jealous of its beauty, he pours forth his fierce scorn on the blind stupidity, the affectation, the vain-glory, the envy, and above all, the cowardice of Italians who held lightly their mother tongue. 'Many,' he says, after enumerating the other offenders, 'from this pusillanimity and cowardice disparage their own language, and exalt that of others; and of this sort are those hateful dastards of Italy—*abbominevoli cattivi d' Italia*—who think vilely of that precious language; which, if it is vile in anything, is vile only so far as it sounds in the prostituted mouth of these adulterers.'[1] He noted and compared its various dialects; he asserted its capabilities not only in verse, but in expressive, flexible, and majestic prose; and to the deliberate admiration of the critic and the man, were added the homely but dear associations, which no language can share with that of early days. Italian had been the language of his parents;—'*Questo mio Volgare fu il congiugnitore delli miei generanti, che con esso parlavano;*'—and further, it was this modern language, '*questo mio Volgare,*' which opened to him the way of knowledge, which had introduced him to Latin, and the sciences which it contained. It was his benefactor, and guide;—he personifies it—and his boyish friendship had grown stronger and more intimate by mutual good offices. 'There has also been between us the goodwill of intercourse; for from the beginning of my life I have had with it kindness and conversation, and have used it, deliberating, interpreting, and questioning; so that, if friendship grows with use, it is evident how it must have grown in me.'

From this language he exacted a hard trial;—a work which should rank with the ancient works. None such had appeared; none had even advanced such a pretension. Not that it was a time dead to literature, or literary ambition. Poets and historians had written, and were writing, in Italian. The same year of jubilee which fixed itself so deeply in Dante's mind, and became the epoch of his vision—the same scene of Roman greatness in its decay which afterwards suggested to Gibbon the 'Decline and Fall,' prompted in the father of Italian history the desire to follow in the steps of Sallust and Livy, and prepare the

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of his mother's dream of the *peacock*. Dante, he says, is like the Peacock, among other reasons, 'because the peacock has coarse feet, and a quiet gait;' and 'the Vulgar language, on which the Commedia supports itself, is coarse in comparison with the high and masterly literary style which every other poet uses, though it be more beautiful than others, being in conformity with modern minds. The quiet gait signifies the humility of the style, which is necessarily required in "Commedia," as those know who understand what is meant by "Commedia."'

[1] Convito.

way for Machiavelli and Guicciardini, Davila and Fra Paolo.[1] Poetry had been cultivated in the Roman languages of the West—in Aquitaine and Provençe, especially—for more than two centuries; and lately, with spirit and success, in Italian. Names had become popular, reputations had risen and waned, verses circulated and were criticised, and even descended from the high and refined circles to the workshop. A story is told of Dante's indignation, when he heard the canzoni which had charmed the Florentine ladies, mangled by the rude enthusiasm of a blacksmith at his forge.[2] Literature was a growing fashion; but it was humble in its aspirations and efforts. Men wrote like children, surprised and pleased with their success; yet allowing themselves in mere amusement, because conscious of weakness which they could not cure.

Dante, by the 'Divina Commedia,' was the restorer of seriousness in literature. He was so, by the magnitude and pretensions of his work, and by the earnestness of its spirit. He first broke through the prescription which had confined great works to the Latin, and the faithless prejudices which, in the language of society, could see powers fitter for no higher task than that of expressing, in curiously diversified forms, its most ordinary feelings. But he did much more. Literature was going astray in its tone, while growing in importance; the Commedia checked it. The Provençal and Italian poetry, was with the exception of some pieces of political satire, almost exclusively amatory in the most fantastic and affected fashion. In expression, it had not even the merit of being natural; in purpose it was trifling; in the spirit which it encouraged, it was something worse. Doubtless it brought a degree of refinement with it, but it was refinement purchased at a high price, by intellectual distortion, and moral insensibility. But this was not all. The brilliant age of Frederick II., for such it was, was deeply mined by religious unbelief. However strange this charge first sounds against the thirteenth century, no one can look at all closely into its history, at least in Italy, without seeing that the idea of infidelity—not heresy, but infidelity—was quite a familiar one; and that side by side with the theology of Aquinas and Bonaventura, there was working among those who influenced fashion and opinion, among the great men, and the men to whom learning was a profession, a spirit of scepticism and irreligion almost monstrous for its time, which found its countenance in Frederick's refined and enlightened court. The genius of the great doctors might have kept in safety the Latin Schools, but not the free and home thoughts which found utterance in the language of the people, if the solemn beauty of the Italian Commedia had not seized on all minds. It would have been an evil thing for Italian, perhaps for European literature, if the siren tales of the Decameron had been the first to occupy the ear with the charms of a new language.

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[1] G. Villani was at Rome in the year of jubilee, 1300, and describes the great concourse and order of the pilgrims, whom he reckons at 200,000, in the course of the year. 'And I,' he proceeds, 'finding myself in that blessed pilgrimage in the holy city of Rome, seeing the great and ancient things of the same, and reading the histories of the great deeds of the Romans, written by Virgil, and by Sallust, and Lucan, and Titus Livius, and Valerius, and Paulus Orosius, and other masters of histories, who wrote as well of the smaller matters as of the greater concerning the exploits and deeds of the Romans; and further, of the strange things of the whole world, for memory and example's sake to those who should come after—I too, took their style and fashion, albeit that as their scholar, I be not worthy to execute such a work. But, considering that our city of Florence, the daughter and creation of Rome, was in its rising, and on the eve of achieving great things, as Rome was in its decline, it seemed to me convenient to bring into this volume and new chronicle all the deeds and beginnings of the city of Florence, so far as I have been able to gather and recover them; and for the future, to follow at large the doings of the Florentines, and the other notable things of the world briefly, as long as it may be God's pleasure; under which hope, rather by His grace than by my poor science, I entered on this enterprise: and so, in the year 1300, being returned from Rome, I began to compile this book, in reverence towards God and S. John, and commendation of our city of Florence.'—G. Vill. viii. 36.

[2] Sacchetti, Nov. 114.

Dante has had hard measure, and from some who are most beholden to him. No one in his day served the Church more highly, than he whose faith and genius secured on her side the first great burst of imagination and feeling, the first perfect accents of modern speech. The first fruits of the new literature were consecrated, and offered up. There was no necessity, or even probability in Italy in the 14th century that it should be so, as there might perhaps have been earlier. It was the poet's free act—free in one, for whom nature and heathen learning had strong temptations—that religion was the lesson and influence of the great popular work of the time. That which he held up before men's awakened and captivated minds, was the verity of God's moral government. To rouse them to a sense of the mystery of their state; to startle their common-place notions of sin into an imagination of its variety, its magnitude, and its infinite shapes and degrees; to open their eyes to the beauty of the Christian temper, both as suffering and as consummated; to teach them at once the faithfulness and awful freeness of God's grace; to help the dull and lagging soul to conceive the possibility, in its own case, of rising step by step in joy without an end,—of a felicity not unimaginable by man, though of another order from the highest perfection of earth;—this is the poet's end. Nor was it only vague religious feelings which he wished to excite. He brought within the circle of common thought, and translated into the language of the multitude, what the Schools had done to throw light on the deep questions of human existence, which all are fain to muse upon, though none can solve. He who had opened so much of men's hearts to themselves, opened to them also that secret sympathy which exists betwen them and the great mysteries of the Christian doctrine.[1] He did the work, in his day, of a great preacher. Yet he has been both claimed and condemned as a disturber of the Church's faith.

He certainly did not spare the Church's rulers. He thought that they were betraying the most sacred of all trusts; and if history is at all to be trusted, he had some grounds for thinking so. But it is confusing the feelings of the middle ages with our own, to convert every fierce attack on the Popes into an anticipation of Luther. Strong language of this sort was far too common-place to be so significant. No age is blind to practical abuses, or silent on them; and when the middle ages complained, they did so with a full-voiced and clamorous rhetoric, which greedily seized on every topic of vilification within its reach. It was far less singular, and far less bold, to criticise ecclesiastical authorities, than is often supposed; but it by no means implied unsettled faith, or a revolutionary design. In Dante's case, if words have any meaning—not words of deliberate qualification, but his unpremeditated and incidental expressions—his faith in the Divine mission and spiritual powers of the Popes was as strong as his abhorrence of their degeneracy, and desire to see it corrected by a power which they would respect—that of the temporal sword. It would be to mistake altogether his character, to imagine, either as a fault or as an excellence, that he was a doubter. It might as well be supposed of Aquinas.

No one ever acknowledged with greater seriousness, as a fact in his position in the world, the agreement in faith among those with whom he was born. No one ever inclined with more simplicity and reverence before that long communion and consent in feeling and purpose, the 'communis sensus' of the Christian Church. He did feel difficulties; but the excitement of lingering on them was not among his enjoyments. That was the lot of the heathen; Virgil, made wise by death, counsels him not to desire it:—

> '"Matto è chi spera, che nostra ragione
> Possa trascorrer la 'nfinita via
> Che tiene una sustanzia in tre Persone.
> State contenti, umana gente, al *quia;*
> Che se potuto aveste veder tutto,
> Mestier non era partorir Maria:
> E disiar vedeste senza frutto
> Tai, che sarebbe lor disio quetato,
> Ch' eternamente è dato lor per lutto;

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[1] *Vide* Ozanam.

I' dico d' Aristotile e di Plato,
E di molti altri:"—e qui chinò la fronte,
E più non disse, e rimase turbato.'—*Purg.* c. 3.[1]

He felt that it was greater to believe and to act. In the darkness of the world, one bright light appeared, and he followed it. Providence had assigned him his portion of truth, his portion of daily bread; if to us it appears blended with human elements, it is perfectly clear that he was in no position to sift them. To choose was no trial of his. To examine and seek, where it was impossible to find, would have been folly. The authority from which he started, had not yet been seriously questioned; there were no palpable signs of doubtfulness on the system which was to him the representative of God's will; and he sought for none. It came to him claiming his allegiance by custom, by universality, by its completeness as a whole, and satisfying his intellect and his sympathies in detail. And he gave his allegiance—reasonably, because there was nothing to hope for in doubting,—wisely, because he gave it loyally and from his heart.

And he had his reward—the reward of him who throws himself with frankness and earnestness into a system; who is not afraid or suspicious of it; who is not unfaithful to it. He gained not merely power—he gained that freedom and largeness of mind, which the suspicious or the unfaithful miss. His loyalty to the Church was no cramping or blinding service; it left to its full play that fresh and original mind, left it to range at will in all history and all nature for the traces of Eternal wisdom, left it to please itself with all beauty, and pay its homage to all excellence. For upon all wisdom, beauty, and excellence, the Church had taught him to see, in various and duly distinguished degrees, the seal of the one Creator. She imparts to the poem, to its form and progressive development, her own solemnity, her awe, her calm, her serenity and joy; it follows her sacred seasons and hours; repeats her appointed words of benediction and praise; moulds itself on her belief, her expectations and forecastings. Her intimations, more or less distinct, dogma or tradition or vague hint, guide the poet's imagination through the land where all eyes are open. The voyage begins under the Easter moon of the year of jubilee, on the evening of Good Friday; the days of her mourning he spends in the regions of woe, where none dares to pronounce the name of the Redeemer, and he issues forth to 'behold again the stars,' to learn how to die to sin and rise to righteousness, very early in the morning, as it begins to dawn, on the day of the Resurrection. The whole arrangement of the 'Purgatorio' is drawn from Church usages. It is a picture of men suffering in calm and holy hope the sharp discipline of repentance, amid the prayers, the melodies, the consoling images and thoughts, the orderly ritual, the hours of devotion, the sacraments of the Church militant. When he ascends in his hardiest flight, and imagines the joys of the perfect and the vision of God, his abundant fancy confines itself strictly to the bounds sanctioned by her famous teachers,—ventures into no new sphere, hazards no anticipations in which they have not preceded it, and is content with adding to the poetry which it elicits from their ideas, a beauty which it is able to conceive apart altogether from bodily form—the beauty, infinite in its variety, of the expression of the human eye and smile,—the beauty of light, of sound, of motion. And when his song mounts to its last strain of triumph, and the poet's thought, imagination, and feeling of beauty tasked to the utmost, nor failing under the weight of glory which they have to express, breathe themselves forth in words, higher than which no poetry has ever risen, and represent in images transcending sense, and baffling it, yet missing not one of those deep and transporting sympathies which they were to touch, the sight, eye to eye, of the Creator by the creature,—he beholds the gathering together, in the presence of God, of 'all that from our earth has to the skies returned,'—the countless orders of their thrones mirrored in His light—

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[1] '"Insensate he, who thinks with mortal ken
To pierce Infinitude, which doth enfold
Three Persons in one Substance. Seek not then,
O mortal race, for reasons,—but believe,
And be contented; for had all been seen,
No need there was for Mary to conceive.
Men have ye known, who thus desired in vain;
And whose desires, that might at rest have been,
Now constitute a source of endless pain;
Platò, the Stagirite; and many more,
I here allude to:"—then his head he bent,
Was silent, and a troubled aspect wore.'—(Wright.)

'Mira
Quanto è 'l convento delle bianche stole,'—

under a figure already taken into the ceremonial of the Church,—the mystic Rose, whose expanding leaves image forth the joy of the heavenly Jerusalem.[1]

But this universal reference to the religious ideas of the Church is so natural, so unaffected, that it leaves him at full liberty in other orders of thought. He can afford not to be conventional—he can afford to be comprehensive and genuine. It has been remarked how, in a poem where there would seem to be a fitting place for them, the ecclesiastical legends of the middle ages are almost entirely absent. The sainted spirits of the Paradiso are not exclusively or chiefly the Saints of popular devotion; after the Saints of the Bible, the holy women, the three great Apostles, the Virgin mother, they are either names personally dear to the poet himself, friends whom he had loved, and teachers to whom he owed wisdom—or great men of masculine energy in thought or action, in their various lines 'compensations and antagonists of the world's evils'—Justinian and Constantine, and Charlemagne, the founders of the Orders, Augustine, Benedict and Bernard, Francis and Dominic—the great doctors of the Schools, Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, whom the Church had not yet canonized. And with them are joined—and that with a full consciousness of the line which theology draws between the dispensations of nature and grace—some rare type of virtue among the heathen. Cato is admitted to the outskirts of Purgatory; and Trajan, and the righteous king of Virgil's poem, to the heaven of the just.

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[1] The form of benediction of the 'Rosa d' oro.' He alludes to it in the Convito, iv. 29.

> 'Chi crederebbe giù nel mondo errante,
> Che Rifëo Trojano[1] in questo tondo
> Fosse la quinta delle luci sante?
> Ora conosce assai di quel, che 'l mondo
> Veder non può della divina grazia;
> Benchè sua vista non discerna il fondo.'—*Parad.* c. 20.

Without confusion or disturbance to the religious character of his train of thought, he is able freely to subordinate to it the lessons and the great recollections of the Gentile times. He contemplates them with the veil drawn off from them; as now known to form but one whole with the history of the Bible and the Church, in the design of Providence. He presents them in their own colours, as drawn by their own writers—he only adds what Christianity seems to show to be their event. 'He that nurtureth the heathen, it is He that teacheth man knowledge—shall not He punish?'—such is the conviction, that the light of the Heathen was a real guide from above, calling for vengeance in proportion to unfaithfulness, or outrage done to it,—under which the great criminals of profane history are mingled with sinners against God's revealed will—and that, with equal dramatic power, with equal feeling of the greatness of their loss. The story of the voyage of Ulysses is told with as much vivid power and pathetic interest as the tales of the day.[2] He honours unfeignedly the old heathen's brave disdain of ease; that spirit, even to old age, eager, fresh, adventurous, and inquisitive. His faith allowed him to admire, in full security that he was not confounding the limits or the results of nature and grace—beauty and strength of character among the heathen; they were not less real or less excellent in themselves, because they fell short of what the new gift of the Gospel can alone impart. He saw in them proofs that God had never left His will and law without their witness among men. Virtue was virtue still, though imperfect, and unconsecrated—generosity, largeness of soul, truth, condescension, justice, were never unworthy of the reverence of Christians. He uses without fear or scruple the classic element. The sounds and sights which recal to the mind of the penitents, in the different terraces of purgatory, their sin, and the grace they have to attain to, by instances of each, come indiscriminately from poetry and Scripture. The sculptured pavement, to which the proud are obliged ever to bow down their eyes, shows at once the humility of S. Mary and of the Psalmist, and the condescension of Trajan; and elsewhere the pride of Nimrod and Sennacherib, of Niobe, and Cyrus. The envious hear the passing voices of courtesy from saints and heroes, and the bursting cry, like crashing thunder, of repentant jealousy from Cain and Aglaurus; the avaricious, to keep up the memory of their fault, celebrate by day the poverty of Fabricius and the liberality of S. Nicolas, and execrate by night the greediness of Pygmalion and Midas, of Achan, Heliodorus and Crassus.

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[1] 'Rhipeus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.'—*Æn.* ii.

[2] Inf. c. 26.

Dante's comprehensive and all-surveying, all-embracing mind, was worthy to open the grand procession of modern poets. He had chosen his subject in a region remote from popular thought—too awful for it, too abstruse. He had accepted frankly the dogmatic limits of the Church, and thrown himself with even enthusiastic faith into her reasonings, at once so bold and so undoubting—her spirit of certainty, and her deep contemplations on the unseen and infinite. And in literature, he had taken as guides and models, above all criticism and all appeal, the classical writers. Yet with his mind full of the deep and intricate questions of metaphysics and theology, and his poetical taste always owning allegiance to Virgil, Ovid, and Statius,—keen and subtle as a Schoolman—as much an idolater of old heathen art and grandeur as the men of the renaissance,—his eye is as open to the delicacies of character, to the variety of external nature, to the wonders of the physical world—his interest in them as diversified and fresh, his impressions as sharp and distinct, his rendering of them as free and true and forcible, as little weakened or confused by imitation or conventional words, his language as elastic, and as completely under his command, his choice of poetic materials as unrestricted and original, as if he had been born in days which claim as their own such freedom, and such keen discriminative sense of what is real, in feeling and image—as if he had never felt the attractions of a crabbed problem of scholastic logic, or bowed before the mellow grace of the Latins. It may be said, indeed, that the time was not yet come when the classics could be really understood and appreciated; and this is true, perhaps fortunate. But admiring them with a kind of devotion, and showing not seldom that he had caught their spirit, he never *attempts* to copy them. His poetry in form and material is all his own. He asserted the poet's claim to borrow from all science, and from every phase of nature, the associations and images which he wants; and he showed that those images and associations did not lose their poetry by being expressed with the most literal reality.

But let no reader of fastidious taste disturb his temper by the study of Dante. Dante certainly opened that path of freedom and poetic conquest, in which the greatest efforts of modern poetry have followed him—opened it with a magnificence and power, which have never been surpassed. But the greatest are but pioneers; they must be content to leave to a posterity, which knows more if it cannot do as much, a keen and even growing sense of their defects. The Commedia is open to all the attacks that can be made on grotesqueness and extravagance. This is partly owing, doubtless, to the time, in itself quaint, quainter to us, by being remote and ill-understood; but even then, weaker and less daring writers than Dante do not equally offend or astonish us. So that an image or an expression will render forcibly a thought, there is no strangeness which checks him. Barbarous words are introduced, to express the cries of the demons or the confusion of Babel—even to represent the incomprehensible song of the blessed;[1] inarticulate syllables, to convey the impression of some natural sound—the cry of sorrowful surprise—

'Alto sospir, che duolo strinse in *hui*;'

or the noise of the cracking ice—

'Se Tabernicch
Vi fosse su caduto, o Pietra-pana
Non avria pur del orlo fatto *cricch*:'

even separate letters—to express an image, to spell a name, or as used in some popular proverb.[2] He employs without scruple, and

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[1] Parad. 7. 1—3.

[2] To describe the pinched face of famine;—

'Parean l' occhiaje anella senza gemme.
Chi nel viso degli uomini legge OMO
Ben avria quivi conosciuto l' *emme* (M).'—*Purg.* 23. Again,

often with marvellous force of description, any recollection that occurs to him, however homely, of everyday life;—the old tailor threading his needle with trouble (Inf. 15);—the cook's assistant watching over the boiling broth (Inf. 21);—the hurried or impatient horse-groom using his curry-comb (Inf. 29);—or the common sights of the street or the chamber—the wet wood sputtering on the hearth—

'Come d' un stizzo verde che arso sia
Dall' un de' capi, che dall' altro geme
E cigola per vento che va via;'—[1]

the paper changing colour when about to catch fire;—

'Come procede innanzi dall' ardore
Per lo papiro suso un color bruno
Che non è nero ancora, e 'l bianco muore:'—[2]

the steaming of the hand when bathed, in winter;—

'Fuman come man bagnata il verno:'—

or the ways and appearances of animals—ants meeting on their path;—

'Lì veggio d' ogni parte farsi presta
Ciascun' ombra, e baciarsi una con una
Senza restar, contente a breve festa:
Così per entro loro schiera bruna
S' ammusa l' una con l' altra formica,
Forse a spiar lor via e lor fortuna.'—*Purg.* 26.[3]

the snail drawing in its horns; the hog shut out of its sty, and trying to gore with its tusks; the dogs' misery in summer; frogs jumping on to the bank before the water-snake, or showing their heads above water;—

Again,—
'Quella reverenza che s' indonna
Di tutto me, pur per B e per ICE.'—*Parad.* 7.

'Nè O si tosto mai, nè I si scrisse,
Com' ei s' accese ed arse.'—*Inf.* 24.

[1] '— As a brand yet green,
That burning at one end from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way.'—(Cary.)

[2] 'Thus up the shrinking paper ere it burns,
A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,
And the clean white expires.'—(Cary.)

[3] 'On either hand I saw them haste their meeting,
And kiss each one the other—pausing not,—
Contented to enjoy so short a greeting.
Thus do the ants among their dingy band,
Face one another—each their neighbour's lot
Haply to scan, and how their fortunes stand.'—(Wright.)

'Come al orlo dell' acqua d'un fosso
Stan gli ranocchi *pur col muso fuori*,
Sì che celano i piedi, e l' altro grosso.'[1]

It must be said, that most of these images, though by no means all, occur in the Inferno; and that the poet means to paint sin not merely in the greatness of its ruin and misery, but in characters which all understand, of strangeness, of vileness, of despicableness, blended with diversified and monstrous horror. Even he seems to despair of his power at times—

'Had I a rhyme so rugged, rough, and hoarse
As would become the sorrowful abyss,
O'er which the rocky circles wind their course,
Then with a more appropriate form I might
Endow my vast conceptions; wanting this,
Not without fear I bring myself to write.
For no light enterprise it is, I deem,
To represent the lowest depth of all;
Nor should a childish tongue attempt the theme.
But may the heavenly Nine their aid afford,
By whom Amphion reared Thebes' lofty wall;
So that my words may with the fact accord.'—*Inf.*32. (Wright.)

Feeling the difference between sins, in their elements and, as far as we see them, their baseness, he treats them variously. His ridicule is apportioned with a purpose. He passes on from the doom of the sins of incontinence—the storm, the frost and hail, the crushing weights,—from the flaming minarets of the city of Dis, of the Furies and Proserpine, 'Donna dell' eterno pianto,' where the unbelievers lie each in his burning tomb—from the river of boiling blood—the wood with the Harpies—the waste of barren sand with fiery snow, where the violent are punished,—to the Malebolge, the manifold circles of Falsehood. And here scorn and ridicule in various degrees, according to the vileness of the fraud, begin to predominate, till they culminate in that grim comedy, with its *dramatis personæ* and battle of devils, Draghignazzo, and Graffiacane, and Malacoda, where the peculators and sellers of justice are fished up by the demons from the boiling pitch, but even there overreach and cheat their tormentors, and make them turn their fangs on each other. The diversified forms of falsehood seem to tempt the poet's imagination to cope with its changefulness and inventions, as well as its audacity. The transformations of the wildest dream do not daunt him. His power over language is nowhere more forcibly displayed than in those cantos, which describe the punishments of theft—men passing gradually into serpents, and serpents into men :—

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[1] 'As in a trench, frogs at the water's side
Sit squatting, with their noses raised on high,
The while their feet, and all their bulk they hide—
Thus upon either hand the sinners stood.
But Barbariccia now approaching nigh,
Quick they withdrew beneath the boiling flood.
I saw—and still my heart is thrill'd with fear—
One spirit linger; as beside a ditch,
One frog remains, the others disappear.'—*Inf.* 22. (Wright.)

'Due e nessun l' imagine perversa
Parea.'—*Inf.* 25.

And when the traitor, who murdered his own kinsman, was still alive, and seemed safe from the infamy which it was the poet's rule to bestow only on the dead, Dante found a way to inflict his vengeance without an anachronism,—Branca D'Oria's body, though on earth, is only animated by a fiend, and his spirit has long since fled to the icy prison :—

'"How on the earth above my body fares,
That knowledge I possess not," he replied;
"For souls oft hither come, by vengeance driven—
Such privilege this Ptoloméa shares—
Ere Atropos the fatal stroke hath given.

* * * * * *

Know—soon as doth the soul, like mine, betray,
Its body by a demon is possess'd,
By whom 'tis govern'd, till it fill the space
On earth allotted to its course unblest.
The soul descends to such a cistern here;
And still, perhaps, on earth the body's seen
Of the sad shade, which winters in my rear.
If lately thou cam'st hither, thou must know,
He is Ser Branca D'Oria whom I mean;
For many years hath he been here below."
Then I; "Thou fain wouldst dupe me, as I guess,
For Branca D'Oria surely is not dead,
But eats and drinks, and sleeps, and dons his dress."
"Ere to the trench above of Malebranche,
Where always boils the adhesive pitch," he said,
"Had yet arrived the hapless Michel Zanche,
This D'Oria's form the devil did assume."'—*Inf.*33. (Wright.)

These are strange experiments in poetry; their strangeness is exaggerated as detached passages; but they are strange enough when they meet us in their place in the context, as parts of a scene, where the mind is strung and overawed by the sustained power, with which dreariness, horror, hideous absence of every form of good, is kept before the imagination and feelings, in the fearful picture of human sin. But they belong to the poet's system of direct and forcible representation. What his inward eye sees, what he feels, that he means us to see and feel as he does; to make us see and feel is his art. Afterwards we may reflect and meditate; but first we must see—must see what he saw. Evil and deformity are in the world, as well as good and beauty—the eye cannot escape them, they are about our path, in our heart and memory. He has faced them without shrinking or dissembling, and extorted from them a voice of warning. In all poetry that is written for mere delight, in all poetry which regards but a part or an aspect of nature, they have no place—they disturb and mar; but he had conceived a poetry of the whole, which would be weak or false without them. Yet they stand in his poem, as they stand in nature, subordinate and relieved. If the grotesque is allowed to intrude itself—if the horrible and the foul, undisguised and unsoftened, make us shudder and shrink, they are kept in strong check and in due subjection by other poetical influences; and the same power which exhibits them in their naked strength, renders its full grace and glory to beauty; its full force and delicacy to the most evanescent feeling.

Dante's eye was free and open to external nature, in a degree new among poets; certainly in a far greater degree than among the Latins, even including Lucretius, whom he probably had never read. We have already spoken of his minute notice of the appearance of living creatures; but his eye was caught by the beautiful as well as by the grotesque. Nothing can be more true and original than his images of birds; they are varied and very numerous. We have the water-birds rising in clamorous and changing flocks—

> 'Come augelli surti di riviera
> *Quasi congratulando a lor pasture,*
> Fanno di sè or tonda or lunga schiera,'—*Parad.* 18.[1]

the rooks, beginning to move about at day-break—

> 'E come per lo natural costume,
> Le pole insieme, al cominciar del giorno
> Si muovono a scaldar le fredde piume,
> Poi altre vanno via senza ritorno,
> Altre rivolgon sè onde son mosse
> Ed altre roteando fan soggiorno;'—*Parad.* 21.[2]

the morning sounds of the swallow—

> 'Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai
> La rondinella presso alla mattina
> Forse a memoria de' suoi primi guai;'—*Purg.* 9.[3]

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[1] 'And as birds rising from a stream, whence they
Their pastures view, as though their joy confessing,
Now form a round, and now a long array.'—(Wright.)

[2] 'As the rooks at dawn of day
Bestirring them to dry their feathers chill,
Some speed their way a-field; and homewards some
Returning cross their flight; while some abide,
And wheel around their airy lodge'—(Cary.)

[3] 'In that hour,
When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay,
Remembering haply ancient grief, renews.'—(Cary.)

the joy and delight of the nightingale's song, (*Purg.* 17); the lark, silent at last, satiated with its own sweetness—

‘ Qual lodoletta, che 'n aere si spazia,
Prima cantando, e *poi tace contenta*
Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia;'—*Parad.* 20.[1]

the flight of the cranes and storks—the young birds trying to escape from the nest—the eagle hanging in the sky—

‘ Con l' ale aperte, e a calare intesa;'—

the dove, standing close to its mate, or wheeling round it—

‘ Sì come quando 'l *colombo si pone*
Presso al compagno, l' uno e l' altro pande
Girando e mormorando, l' affezione;'—*Parad.* 25.[2]

or the flock of pigeons, feeding—

‘ Adunati alla pastura,
Queti, *senza mostrar l' usato orgoglio.*'—*Purg.* 2.

Hawking supplies its images:—the falcon coming for its food—

‘ il falcon che prima a piè si mira,
Indi si volge al grido, e si protende,
Per lo disio del pasto, che là il tira;'—*Purg.* 19.[3]

or just unhooded, pluming itself for its flight—

‘ Quasi falcon, ch' esce del cappello,
Muove la testa, e con l' ale s' applaude,
Voglia mostrando, e facendosi bello;'—*Parad.* 19.[4]

or returning without success, sullen and loath—

‘ Come 'l falcon ch' è stato assai su l' ali,
Che senza veder logoro, o uccello,
Fa dire al falconiere: Oimè tu cali!
Discende lasso onde si muove snello
Per cento ruote, *e da lungi si pone*
Dal suo maestro, *disdegnoso e fello.*'—*Inf.* 17.[5]

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[1] ‘ E'en as the lark high soaring pours its throat
Awhile, then rests in silence, as though still
It dwelt enamour'd of its last sweet note,'—(Wright.)
‘ Then, trilling out its last sweet melody
Drops, satiate with the sweetness.'—(Cary.)

[2] ‘ As when the ring-dove by his mate alights;
In circles, each about the other wheels,
And murmuring cooes his fondness.'—(Cary.)

[3] ‘ As on his feet
The falcon first looks down, then to the sky (*qu. cry?*)
Turns, and forth stretches eager for the food
That wooes him thither.'—(Cary.)

[4] ‘ Like as a falcon, issuing from the hood,
That rears his head, and claps him with his wings,
His beauty and his eagerness bewraying.'—(Cary.)

[5] ‘ As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,
But lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair
The falconer cries, “ Ah me! thou stoopest to earth,”
Wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose,
In many an airy wheel, and lighting sits
At distance from his lord in angry mood.'—(Cary.)

It is curious to observe him taking Virgil's similes, and altering them:—when Virgil describes the throng of souls, he compares them to falling leaves, or gathering birds in autumn—

'Quam multa in silvis auctumni frigore primo,
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto,
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis'—

Dante uses the same images, but without copying;—

'Come d' Autunno si levan le foglie,
L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che 'l ramo
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie;
Similemente il mal seme d' Adamo:
Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una
Per cenni, com' augel per suo richiamo.
Così sen vanno su per l' onda bruna,
Ed avanti che sien di là discese,
Anche di qua nuova schiera s' aduna.'—*Inf.* 3.[1]

Again, in one of Virgil's most highly-finished and perfect pictures, the flight of the pigeon, disturbed at first, and then becoming swift and smooth—

'Qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
Dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas—'

the Italian's simplicity and strength may balance the 'ornata parola' of Virgil—

'Quali colombe dal disio chiamate,
Con *l' ali aperte e ferme* al dolce nido
Volan per l' aer dal voler portate.'—*Inf.* 5.[2]

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[1] 'As leaves in autumn, borne before the wind,
Drop one by one, until the branch laid bare,
Sees all its honours to the earth consign'd:
So cast them downward at his summons all
The guilty race of Adam from that strand—
Each as a falcon answering to the call.'—(Wright.)

[2] 'As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings,
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will alone.'—(Cary.)

It is impossible not to be reminded at every step, in spite of the knowledge and taste which Mr. Cary and Mr. Wright have brought to their most difficult task, of the truth which Dante has expressed with his ordinary positiveness.

He is saying that he does not wish his Canzoni to be explained in Latin to those who could not read them in Italian;—'Che sarebbe sposta la loro sentenzia colà dove elle *non la potessono colla loro bellezza portare.* E però sappia ciascuno che nulla cosa per legame musaico (i.e. poetico) armonizzata, si può della sua loquela in altra trasmutare senza rompere tutta la sua dolcezza e armonia. E questa è la ragione per che Omero non sì mutò mai di Greco in Latino, come l' altre scritture che avemo da loro.'—Convito, i. c. 8. p. 49.

Mr. Carlyle has wisely given up the idea of attempting to represent Dante's verse by English verse, and has confined himself to assisting Englishmen to read him in his own language. His prose translation is very good, and his notes short and useful.

Take, again, the *times of the day*—their characteristic appearances, lights, feelings—seldom dwelt on at length, but carried at once to the mind, and stamped upon it, sometimes by a single word. The sense of morning, its inspiring and cheering strength, softens the opening of the Inferno, breathes its refreshing calm in the interval of repose after the last horrors of hell, in the first canto of the Purgatorio, and prepares for the entrance into the earthly Paradise at its close. In the waning light of evening, and its chilling sense of loneliness, he prepared himself for his dread pilgrimage:—

> ' Lo giorno se n' andava, e l' aer bruno
> Toglieva gli animai che sono 'n terra
> Dalle fatiche loro ; ed io sol uno
> M' apparechiava a sostener la guerra
> Sì del cammino, e sì della pietate.' [1]

And its softness and melancholy—its exhaustion and languor after the work, perhaps unfulfilled, of day—its regrets and yearnings,—its sounds and doubtful lights,—the distant bell, the closing chants of Compline, the '*Salve Regina,*' the '*Te lucis ante*'—its insecurity, and its sense of protection from above—all give their character to the poet's first resting-place on his heavenly road,—that still, solemn, dreamy scene,—the Valley of Flowers in the mountain-side, where those who have been negligent about their salvation, but not altogether faithless and fruitless—the assembled shades of great kings and of poets—wait, looking upwards, 'pale and humble,' for the hour when they may begin in earnest their penance. The level, blinding evening beams,—the contrast of gathering darkness in the valley or on the shore, with the lingering lights on the mountain—the flaming sunset clouds of August—the rapid sinking of the sun, and approach of night in the south—the sheet lightning of summer,—are touched upon in passing, without effort, and without indistinctness. Other appearances he describes with more fulness. The stars coming out one by one, baffling at first the eye—

> ' Ed ecco intorno di chiarezza pari
> Nascer un lustro sopra quel che v' era,
> A guisa d' orizzonte, che rischiari.
> *E sì come al salir di prima sera*
> *Comincian per lo Ciel nuove parvenze,*
> *Sì che la cosa pare, e non par vera;*'—Parad. 14.[2]

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[1] ' Now was the day departing, and the air
Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils release
All animals on earth ; and I alone
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity and the perilous road.'—(Cary.)

[2] ' And lo ! forthwith there rose up round about
A lustre, over that already there;

or else, bursting out suddenly over the heavens—

'Quando colui che tutto il mondo allume,
Del' emisperio nostro si discende,
E 'l giorno d' ogni parte si consuma;
  Lo ciel che sol di lui prima s' accende
Subitamente si rifà parvente
Per molte luci in che una risplende;'—*Parad.* 20.[1]

or the effect of shooting stars—

'Quale per li seren tranquilli e puri
Discorre ad ora ad or subito fuoco
Movendo gli occhi che stavan sicuri,
  E pare stella che tramuti loco,
Se non che dalla parte onde s' accende
Nulla sen parte, ed esso dura poco:'—*Parad.* 15.[2]

or, again, that characteristic sight of the Italian summer night,—the fire-flies:—

'Quante il villan che al poggio si riposa.
Nel tempo che colui che 'l mondo schiara
La faccia sua a noi tien men ascosa,
  Come la mosca cede alla zenzara
Vede lucciole giù per la vallea,
Forse colà dove vendemmia ed ara.'—*Inf.* 26.[3]

Noon, too, does not want its characteristic touches—the lightning-like glancing of the lizard's rapid motion—

'Come il ramarro sotto la gran fersa
Ne' dì canicular cangiando siepe
Folgore par, se la via attraversa;'—*Inf.* 25.[4]

Of equal brightness, like the brightening up
Of the horizon. As at evening hour
Of twilight, new appearances through heaven
Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried,
So there, new substances, methought, began
To rise in view.'—(Cary.)

[1] 'When disappearing from our hemisphere
The world's enlightener vanishes, and day
On all sides wasteth; suddenly the sky
Erewhile irradiate only with his beam,
Is yet again unfolded, putting forth
Innumerable lights, wherein one shines.'—(Cary.)

[2] 'As oft along the pure and tranquil sky
  A sudden fire by night is seen to dart,
  Attracting forcibly the heedless eye;
And seems to be a star that changes place,
  Save that no star is lost from out the part
  It quits, and that it lasts a moment's space.'—(Wright.)

[3] 'As in that season when the sun least veils
His face that lightens all, what time the fly
Gives place to the shrill gnat, the peasant then,
Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees
Fire-flies innumerous spangling o'er the vale,
Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labour lies.'—(Cary)

[4] 'As underneath the dog star's scorching ray
  The lizard, darting swift from fence to fence,
  Appears like lightning, if he cross the way.'—(Wright.)

the motes in the sunbeam at noontide (Par. 14); its clear, diffused, insupportable light (Par. 5).

But the sights and feelings of morning are what he touches on most frequently, and with the precision of one who had watched them with often repeated delight—the scented freshness of the breeze that stirs before daybreak—

> 'E quale annunziatrice degli albori
> Aura di maggio muovesi ed olezza
> Tutta impregnata dall' erba e da' fiori;
> Tal mi senti' un vento dar per mezza
> La fronte;'—*Purg.* 24.[1]

the chill of early morning—the dawn stealing on, and the stars, one by one, fading 'infino alla più bella'—the brightness of the 'trembling morning star,'—

> 'Par tremolando mattutina stella;—'

the serenity of the dawn—the blue gradually gathering in the east, spreading over the brightening sky, then succeeded by the orange tints—and Mars setting red, through the mist over the sea—

> 'Ed ecco, qual sul presso del mattino
> Per li grossi vapor Marte rosseggia
> Giù nel ponente, sopra 'l suol marino,
> Cotal m' apparve, s' io ancor lo veggia,
> Un lume per lo mar venir si ratto
> Che 'l muover suo nessun volar pareggia;'—*Purg.* 2.[2]

the distant sea-beach quivering in the early light—

> 'L' alba vinceva l' ora mattutina
> Che fuggia innanzi, sì che di lontano
> Conobbi *il tremolar della marina;*'—*Purg.* 1.[3]

the contrast of east and west at the moment of sunrise—the sun clothed in mist—

> 'Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno
> La parte oriental tutta rosata,
> E l' altro ciel di bel sereno adorno;
> E la faccia del sol nascere ombrata
> Sì che per temperanza di vapori
> L' occhio lo sostenea lungo fiato;'—*Purg.* 3.[4]

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[1] 'As when, announcing the approach of day,
Impregnated with herbs and flowers of spring,
Breathes fresh and redolent the air of May—
Such was the breeze that gently fann'd my head;
And I perceived the waving of a wing
Which all around ambrosial odours shed.'—(Wright.)

[2] 'When lo! like Mars, in aspect fiery red
Seen through the vapour, when the morn is nigh
Far in the west, above the briny bed,
So (might I once more see it) o'er the sea
A light approach'd with such rapidity,
Flies not the bird that might its equal be.'—(Wright.)

[3] 'Now 'gan the vanquish'd matin hour to flee;
And seen from far, as onward came the day,
I recognised the trembling of the sea.'—(Wright.)

'Erewhile the eastern regions have I seen
At daybreak glow with roseate colours, and
The expanse beside all beauteous and serene;

And

or breaking through it, and shooting his beams over the sky—

'Di tutte parti saettava il giorno
Lo sol ch' avea con le saette conte
Di mezzo 'l ciel cacciato 'l Capricorno;'—*Purg.* 2.[1]

But *light* in general is his special and chosen source of poetic beauty. No poet that we know has shown such singular sensibility to its varied appearances, has shown that he felt it in itself the cause of a distinct and peculiar pleasure, delighting the eye apart from form, as music delights the ear apart from words, and capable, like music, of definite character, of endless variety, and infinite meanings. He must have studied and dwelt upon it like music. His mind is charged with its effects and combinations, and they are rendered with a force, a brevity, a precision, a heedlessness and unconsciousness of ornament, an indifference to circumstance and detail; they flash out with a spontaneous readiness, a suitableness and usefulness, which show the familiarity and grasp given only by daily observation, daily thought, daily pleasure. Light everywhere—in the sky and earth and sea—in the star, the flame, the lamp, the gem—broken in the water, reflected from the mirror, transmitted pure through the glass, or coloured through the edge of the fractured emerald—dimmed in the mist, the halo, the deep water—streaming through the rent cloud, glowing in the coal, quivering in the lightning, flashing in the topaz and the ruby, veiled behind the pure alabaster, mellowed and clouding itself in the pearl,—light contrasted with shadow—shading off and copying itself in the double rainbow, like voice and echo—light seen, within light, as voice discerned within voice, 'quando una è ferma, e l' altra va e riede'—the brighter 'nestling' itself in the fainter—the purer set off on the less clear, 'come perla in bianca fronte'—light in the human eye, and face, displaying figuring, and confounded with its expressions—light blended with joy in the eye—

'luce
Come letizia in pupilla viva;'

and in the smile—

'Vincendo me col lume d' un sorriso;'

joy lending its expression to light—

'Quivi la donna mia vidi si lieta
Che più lucente se ne fè il pianeta,
E se la *stella si cambio, e rise,*
Qual mi fec' io;'—*Parad.* 5.

And the sun's face so shrouded at its rise,
And temper'd by the mists which overhung,
That I could gaze on it with steadfast eyes.'—(Wright.)

[2] 'On every side the sun shot forth the day,
And had already with his arrows bright
From the mid-heaven chased Capricorn away.'—(Wright.)

light from every source, and in all its shapes, illuminates, irradiates, gives its glory to the Commedia. The remembrance of our 'serene life' beneath the 'fair stars' keeps up continually the gloom of the Inferno. Light, such as we see it and recognise it—the light of morning and evening, growing and fading—takes off from the unearthliness of the Purgatorio; peopled, as it is, by the undying who can sin no more, though suffering for sin, it is thus made like our familiar world, and made to touch our sympathies as an image of our own purification in the flesh. And when he rises beyond the regions of earthly day, light, simple, unalloyed, unshadowed, eternal, lifts the creations of his thought above all affinity to time and matter, and never fails him, as the expression of the gradations of bliss, never reappears the same, never refuses the new shapes of his invention, never becomes confused or dim—though it is seldom thrown into distinct figure, and still more seldom *coloured;* but once, that we remember, is the thought of colour forced on us, when the bright joy of heaven suffers change and eclipse, and deepens into red at the sacrilege of men.[1]

But his eye is everywhere, not confined to the beauty or character of the sky and its lights. His range of observation and largeness of interest prevents that line of imagery, which is his peculiar instrument and predilection, from becoming, in spite of its brightness and variety, dreamy and monotonous; prevents it from arming against itself sympathies which it does not touch. He has watched with equal attention, and draws with not less power, the occurrences and sights of Italian country life; the summer whirlwind sweeping over the plain—'dinanzi polveroso va superbo'—the rain-storm of the Apennines—the peasant's alternations of feeling in spring:—

"In quella parte del giovinetto anno
Che 'l sole i crin sotto l' Aquario tempra,
E già le notti al mezzo dì sen vanno;
Quando la brina in su la terra assempra
L' imagine di sua sorella bianca,
Ma poco dura alla sua penna tempra,
Lo villanello a cui la roba manca
Si leva e guarda, e vede la campagna
Biancheggiar tutta; ond 'ei si batte l' anca;
Ritorna a casa, e qua e la si lagna
Come 'l tapin che non sa che si faccia:
Poi riede e la speranza ringavagna
Veggendo 'l mondo aver cangiata faccia
In poco d' ora, e prende il suo vincastro
E fuor le pecorelle a pascer caccia;'—*Inf.* 24.[2]

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[1] Parad. 27.

[2] 'In the year's early nonage, when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede;
When as the rime upon the earth puts on Her

the goats on the mountain at noon, chewing the cud, and still—

'Quali si fanno ruminando manse
Le capre, state rapide e proterve
Sopra le cime avanti che sien pranse,
Tacite al ombra mentre che 'l sol ferve,
Guardate dal pastor che 'n su la verga
Poggiato s' è, e lor poggiato serve.'—*Purg*. 27.[1]

So again, with his recollections of cities—the crowd, running together to hear news, or pressing after the winner of the game—the blind men at the church doors, or following their guide through the throng—the friars walking along in silence, one behind another,—

'Taciti, soli, e senza compagnia
N' andavam, *l' un dinanzi, e l' altro dopo*
Come i frati minor vanno per via;'—

the pomp and clamour of the host taking the field—the devices of heraldry—the answering chimes of morning bells over the city[2] — the inventions and appliances of art, the wheels within wheels of clocks—the many-coloured carpets of the East—music and dancing—the organ and voice in church,—

— 'Voce mista al dolce suono
Che or sì or no s' intendon le parole,'—

the lute and voice in the chamber[3]—the dancers preparing to

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Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures, then riseth up
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
And looking out, beholds the plain around
All whiten'd; whence impatiently he smites
His thigh, and to his hut returning in
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,
As a discomfited and helpless man:
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook,
And forth to pasture drives his little flock.'—(Cary.)

[1] 'Like goats that having over the crags pursued
Their wanton sports, now, quiet pass the time
In ruminating—sated with their food,
Beneath the shade, while glows the sun on high—
Watch'd by the goatherd with unceasing care,
As on his staff he leans, with watchful eye.'—(Wright.)

[2] 'Indi come orologio che ne chiami
Nell' ora che la sposa di Dio surge
A mattinar lo sposo perchè l' ami,
Che l' una parte e l' altra tira ed urge
Tin tin sonando con si dolci nota
Che 'l ben disposto spirto d' amor turge.'—*Parad*. 10.

[3] 'E come surge, e va, ed entra in ballo
Vergine lieta, sol per farne onore
Alla novizia, e non per alcun fallo.'—*Parad*. 25.

begin,[1] or waiting to catch a new strain.[2] Or, again, the images of domestic life, the mother's ways to her child, reserved and reproving—'che al figlio par superba,'—or cheering him with her voice, or watching him compassionately in the wandering of fever,—

> 'Ond' ella, appresso d' un pio sospiro
> Gli occhi drizzò ver me, con quel sembiante
> Che madre fa sopra figliuol deliro.'

Nor is he less observant of the more delicate phenomena of mind, in its inward workings, and its connexion with the body. The play of features, the involuntary gestures and attitudes of the passions, the power of eye over eye, of hand upon hand, the charm of voice and expression, of musical sounds even when not understood—feelings, sensations, and states of mind which have a name, and those, equally numerous and equally common, which have none,—these, often so fugitive, so shifting, so baffling and intangible, are expressed with a directness, a simplicity, a sense of truth at once broad and refined, which seized at once on the congenial mind of his countrymen, and pointed out to them the road which they have followed in art, unapproached as yet by any competitors. And he has anticipated the latest schools of modern poetry, by making not merely nature, but science tributary to a poetry with whose general aim and spirit it has little in common—tributary in its exact forms, even in its technicalities. He speaks of the Mediterranean Sea, not merely as a historian, or an observer of its storms or its smiles, but as a geologist;[3] of light, not merely in its beautiful appearances, but in its natural laws. There is a charm, an imaginative charm to him, not merely in the sensible magnificence of the heavens, 'in their silence, and light, and watchfulness,' but in the system of Ptolemy and the theories of astrology; and he delights to interweave with the poetry of feeling and of the outward sense, the grandeur—so far as he knew it—of order, proportion, measured magnitudes, the relations of abstract forces, displayed on such a scene as the material universe, as if he wished to show that imagination in its boldest flight was not afraid of the company of the clear and subtle intellect.

But the real never daunts him. It is his leading principle of poetical composition, to draw out of things the poetry which is latent in them, either essentially, or as portions, images, or reflexes of something greater—not to invest them with a poetical semblance, by means of words which bring with them poetical associations, and have received a general poetical stamp. Dante has few of those indirect charms which flow from the subtle structure and refined graces of language—none of that exquisitely fitted and self-sustained, never-failing mechanism of choice words of the Greeks,—none of that tempered and majestic amplitude of diction, which clothes, like the folds of a royal robe, the thoughts of the Latins—none of that abundant play of fancy and sentiment, soft or grand, in which the later Italian poets delighted. Words with him are used sparingly, never in play,—never because they carry with them poetical recollections—never for their own sake; but because they are those which will give the deepest, clearest, sharpest stamp of that image, which the poet's mind, piercing to the very heart of his subject, or seizing the characteristic feature which to other men's eyes is confused and lost among others accidental and common, draws forth in severe and living truth. Words will not always bend themselves to his demands on them; and make him often uncouth, abrupt, obscure. But uncouthness, he is too much in earnest to heed; and his power over language is too great to allow obscurity—uncertainty as to what he means—to be other than occasional. Nor is he a stranger to the utmost sweetness and melody of language. But it appears, unsought for and unlaboured, the spontaneous and inevitable obedience of the tongue and pen to the impressions of the mind; as grace and beauty, of themselves, 'command and guide the eye' of the painter, who thinks not of his hand but of them. All is in character with the absorbed and serious earnestness which pervades the poem; there is no toying, no ornament, that a man in earnest might throw into his words, whether in single images, or in pictures, like that of the Meadow of the Heroes, (Inf. 4); or the angel, appearing in hell to guide the poet through the burning city, (Inf. 9,)—or in histories, like those of Count Ugolino, or the life of S. Francis, (Parad. 11,)—or in dramatic scenes like the meeting of the poets Sordello and Virgil, (Purgat. 6,) or that one, unequalled in beauty, where Dante himself, after years of forgetfulness and sin, sees Beatrice in glory, and hears his name, never but once pronounced during the vision, from her lips.

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[1] 'Donne mi parver, non da ballo sciolte,
Ma che s' arrestin tacite ascoltando
Fin che le nuove note hanno ricolte.'—*Parad.* 10.

[2] Parad. 24. Inf. 17. Purg. 9. Parad. 20.

[3] Parad. 20.

But this, or any other array of scenes and images, might be matched from poets of a far lower order than Dante: and to specimens which might be brought together of his audacity and extravagance, no parallel could be found except among the lowest. We cannot, honestly, plead the barbarism of the time as his excuse; though, doubtless, that contributed largely to them. But they were the faults of the man. In another age, their form would have been different; but we cannot believe so much of time, that it would have tamed Dante. Nor can we wish it. He might have been less great: and his greatness can well bear its blemishes, and will not less meet its due honour among men, because they can detect its kindred to themselves.

The greatness of his work is not in its details—to be made or marred by them—it is the greatness of a comprehensive and vast conception, sustaining without failure the trial of its long and hazardous execution, and fulfilling at its close the hope and promise of its beginning—the greatness, which we watch in its course with anxious suspense, and look back upon when it is secured by death, with deep admiration of a perfect life. Many a surprise, many a difficulty, many a disappointment, many a strange reverse and alternation of feelings, attend the progress of the most patient and admiring reader of the Commedia; as many as attend on one, who follows the unfolding of a strong character in life. We are shocked often when we were prepared to admire — repelled, when we came with sympathy—the accustomed key fails at a critical moment—depths are revealed which we cannot sound, mysteries which baffle and confound us. But the check is for a time — the gap and chasm does not dissever: haste is even an evidence of life—the brief word, the obscure hint, the unexplained, the unfinished, or even the unachieved, are the marks of human feebleness, but are also among those of human truth. The unity of the whole is unimpaired, the strength which is working it out, though it may have at times disappointed us, shows no hollowness or exhaustion. Surprise is balanced —there is the surprise of unimagined excellence. Powers do more than they promised; and that spontaneous and living energy, without which neither man nor poet can be trusted, and which showed its life even in its failures, shows it more abundantly in the novelties of success—by touching sympathies which have never been touched before, by the unconstrained freshness with which it meets the proverbial and familiar, by the freedom with which it adjusts itself to a new position or an altered task—by the completeness, unstudied and instinctive, with which it holds together dissimilar and uncongenial materials, and forces the most intractable, the most unaccustomed to submission, to receive the colour of the whole—by its orderly and unmistakeable onward march, and its progress, as in height, so in what corresponds to height. It was one and the same man, who rose from the despair, the agony, the vivid and vulgar horrors of the Inferno, to the sense and imagination of certainty, sinlessness, and joy ineffable—the same man whose power and whose sympathies failed him not, whether discriminating and enumerating, as if he had gone through them all, the various forms of human suffering—from the dull, gnawing sense of the loss of happiness, to the infinite woes of the wrecked and ruined spirit, and the coarser pangs of the material flesh,—or dwelling on the changeful lights and shades of earnest repentance, in its hard, but not unaided or ungladdened struggle—or on that restoration to liberty and peace, which can change even this life into paradise, and reverse the doom which made sorrow our condition, and laughter and joy unnatural and dangerous—the penalty of that first fault, which

'In pianto ed in affanno
Cambiò onesto riso e dolce giuoco;'—

or rising above mortal experience, to imagine the freedom of the saints, and the peace of eternity. In this consists the greatness of his power. It is not necessary to read through the Commedia to see it—open it where we please, we see that he is on his way, and whither he is going; and episode and digression share in the solemnity of the general order.

And his greatness was more than that of power. That reach and play of sympathy ministered to a noble wisdom, which used it thoughtfully and consciously for a purpose to which great poetry had never yet been applied, except in the mouth of prophets. Dante was a stern man, and more than stern, among his fellows. But he has left to those who never saw his face an inheritance the most precious; he has left them that which, reflecting and interpreting their minds, does so, not to amuse, not to bewilder, not to warp, not to turn them in upon themselves in distrust or gloom or selfishness, not merely to hold up a mirror to nature, but to make them true, and make them hopeful. Dark as are his words of individuals, his thoughts are not dark or one-sided about mankind; his is no cherished and perverse severity—his faith is too large, too real, for such a fault. He did not write only the Inferno. And the Purgatorio and the Paradiso are not an afterthought, a feebler appendix, and compensation, conceived when too late, to a finished whole which has taken up into itself the poet's real mind. Nowhere else in poetry of equal power is there the same balanced view of what man is, and may be; nowhere so wide a grasp shown of his various capacities, so strong a desire to find a due place and function for all his various dispositions. Where he stands contrasted in his idea of human life with other poets, who have been more powerful exponents of its separate sides, is in his comprehensiveness—not vague, not chaotic. Fresh from the thought of man's condition as a whole, fresh from the thought of his goodness, his greatness, his powers, as well as of his evil, his mind is equally in tune when rejoicing over his restoration, as when contemplating the ruins of his fall. He never lets go the recollection that human life, if it grovels at one end in corruption and sin, and has to pass through the sweat and dust and disfigurement of earthly toil, has all through compensations, remedies, functions, spheres innumerable of profitable activity, sources inexhaustible of delight and consolation—and at the other end a perfection which cannot be named. No one ever measured the greatness of man in all its forms with so true and yet so admiring an eye, with such glowing hope, as he who has also portrayed so awfully man's littleness and vileness. And he went further—no one who could understand and do homage to greatness in man, ever drew the line so strongly between greatness and goodness, and so unhesitatingly placed the hero of this world only—placed him in all his magnificence, honoured with no timid or dissembling reverence—at the distance of worlds, below the place of the lowest saint.

Those who know the 'Divina Commedia' best, will best know how hard it is to be the interpreter of such a mind; but they will sympathize with the wish to call attention to it. They know, and would wish others also to know, not by hearsay, but by experience, the power of that wonderful poem. They know its austere, yet subduing beauty; they know what force there is, in its free, and earnest, and solemn verse, to strengthen, to tranquillize, to console. It is a small thing that it has the secret of Nature and Man; that a few keen words have opened their eyes to new sights in earth, and sea, and sky; have taught them new mysteries of sound; have made them recognise, in distinct image or thought, fugitive feelings, or their unheeded expression, by look, or gesture, or motion; that it has enriched the public and collective memory of society with new instances, never to be lost, of human feeling and fortune; has charmed ear and mind by the music of its stately march, and the variety and completeness of its plan. But, besides this, they know how often its seriousness has put to shame their trifling, its magnanimity their faintheartedness, its living energy their indolence, its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truths. They know how often they have found, in times of trouble, if not light, at least that deep sense of reality, permanent, though unseen, which is more than light can always give—in the view which it has suggested to them of the judgments and the love of God.[1]

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[1] It is necessary to state, that these remarks were written before we had seen the chapter on Dante in 'Italy, Past and Present, by L. Mariotti.' Had we become acquainted with it earlier, we should have had to refer to it often, in the way of acknowledgment, and as often in the way of strong protest.

NOTICES.

'Sermons, mostly Academical; with a Preface, containing a Refutation of the Theory founded upon the Syriac Fragments of the Epistles of S. Ignatius,' by Robert Hussey, B.D. Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, late Censor of Christ Church and Whitehall Preacher. (Oxford: J. H. Parker.) Mr. Hussey's Sermons are characterised by a style of thought peculiarly useful at the present day, because much contrasted with popular tendencies—close and accurate, without individuality. It will be beneficial to many to see considerable power, earnestness, and a high religious standard, dressed in a severer outside than they generally see it. The Preface, which bears upon the present controversy on the Ignatian manuscripts, is a model of controversial writing, combining clearness and precision with perfect courtesy, and attaining brevity without abruptness. It will be surprising to many to hear the small ground upon which this whole controversy has arisen. Mr. Cureton discovered, some time since, among the Syriac MSS. of the date A.D. 700 and 800, in the British Museum, copies of three Epistles of Ignatius. That is the main premise. The conclusion based upon it is, that Ignatius only wrote these three epistles, and that all the others attributed to him are spurious. Such is the argumentative erection which has been honoured with a Canonry of Westminster and with a medal from the Court of Prussia. Now to this Mr. Hussey says, first—'This is an assumption. We do not 'know that either of the copyists did not write out more epistles. It might 'have been the compiler or collecter who omitted, if any were omitted, or 'the rest might have been lost.' Without going any farther, then, here is at once an answer invalidating, if not disproving, Mr. Cureton's argument. But to describe Mr. Cureton's argument merely as an assumption, is only the first step in Mr. Hussey's reply: he proceeds, in the next place, to show that it is an assumption loaded with insuperable difficulties. Mr. Cureton argues from the existence of these three Syrian Epistles of Ignatius, that they were, at the time of their transcription, the only acknowledged Epistles of that Saint in the Christian world generally. He is not content with the inference even that they were the only acknowledged ones in the Syrian Church; indeed, if he were, his difficulty would not be much lessened, for there is not a shadow of evidence in ancient writers that the Syrian Church ever differed from the Church at large, as to the reception of the Ignatian Epistles. However, it is the former and the broad inference which Mr. Cureton draws. Now, against the supposition that the ancient Church only acknowledged three Epistles of Ignatius stand the facts that Eusebius names seven; that Athanasius quotes from some fourth one, not one of these three; that Jerome repeats Eusebius; that Theodoret quotes from a fourth and a fifth, not of these three. Mr. Cureton tries to invalidate all these testimonies in succession, but with more boldness than success. Eusebius says, Λόγος δ' ἔχει, which only means, it was *reported* so. Athanasius's treatise is either the whole of it spurious, or this particular passage is interpolated. Mr. Hussey answers that the phrase in

Eusebius means to assert a fact; and also that there is no reason for doubting the genuineness of the treatise of Athanasius, or of this passage in it. The evidence against Mr. Cureton's supposition, then, stands good. But, in the third place, not only is Mr. Cureton's argument a mere assumption, and an assumption loaded with difficulty, but there is also a strong positive ground against the assumption to begin with; so that what he starts with is not something simply hypothetical, but something actually false. For he assumes that these three epistles were transcribed because they were the only ones recognised by the Syrian transcribers; and Dr. Petermann has shown strong grounds for supposing that the Armenian version of the Epistles of Ignatius, *which contains thirteen epistles*, was made from the Syriac of the same Recension with these three epistles. To the internal evidence brought forward by Mr. Cureton for the text of his three Syrian Epistles, as compared with that of the Greek, Mr. Hussey replies with the common-sense argument, that the fact of a person finding some things which *fit in* with his hypothesis does not at all prove the truth of that hypothesis, as one who started with the opposite hypothesis might find the same. We have stated what seem to us the main points of the argument, and must refer those who want to enter into the detail of it to Mr. Hussey's Preface itself.

'Scriptural Communion with God; or, the Pentateuch and the Book of Job, arranged in Historical and Chronological Order, in such manner that the Books and Chapters may be read as one connected History; in the Words of the Authorized Translation: newly divided into Sections for Families and Individuals, with Introductions and Prayers, and Notes for the Student and Inquirer,' by the Rev. George Townsend, D.D. Canon of Durham. In two volumes. (Rivingtons.) This is an attempt to combine two styles of commentary in one work, the practical and devotional, and the expository and learned. A portion of Scripture is read daily: to this s appended an introduction or popular comment before, and a prayer after: and then follows an exposition or learned comment for private reading. It requires no inconsiderable person to attempt such a work as this, (even to the extent to which the present work goes, containing as it does two volumes of eight hundred pages each,) and not fail absolutely. This Mr. Townsend has not done, though there are various criticisms to which he has, in our opinion, subjected himself. With respect to the practical portion of the work, we doubt much its suitableness for *family* use, as mentioned in the title-page. The rigid chronological order, which takes us from the eleventh chapter of Genesis to the Book of Job, and finishes the Book of Job before it allows a return to Genesis again, hardly suits the daily devotional reading of a family circle, by whom each book of the Bible is taken as a whole, with all its contents and associations, and to whom therefore a sudden break in the middle of a book is unnatural. Nor are we sure that the style of the introduction which precedes, and the prayer that follows each daily reading, is accommodated to family use. There is this difficulty, in particular, attending the latter, that we do not immediately see a place where it can come in in family devotions. A family cannot make its morning or evening prayer a simple prayer *upon* a portion of Scripture and referring to it; it must make its ordinary prayers *as well as* this one. But this latter prayer, which is generally also long and somewhat exuberant in language, will combine rather strangely with the ordinary family prayers, if one comes immediately either before or after the other; and the addition will rather overwhelm the main exercise. These reasons do not, of course, apply to the individual use of the work. The expository portion of Mr. Townsend's work shows the author's well-known spirit, industry, and varied reading. Mr. Townsend is not a mere compiler and drudge: he comments with an interest always in the comment he is making, and the point he is maintaining. Such variety of erudition, however, and such a spirited use of it have occasionally their excesses, in the shape of extracts [we allude to some from sceptical and infidel writers,] which had better not appear in a popular commentary; and also of a too belligerent and rhetorical tone on the part of the commentator himself; a tone sometimes even verging upon grotesqueness. To say, however, that a work lays itself open to many criticisms on the score of judgment and taste, is not to say that a work is not both valuable and serviceable. And the reader and student of Scripture will be able to extract much useful exposition and much improving remark from this work.

'Letters on the Truths contained in popular Superstitions,' by Herbert Mayo, M.D., (Blackwood,) are written in an easy style, and contain many ingenious applications of modern science, and some of its very latest discoveries, to the explanation of the facts of popular supernaturalism. Where existing science fails to explain these facts, as the author confesses it sometimes does, he anticipates that future science will. This is rather a slippery argument; for it cannot be precisely the same thing, whether a fact can be explained or cannot be: whereas Dr. Mayo is equally victorious either way.

A pamphlet, by Mr. Freeman, of Trinity College, Oxford, on the 'Study of Modern History,' combines much freedom and liberality with caution, on the subject of University Education; great sympathy with the modern field of historical research, and the facts of human nature and human character it unfolds, with the desire to control it, and for the purposes of education bring it under authority and within bounds.

'Eastern Churches,' containing sketches of the Nestorian, Armenian, Jacobite, Coptic, and Abyssinian communities, by the author of 'Proposals for Christian Union,' (Darling,) contains many curious facts within a small compass, and some graphic sketches.

'Questions for the use of Children, on the Tabernacle and its Services.' (J. H. Parker.) Children like details. This little book takes advantage of this natural taste, to teach them the ceremonial of the Jewish Church, and its moral and typical meanings, so far as their understanding can receive them. The idea is a good one, whether we regard it as a plan for giving them certain knowledge which they would not take to, if not put before them in this way, or as a means of early introducing sacred and ecclesiastical associations into their minds.

'The Priest's Manual, or a Selection of Prayers, Pious Exercises, and other aids to a Priestly Life. Abridged, translated, and altered by the

Dean of Moray, from the original Latin.' (Oxford, J. H. Parker.) If a priest is distinguished by his orders and calling from the body of the Church, it is not unreasonable that he should have his own book of devotion. Indeed such a book would be a memento to him, that he was in a different relation from that of ordinary persons to the world. A book of this class then is wanted, and we hope the present one will gain users. We must, however, express a doubt whether translations from Latin will, unless they lose their Latin in the translation, ever be a natural language to pray in. One is reminded at each turn of their foreign source, and the stiffness which is caused by one language being cased in another, checks the flow and the expression. They stand on a different ground in this respect from either Latin prayers or English.

'Daily Steps toward Heaven; or, Practical Thoughts on the Gospel History, and especially on the Life and Teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, for every day in the year, according to the Christian Seasons.' (J. H. Parker.) A small book of a very devotional and chastening character. The thoughts are mainly practical ones, with an attention, too, to the dogmatic part of Christianity, as well as to the typical character of the Gospel history.

'History of the Church of England,' by the late Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, B.D. A new edition, revised by the Rev. W. R. Browell, Rector of Beaumont, Essex. (Oxford, Parker.) This is an extremely acceptable reprint of a work much in demand where it was known. That it was not more universally known is to be attributed to the expensive form of the first edition, and the small number of copies printed. We are glad that the *best* History of the Church of England of its kind is now published in a form unusually cheap, and well suited for students of divinity.

'Ten Schoolroom Addresses,' edited by J. P. Norris, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Rivingtons.) These short addresses, on various subjects, moral and religious, are very spirited and straightforward. The author is evidently used to children, and well acquainted with the difficulty of sustaining their interest. He writes under the sanitary dread of wandering eyes and flagging attention, and therefore keeps close to the point in hand, and allows no tempting digression to weaken his hold of his volatile audience. They will be found useful both as helps and hints to those who have to do with children in schools and classes.

'The Ten Commandments,' by the author of 'Hymns and Scenes of Childhood.' (Masters.) We do not think the author has found a favourable subject for her muse in the Ten Commandments. These divine precepts are imprinted on our hearts in the emphatic language of Scripture, and in that form children must first learn them, and be guided by them. It is difficult, perhaps we may say impossible, to versify them and retain the force and majesty of the injunction; and the flowing facile style of the present writer, who so ably expresses narrative and sentiment, has failed her in the uncongenial task.

'Harry and Archie; or, First and Last Communion.' Part 2. (Masters.) An interesting well told narrative. The details of the battle and the siege, especially, which conclude the story, are very graphically given. We feel, however, that it is open to the charge of a too great scrupulousness on the subject of the *first* communion. It may detract from its practical value. Surely the fact of being of a changeable character, and open to bad as well as good influences, should not make a clergyman withhold from a labouring boy, whose position places him under great disadvantages, a rite which he desires, and whose very virtue is that it strengthens the soul. We allude to the following passage :—'So days and weeks slipped by, and Archie did 'not receive his first communion; for the clergyman wished him to wait 'awhile, till he was fixed and settled in his mind; for Archie was a changeable boy, and that Harry knew, and often warned him of. But, though 'it was delayed, still he led a very careful life, and used daily the little 'Service for First Communion, which Harry used to have. The boys of 'the village laughed at him, and jeered at him for having turned saint, but 'he did not mind.' No village pastor acquainted with the ordinary tone of feeling in the youth of his flock would hold back such a communicant.

'Holy Men of Old.' (Mozleys.) A volume containing accounts of what may be termed the Lesser Saints of the English Calendar, the holy Apostles, &c. not being included. Such a work for the use of children and young people has been long wanted, as the sources from which hitherto information can alone be obtained are not always such as it would be desirable to place in their hands. A difficult task has here been executed with much care and judgment, and in the tone of a sincere member of our Communion. An able preface enters into these difficulties, touching on the question of the miracles of the Mediæval Church, and of acts of some of its Saints opposed to our view of what is right, in a spirit at once candid and humble, neither blindly credulous, nor hasty in passing judgment.

Archdeacon Harrison has published his Warburtonian Lectures on Prophecy under the title of 'Prophetic Outlines of the Christian Church and the Antichristian Power, as traced in the Visions of Daniel and S. John.' The work of so learned and cautious a writer will, of course, disappoint those who expect to arrive at precise views of what has and what has not been fulfilled, and to become able by a few weeks' study to predict the duration of the Presidency of Louis Napoleon, or to determine whether Pius IX. shall or shall not be re-established in Rome. But these Lectures will certainly have their value for those who wish to compare notes with a calm and attentive student, in reviewing the modern systems of exposition in contrast with the objections brought against them by Dr. Todd and others. If the Archdeacon is a little too tender of 'received' (Protestant) expositions, it must still be confessed that he has much to say against a good part of the deviations that have been proposed from lines of interpretation that we inherit from S. Jerome or S. Irenæus. He has claims on our attention as a Hebrew scholar, and a Biblical student in general, no less than as a diligent comparer of prophecies and modes of interpretation; and, saving always the right of differing from him, he is well worth reading.

Dr. Maitland (of the 'Catacombs') has contributed a work of some interest to prophetical literature, 'The Apostles' School of Prophetic Interpretation.' He believes that he is able to trace, in the Christian Fathers, a system of interpretation so universal and so uniform, as could hardly have arisen from various independent sources, and must be supposed to have been derived from apostolic tradition. He has carried his researches into some fields hitherto little explored, and has done much toward enabling the reader to judge of the truth of his theory by large and well-chosen extracts.

Dr. Wordsworth, besides his new edition of the 'Apocalypse,' has published a series of Lectures on that Prophecy, giving a bold and distinct view of what he supposes to be its bearing. Of course he is controversial, and fixes very definitely on Papal Rome as the object of Divine warnings. He is a writer whom it is difficult to follow, as he is always on the outside edge; but his acuteness, thoughtfulness, and moral vigour, cannot fail to make his line of exposition occasionally profitable and interesting. His first and second Lectures on the Millennium are important, and advocate a view that deserves to be well considered. It is curious to see the claim of authority advanced by Dr. Maitland also on the opposite side, and not without *some* foundation. The truth may be, that Apostles themselves, though well informed, through inspiration or the oral tradition we know they possessed, on the general interpretation of prophetic statements and symbols, were yet without any definite and certain knowledge as to the exact meaning of some important parts of New Testament prophecy, even as inspired prophets under the old dispensation sought the meaning of their own predictions.

'Directorium Chori Anglicanum.' The Choral Service of the United Church of England and Ireland, compiled from authentic sources, by Benjamin S. John Baptist Joule, Honorary Organist and Choir-master at the Churches of the Holy Trinity and S. Margaret, Manchester, (London, Novello; Oxford, Parker,) is a nicely-printed handsome book, one of a great number of recent publications which show both the stronghold which the choral mode of worship is winning in the Church of England, and the difficulty of ruling all at once one precise form of musical service from what has been transmitted by a not unvarying tradition. The present work, in the Preface, points out various errors in its predecessors, all of which have had the same end more or less in view, viz. the recovery of the original standard to which the Church Service ought to be conformed. Without feeling sure that Mr. Joule has made good his claim to the authoritative title assumed for his book, or that such *exact* uniformity as he advocates is either possible or desirable in church music, we certainly believe his effort to be useful, and in a right direction. His aim has been to exhibit, as with revived authority, the exact notation put forth by Merbecke after the Reformation, or rather, a harmonized arrangement of it, nearly its equal in antiquity and credit. We are sorry that we cannot quite approve of Mr. Joule's arrangement of the Canticles for chanting. He seems in this part of his work to have failed (like many others who have laboured lately in the same field) from want of a clear and intelligible principle to work upon. However, the discussion of this matter would lead us beyond our present limits—very probably we shall have more to say upon this subject in a future number—but this we feel bound to *insist* upon, viz. that *sense* be never sacrificed to *tune*. The music *must* be so managed in accompanying the words, as that it may assist our *understanding* no less than our devotion, or else we shall never be able to enjoy fully the chanting of the Psalms and Canticles.

Practical Remarks on the Reformation of Cathedral Music, (Rivingtons,) evidently proceeds from a person who has deeply studied the subject, and contains much that is worthy of consideration.

Mr. Parker, with his usual activity, has just produced a pretty little 'Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture,' of that tiny square size which rejoices good children. The frontispiece is a treat, an actually new representation raised *per saltum* to that distinguished position. This *brochure* was originally written as a Lecture delivered before the members of the Oxford Architectural Society, and includes a short supplementary chapter upon the Pointed architecture of France. In spite of this, Mr. Parker too much adheres to the old and clumsy insular nomenclature of styles which Rickman first propounded, in preference to the more simple philosophical one which, originally suggested by M. de Caumont, and extensively adopted through the Continent, was first introduced to the English public through the pages of our contemporary the 'Ecclesiologist,' and has since been gradually but surely winning its way to public adoption.

The same series of Lectures has elicited a pamphlet by Mr. Winston, entitled an 'Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass, with Remarks on Modern Glass Painting,' in which, after a rapid history of the art, drawing its examples, as far as possible, from Oxford, Mr. Winston proceeds to enunciate his canons of reform in a more concise and clear form than he had expressed them in his large work. There is something striking in his boldness; but it is also most unattractive and most unconvincing. He fully realizes the absurdity of many modern attempts at imitating old glass, and he realizes, at the same time, that the old glass was not perfect; but wanting, as he apparently does, the organ of reverence, he would fain at once cut the knot, by absolutely proscribing all attempts to recover the old principles and the old mechanical processes of the art; and he offers us instead some suggestions by which the various types of ancient windows, figure windows, and medallion windows, may all be reproduced so as to suit churches, old and new, according to a few rules of taste, which Mr. Winston alone has devised, and from whose fiat alone they are to derive their authority—*Solemque suum sua sidera norunt.*

'Festival and Lenten Lectures, delivered at St. George's Chapel, Windsor; with especial reference to the Ecclesiastical and Social Questions of the day, in 1848-9,' by the Rev. C. J. Abraham, B.D., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master of Eton. All who know Mr. Abraham, or know about him, will receive with much interest the parting present of this volume, which he leaves behind him, as he goes to his Missionary task in New Zealand. The memorial, were there nothing else, would be preserved and valued. But the volume itself shows much acquaintance and sympathy with the working of human feeling and conscience; much power of insight and suggestion with reference to the religious movements of the day. It is indicative throughout of mental activity, zeal, enterprise, and Christian love.

'Church Walks in Middlesex.' (Masters.) Mr. J. H. Sperling is jealous for the honour of nature, and wishes to show that there is no ground absolutely barren; yet a Flora of the Great Zahara were antecedently as blank an undertaking as the Ecclesiology of Middlesex. Yet his success, on the whole, equals the difficulty of the work; and a very convenient *praxis* is the result. We offer two or three corrections. At p. 27—'The glass of S. Andrew's, Holborn, is' not 'about twenty years later than 1530,' but about a hundred and eighty years later: it is by Price, very early in the eighteenth century. This church ought also to have been mentioned as containing the root of a third-pointed tower embedded in Wren's present erection. It appears to be curious, having formerly a passage north and south through it. We are scarcely satisfied that Mr. Sperling is aware that the present nave of S. Dunstan's-in-the-East is of the present century. Of poor mutilated and barbarously-treated old S. Pancras, we suppose, not a fragment of ante-Reformation survives, (p. 38.)—The aisles of Fulham have been recently prolonged eastward: this accounts for part of the north aisle presenting a different barbarism from the rest of the church. S. Paul, Hammersmith, a Laudian building, is only pseudo-cruciform: the east bay of each aisle is gabled respectively north and south, an arrangement which has been recently adopted in some churches. This is curious, because it shows that we have not yet got much beyond Laud's era. The low solid chancel screens of some church architects also find their antecedents in Wren's pseudo-rood screens, erected with a scrap of carving above the pew backs, which are to be found in all the City churches, (p. 105.)—It ought to have been noticed that Great Stanmore Church, built by Sir John Wolstenholme, was one of those of which the consecration ceremonial was charged against Laud, (p. 156.)—Mr. Sperling is not very accurate or explicit in describing S. Bartholomew-the-Less as 'a Gothic octagon of no great age,' (p. 161.)—There can, we think, be no question that, for whomsoever the window at S. Margaret's, Westminster, was painted, it contains the portraits of Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine: the pomegranate is decisive, (p. 48.)—These points struck us in reading Mr. Sperling's volume, from the usefulness of which such trifles scarcely detract.

'California: a Poem,' by Mr. Montague Hall, (Hatchard,) a short piece of very correct and smooth stanzas.

The recently published 'Report of the Ecclesiological Society'—it may now drop its *alias*, 'late Cambridge Camden'—embraces the proceedings of three years. It is a useful epitome of our cheering progress in church externals.

'The Bristol Architectural Society's Report,' (Leech,) displays signs of the Society's usefulness: especially is it to be commended for containing an interesting paper on, and engraving of, the proposed High Cross, which, we are glad to find, will be a very close *fac-simile* of the ancient one.

We should have scarcely thought the 'Letters and Memoirs of the late Bishop Shirley,' (Hatchard,) could have been swelled into a portly volume of more than five hundred pages. This volume represents the ordinary type of a respectable active Clergyman of the Evangelical School. There is an abundance of religious language written and spoken—a good deal of visiting and excursions—frequent changes of preferment—a vast many meetings, societies, and speeches—and an occasional spice of distinctly marked personality against theological opponents. We should hardly consider Bishop Shirley a hero; and, altogether, we expect that his reputation will rather shrink than expand under the awkward stress of publication. Were the peg sufficiently strong, we might hang many discussions and difficulties upon it; but this biography will not bear them. Its chief value is the anticipatory glimpse which it gives of the sort of material which will have to be used up in the biographical history of our own times.

Mr. Dudley is, we believe, a Leicestershire Clergyman, venerable in age, and distinguished for his attainments. He is the author of a work called 'Theology,' which, when we reviewed it at the time of its publication, we spoke of with respect, though not without serious objections. This same writer comes before us again in a volume, 'The Anti-Materialist.' (Bell.) It exhibits a considerable capacity for metaphysical disquisition, and, under this aspect, would be no discredit to a Clergyman. But Mr. Dudley has carried his metaphysics to very bold lengths indeed: he is, in point of fact, an Universalist. He even goes beyond Origen: he believes in the ultimate salvation of the damned, even of Satan and his angels. The great consummation with him is an atheistic absorption of all spirits in the One Infinite. And yet, with all this Orientalism, Mr. Dudley is so little read, even in the theology of our own formularies, as actually to suppose that the phrase 'incomprehensible' of the Athanasian Creed is equivalent to 'unintelligible,' (p. 71); and that the phrase 'without passions,' (*impassibilis,*) of the Article (p. 262) only means that God has 'no vindictive feeling.'

'Chapters on Deacons,' (Masters,) is piously written, and contains some very interesting biographies. But the writer is an Irvingite: this fact is quite unmistakeable to those at all conversant with the literature of that body. We are all along, therefore, perplexed with serious scruples about the sort of ministry upon which the writer is descanting. This difficulty is by no means lessened at finding one Cuthbert Symson inserted in the roll of Deacon Confessors. There can be no question, we think, that this man was only a Deacon *more Genevensium.*

'The Churchman's Manual,' (Calcutta,) is the title given by Archdeacon Bailey, of Colombo, to a reprint of the 'Certain Godly Prayers' which used to be appended to the Book of Common Prayer.

'The English Gentleman,' (Bell,) is easily written, as a book should be which professes to teach easy manners. It is cast in the didactic rather than the pictorial form: it gives rules; and in such matters, as good manners never can be taught by precept, the whole volume has rather a prosy air. In the end, the writer sums up what a gentleman's mind should contain. It should 'be pre-eminently distinguished for its range of knowledge and the depth of its information.' 'History, religion, the customs and peculiarities of *all* the greater countries of the world—their general resources, commerce, economy, and natural dependence on each other .... an accurate knowledge of *all* the great events and leading men 'of every country of Europe, both in ancient and modern times . . . . Mechanics, Geology, Chemistry, Electricity, Optics, Astronomy—Political Economy—the principles of Government—Laws of Nations—the Classics: these,' adds the writer, 'seem to me to be wholly indispensable;' and then he goes on to 'Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry, Modern Languages' &c. It is a consolation to some of us, who began to live before English gentlemen were formed by line and rule, and education had expanded so formidably, to know who two of the most accomplished persons on record, who knew all about 'pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses,' were.

An improved edition (the third) of Mr. Neale's 'History of England for Children,' (Masters,) has appeared. The success of the work may be considered as no longer doubtful.

'An Essay on Sisterhoods in the English Church,' (Masters,) must commend itself to attention from the name it bears, that of Mr. W. E. Sellon.

Mr. A. J. Dayman's Sermon, 'The Houses of God, as they were, as they are, and as they ought to be,' (Rivingtons,) is not a common-place Sermon. In some respects, we could have wished it more so. But while the style is occasionally eccentric, and the allusion to some ante-Reformation ceremonies of consecration, as a source of sacredness to the fabric he was preaching in, is clearly improper, (for this is making a distinction between one fabric and another in the same Church in point of sacredness; and a church built after the Reformation is less sacred than a church built before it,) we see nothing in the fundamental teaching of the sermon at variance with the doctrine of our Church, or such as to justify a Curate's expulsion from a diocese.

'The Judgment of Charity.' (Hatchard.) A long and not very interesting pamphlet on the Baptismal question, advocating the 'hypothetical' view of the Prayer-book, by Mr. Vores, of Hastings, has this remarkable admission, (p. 35,) that it was 'the middle of the last century' which witnessed what Mr. Vores calls the 'revival' of 'the School of the Reformers.' On this prescription, because the school alluded to has had an immunity of nearly a century, Mr. Vores goes on to plead, that persons 'who have laid out their property in the purchase of advowsons' (p. 36) should still go on contradicting the Prayer-book. This is the first time we have met with this application of the 'vested interests' argument.—'Amicus Curiæ' has put forth a very sensible and straightforward answer to Mr. Vores.

Only the first part of 'Illustrations and Inquiries relating to Mesmerism,' (Stephenson,) has yet been published. When we say that this paper is by Dr. Maitland, our readers may be assured that they will not miss his genial humour, his pointed style, and his fairness of statement. The writer's *line* is, however, as yet so slightly indicated, that we cannot at present act the critics towards it. Enough, however, is already before us to show that Dr. Maitland is entirely convinced that Mesmerism is not a thing to be eluded, still less to be scornfully bowed out of court.

Mr. Edmund Sharpe has at length finished what is now a handsome volume, 'Decorated Windows: a Series of Illustrations.' (Van Voorst.)

The concluding part is, in fact, five parts, and contains a useful *précis* of the history and classification of tracery. The plates are clear and sharp; and the whole series is a valuable addition to our technical repertory of facts. It gives instances of that process which alone might exalt Ecclesiology into an exact science—the recovery and complete restoration, with curious exactness, of a window from fragments of the mouldings and tracery. A trace of logical division might have saved from his unfortunate nomenclature of Tracery (chap. ii.)—Geometrical — Curvilinear—Rectilinear.

The first of a series of volumes has been issued by Mr. E. H. Landon, formerly known as the compiler of a very useful 'Manual of Councils.' It commences 'A New Ecclesiastical Dictionary,' (Rivingtons); a desideratum in our literature for popular use. The plan, though vague, we approve of. It is, of course, a compilation, historical, geographical, bibliographical, ritual. The latter feature does not preponderate—perhaps does not equiponderate. The book wants a preliminary apparatus of authors and editions consulted: though most of us know what 'Asseman. Cod. Liturg.' and one or two other familiar abbreviations, mean, yet we own that we were at first completely puzzled with 'R. and G.' which occurs in every page, and from which the present work is mainly selected. Owing, we presume, to the respected author's absence from England, we are sorry to state that it abounds in serious misprints:—'de Script. A*u*g.' for 'de Script. A*n*g.' (p. 181); 'Cearenus,' for 'Cedrenus' (p. 445); 'Soc. Tes.' for 'Soc. Jes.' (p. 112); 'Udovicus,' for 'Ludovicus' (p. 453); 'Alegambe' (p. 288) becomes elsewhere 'Alegambus;' for the Life of 'Addison' (p. 88) we are referred to 'William of Malmsbury;' 'Aquilea,' for 'Aquileia' (p. 304).

A handsome volume, carefully executed, has been published by Monsignor Eyre: 'S. Cuthbert.' (Burns.) We quite admit that a Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic has a right to reply to what has been written in other quarters on this subject: and the book is temperate in style, though composed with an extreme hagiological bias. In one place we noticed a passage attributed to Spelman, which is, however, in the additional matter incorporated into Masters' recent edition, and was, in point of fact, taken from this Review.

'The Book of the Prophet Joel,' (Bagster,) is a reprint of the text of Van der Hooght, so arranged as to exhibit the parallelisms proper to Hebrew poetry at once to the eye. A few of the more important readings have also been added. We have ourselves experienced both the pleasure and advantage of using the text so disposed, in Hahn's Hebrew Bible, published by Tauchnitz, in which, however, (on what principle of selection we know not,) the plan has been applied no farther than to the Book of Psalms, and to certain detached portions only in other books. We should be glad if the editor of this small work could be induced to publish the whole Hebrew Scriptures, arranged *parallelisticly* in all its poetical parts, whether small or large, and with various readings. If such parts were printed in double columns, the enhancement of the price by this mode of printing would not be very considerable.

'Remarks on Mount Serbal being the true Mount Sinai,' &c. &c., by John Hogg, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. &c. In the year 1845, the learned Professor Lepsius, during an excursion to Mount Sinai, applied himself to the investigation of its historical geography with a boldness of criticism far surpassing all his predecessors in the same field. The result was, that he completely revolutionized all received theories based on the venerable traditions of the Peninsula. Dr. Robinson had been content to remove the Mountain of the Law only about two miles, *i.e.* from Gebel Mûsa to Ras-es-Sufsafeh, the northern extremity of the ridge of which Gebel Mûsa is the extreme south. Professor Lepsius proposes Gebel Serbal for the Mountain of the Law, the principal and loftiest of another range of mountains, situated about twenty-five miles north-west of Gebel Mûsa. Mr. Hogg, in advocating this theory, applies a corrective to the free Neological comments of Professor Lepsius, which they much needed. The writer has evidently brought some learning to the investigation, and devoted much laborious and patient research to the elucidation of his subject. At present, however, we are not convinced, and cannot therefore abandon our old belief in favour of the new hypothesis; for, while we discover in the pages of Professor Lepsius and Mr. Hogg much of arbitrary interpretation, unfounded assumption, illogical and inconclusive reasoning, with some few plausible arguments, we find but *two* that appear to have any real weight; viz.—1st, that the encampment of the Israelites at Rephidim, supposed to be situated near Pharan, seems to be identified with Horeb and the Mount of God, (in Exod. xvii. 1—6; xviii. 5;) and 2dly, that Cosmas Indopleustes, who was well acquainted with the whole region and its traditions, places Mount Horeb about six miles from Pharan—a description which precisely answers to Mount Serbal, but not at all to Gebel Mûsa; for the site of Pharan is determined, beyond all question, at the northern base of Gebel Serbal, where its ruins and its name still exist.

But against this direct testimony on behalf of Professor Lepsius and Mr. Hogg must be placed the following facts, of which neither of them have given any satisfactory explanation:—1st. That if Rephidim be placed at or near Pharan, then it is certain that the encampment 'before the Mount,' was remote one station from it, and this station may well have been distant twenty-five miles or more from Rephidim; for the Israelites traversed 'the Desert of Sinai,' between Rephidim and their next station, (Exod. xix. 1, 2.) But twenty-five miles would bring them to Gebel Mûsa. To suppose, with Professor Lepsius, that they were throughout encamped among the fruitful gardens of the well-watered Wady Pharan is to run clean counter to the Sacred Narrative, which he is well satisfied to do, in order to escape the miraculous part of it; and to render '*Valley* of Sinai,' instead of '*Wilderness* of Sinai,' in the passage last cited, is merely to do violence to the language, in order to support a preconceived opinion. 2dly. It is granted by Professor Lepsius and Mr. Hogg, that the existing Convent at the base of Horeb was erected by Justinian, not more than twenty years after Cosmas had visited and described the region of Mount Sinai, and that the present Gebel Mûsa was then, and has ever since been regarded as the true Mountain of the Law. Now, it is equally inconceivable that the traditionary mountain could have been so far forgotten as to be inadvertently shifted from Serbal to Gebel Mûsa in twenty years, and that the Christians would knowingly have consented to transfer their veneration from the then received mountain to a supposititious one. And these improbabilities are much increased by the well-authenticated fact, that the rocky sides of the true Sinai, wherever it was, had been already for centuries pierced with monastic caves, inhabited by anchorites.

But it would be impossible to do justice to this large and interesting subject in this place. What has been here said may suffice to prove that sufficient reason has not yet been shown for abandoning the established tradition.

'Deeds of Faith,' by the Rev. J. M. Neale. (Mozleys.) In the prevailing mode of writing for children, where the merit lies in narrating homely incidents, every-day trials, and temptations in a purely natural style, befitting the simplicity of the subject, it is well to have sometimes the variety of an elevated theme, told in suitably elevated and poetical language. Mr. Neale's books for children are especially valuable in supplying this want. 'Deeds of Faith,' written with the same view as 'Triumphs of the Cross,' are narratives and legends from Church history, told with an earnestness and warmth of feeling which must interest young and old. The authorities of the different stories are given in the preface, and the legends distinguished from more authentic history,—a distinction which it will be necessary to enforce upon the youthful reader, lest he take allegory for fact.

'Sister's Care,' by the author of Michael the Chorister, (Masters,) is a simple little story, written with the same taste and feeling, and the same poetical view of childhood that have made its predecessor so deservedly popular. The children do not talk naturally exactly, but what they say is so pretty, and expresses so properly what good children among the poor ought to say, if they only could cast aside shyness and reserve, and say it, that it does almost as well as strict nature while we read.

'An Earnest Remonstrance addressed to Subscribers of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society,' has adopted the very short and expressive motto—'Thou shalt not kill.' It is needless for us here to repeat the facts which have already made such an impression on the public, connected with the oppressively low wages which these Societies pay their sewers and binders. That the conductors of these Societies at all realize the cruelties which their system inflicts, we are unwilling to believe. At the same time, there is such a thing as culpable blindness; and persons who either shut their eyes to, or are simply forgetful of such results as these, show that they are pursuing a religious object in much the same spirit in which the societies of the world pursue their worldly ones. That wish to compass an end, which begets an indifference to the means, be the end what it may, terrene or spiritual, is a worldly one.

'Religious Teachings,' by Mr. Highton, of Rugby School, has already produced very grave charges, and a very defective defence. Mr. Highton's teaching, on one very important doctrine, may be judged of from one very short extract. 'Are there then no peculiar blessings attached to the 'Lord's Supper, which are not attached to other times, and other acts of 'faith in God?' he asks: and he answers: '*No: there are none.*' This is quite clear and distinct:—The total denial of all peculiar grace to the

Sacrament of the Lord's Supper! We may safely leave the awful presumption of this assertion, to the Christian reverence and Christian belief of the members of our Church at large to remark upon: as we do the additional question, how Mr. Highton teaches this doctrine within the English Church, to Mr. Highton himself and to his ecclesiastical superiors to explain.

A very well-argued Sermon on 'The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, considered in reference to Objections,' by the Rev. Henry Harris, M.A., Demy of Magdalen College, shows the sad fact of a tendency to question that truth having arisen in some quarters. It is satisfactory to see that the Church has always good reasoners, which it only requires such symptoms to elicit.

'The New Testament Expounded and Illustrated according to the usual 'Marginal References, in the very words of Holy Scripture; together with 'the Notes and Translations, and a complete Marginal Harmony of the 'Gospels. Part I. containing the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apo'stles,' by Clement Moody, M.A. (Longman.) The design of this work is to give the reader of the Bible the benefit of the marginal references without the trouble of turning over the pages to find the passages referred to. The latter are set down at the bottom of the page. Mr. Moody's book is thus a Scripture commentary upon Scripture. The principles on which he has gone in determining how much to extract of the passages referred to are stated in the Preface, and appear to show judgment.

The author of 'Short Conclusions from the Light of Nature,' (Rivingtons,) has a real taste for speculative philosophy, but he wants the power of sustaining and properly evolving his thoughts, and is apt to be offhand. It is no answer to Bishop Berkeley's theory about matter that there must be 'something external to persons' minds' to produce the uniformity which there is in their material impressions, (*e.g.* make many persons see the same thing at the same time); for Berkeley agrees with him in saying so, only making that external thing the Supreme Spirit, instead of that material substratum which established philosophy supposes. We must caution the author against some fanciful and some dangerous lines of thought into which he enters.

'A Selection from Percy's Reliques,' (Bell,) has been made by the Rev. Henry Tripp, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, with good taste and judgment.

The writer of 'Facts and Thoughts for the Additional Curates' Aid Society in connexion with the Diocese of Manchester,' (Hatchard,) appears to find the conduct of the Bishop of Manchester difficult to defend, and goes from his subject to commence a general attack on Church Unions. His ecclesiastical system, if he stated it clearly, would be a simple one; viz. that all Clergymen should obey their Bishops, and all Bishops obey Lord John Russell. Which power such a policy would advance, the Episcopal or the Secular, may be conjectured.

It is with unfeigned satisfaction that we correct a mis-statement in our last number, concerning the weekly celebration of the Holy Eucharist. It appears that the Holy Communion is administered every Sunday in the following Cathedrals:—Canterbury, York, S. Paul's, Chichester, Durham, Winchester, Exeter, Salisbury, Lichfield, Worcester, Manchester, and the royal Abbey of Westminster. The error may perhaps be somewhat palliated by the consideration that, in several instances, the restoration of this pious practice is very recent, and in the great majority does not date back more than a few years. We sincerely wish that other statements in that article, unfavourable to the Cathedral authorities, could have been here retracted; for it were far more pleasant to retract than it was to make them: but amid much plausible defence of existing abuses, in quarters from which we did not expect it, we have found nothing that calls for serious comment. With regard to our respected correspondent at Chichester, we beg to say, that our statements concerning that Cathedral were made on what we considered unexceptionable authority; and we can only reconcile them with the counter-statements by the supposition that the arrangements may have been altered subsequently to our inquiries. May we be permitted to add, that if any large proportion of our Cathedral authorities were at all conformed to a type that Chichester could furnish, the term 'dignitary' could never have become a bye-word, and such articles as appeared in our pages and in another Church Review last quarter would never have been called forth. We extremely regret that our remarks should have appeared unduly harsh and unnecessarily severe to some whose judgment we highly value; and we own it may be impossible for those who view these institutions entirely *ab extra*, to comprehend all the complicated difficulties that embarrass and defeat the exertions of those who would reform them *ab intra*. Certainly nothing was further from our intentions than to add to the perplexities and distresses of those worthy members of the Cathedral bodies who are endeavouring, sometimes amidst much obloquy and opposition, to restore them to their intended uses, and to develop their means of efficiency; and we sincerely beg them to pardon us if our strictures have occasioned them the slightest pain.

The case of the Rochester Cathedral Grammar School has gained additional notoriety during the last three months, nor is there any prospect of its speedy adjustment. Mr. Whiston has published his 'Protest or Demurrer,' read before the Dean and Chapter on the 14th of September, (Ollivier,) and has been engaged in a lively newspaper controversy with the 'Presbyter' of the 'British Magazine,' in which, if Mr. Whiston is superior in point of argument, his opponent has the advantage of him in temper and other qualities that are specially becoming in clerical disputants. We sincerely hope that Mr. Whiston will not mar or defeat a really good cause by any fresh exhibitions of violence, which have already injured him much in the estimation of wise and good men. Meanwhile the Dean and Chapter have proceeded to extremities, and have again dismissed their refractory Head-Master, appointed a successor, and attempted to justify their rigorous proceeding in a 'Letter to the Bishop of Rochester,' conceived precisely in the same terms as the former letter of the Chapter-Clerk, (commented on in our last number,) conceding, as in that, the only point that any reasonable person would contend for, viz. that though '*legally* they are not Trustees at all,' yet 'morally and religiously' they are 'Trustees of Institutions,' and for the following purposes:—'For the maintenance of the

'Cathedral, its services and sermons; of its Ministers, therefore, and Choir, 'and of the Cathedral School; for duties of hospitality and offices of 'charity; for religious instruction and education, the encouragement of 'piety and learning.' But while granting that their own and kindred bodies 'have no doubt been founded and incorporated' for these ends, they have failed to show—they have not even attempted to show—that they have promoted these objects in any adequate measure. In other words, they have not answered Mr. Whiston's charges, but have simply dismissed him. This he contends they have no right to do under the Statutes, and has accordingly, while continuing to exercise the functions of Head-Master, obtained from the Court of Queen's Bench a rule for a mandamus to restore. The very able argument of Sir Frederick Thesiger in moving for a rule has not improved the position of the Chapter. It now remains to be seen whether the rule will be made absolute.

Three cognate bodies—the Ecclesiological, the Oxford, and the Bristol Architectural Societies—have put forth Reports during the last quarter. The first Society shows a good balance in the hands of its treasurer, while both the others seem to be financially embarrassed, though the Oxford Architectural Society, we are glad to see, has considerably diminished during the past year the balance due to its treasurer. It is the expense of printing and publishing, we conceive, which has hampered the means of many of these Societies. Why cannot they learn that union is strength, and that—as we have before advised them—they would much further the cause which they have at heart by centralization? We think we see hopeful signs of such a result in a passage of the Oxford Society's Annual Report, (p. 92,) where the Committee announce that they 'have lately made arrangements with the editors of the *Ecclesiologist*, whereby, through their kindness, it is hoped that more of our papers may appear in that periodical.' The three Reports before us number, in the lists of members, at a rough calculation, about fourteen hundred names. Taking into consideration the other Societies in various dioceses, there may be concluded to be considerably more than two thousand persons in the country pledged to the study and support of Church Architecture. What might not be hoped for if the exertions of so many persons were directed by a common management, and their contributions employed, not in the publication of works of local value and interest, but in the propagation of their principles by means of a well-supported and effective periodical organ? Still it is gratifying to observe, from the record of the transactions of the three Societies of which we have been speaking, that a good deal of work seems to be doing, in one way or other.

One of the papers read before the Oxford Society is published in a separate pamphlet, under the title of 'Remarks on the Nomenclature of Gothic Architecture, by E. A. Freeman, M.A.' (Parker.) The writer, of course, defends his own division of the Pointed styles, and his own nomenclature, against all comers; and besides this, he labours to support Rickman's system, as being the less bad of the two, in preference to that of the Ecclesiological Society. We have in a late number expressed our own opinion on this dispute, nor does the present *brochure* incline us to change our mind. One remark, however, may be made: Mr. Freeman appears to adduce it as a crushing argument against the Ecclesiological nomenclature that Romanesque might, 'for consistency's sake, be called the Round style,' and be subdivided into First Round, Middle Round, and Third Round. We may be exceedingly obtuse, but we cannot see the cogency of this. Where is the *reductio ad absurdum?* For Romanesque *has*, over and over again, been called the 'Round-arch' style, and is generally, we believe, so called in Germany. And if Mr. Freeman shall find himself able to divide that style into three as well defined periods of development as those represented by the terms First, Middle, and Third Pointed,—the architectural world will be much indebted to him, and he will have the credit of being the first to effect—what is still a desideratum—the discovery of a simple but exhaustive classification for the local and epochal varieties of Romanesque.

'Rachel Ashburn.' (Masters.) The author of this story is already favourably known through 'Harry and Walter,' and other little books, in prose and verse. It is called 'a story of real life,' and has many points of truth and natural interest, though perhaps hardly exact probability strictly to deserve that designation. It is written with much gracefulness of thought and expression, but is open to criticism on the point of arrangement. The writer is evidently aware of this herself, apologizing for a 'long digression.' The digression constitutes, in fact, much the larger portion of the whole story; so that the reader finds, towards the concluding pages of the book, that what he has hurried through as mere introduction is, in fact, the very history given him to read. It is in this point of view that arrangement, which with so many writers is regarded as a matter of inferior moment, is really so important: it is the science of getting hold of the reader's attention.

'Self-Devotion; or, the Prussians at Hochkirch.' (Lomax, Lichfield; Masters, London.) A translation of a clever story, from the German of Frederica Lohmann, of the time of the Seven Years' War. The principal personage, an old female servant, faithful, fearless, independent of speech, is drawn with great truth and spirit, and well sustained throughout. The authoress has a patriotic pride in Frederic the Great in which we cannot sympathise; but as he is introduced in his military, not his moral aspect, and seen only in connexion with old Justina, this does not interfere with the merits of the story, which are of a domestic nature. The translation fails in elegance, and is not always grammatical; while the introduction of one of Watts's best known Hymns for Children at full length, in a note, as supposed to bear upon the context, is a measure surprising, from its very simplicity.

'The Doctrine of Holy Baptism,' by Archdeacon Wilberforce, unfortunately came to hand too late to be noticed in the article on the subject in our present number. It is a valuable supplement to his work on the Incarnation, the principles of which it applies to the Sacrament of Baptism. In spite of the difficulties of the subject, he has advanced in dogmatic precision. He first states clearly the doctrine itself, and its connexion with those on which it mainly depends, proving the chief points from Holy Scripture. Then he proceeds to the questions now raised about the doctrine of the Church of England, especially as it may have been affected by prevalent views of the Divine decrees, and shows that it has always consistently affirmed Baptismal Regeneration. The first chapter, 'What Regeneration is,' deserves the attentive perusal of every one whose mind is at all agitated by the present controversy, or perplexed with doubts on the subject, and is also well calculated to help every man to understand his neighbour.

'The Voices of Harvest,' by the Rev. R. Milman, (Masters,) a small book on a great subject which we can cordially recommend. It consists of a series of lessons or discourses on the spiritual uses Scripture makes of this season, opening with a spirited and even eloquent description of the past harvest amongst ourselves. The whole is a very impressive appeal to the heart and conscience, and likely to interest and benefit more than one class of readers.

'The Pastor of Wellburn and his Flock.' (John Henry Parker, 377, Strand.) A thoughtful and instructive little volume, in which the business and observations of a shepherd's life are spiritualized by his pastor in a course of conversations between Mr. Hope, the country parson, and John Huntley, the shepherd. There is a formality inherent in this mode of developing a subject from which the present work does not escape; but the author shows himself so fully acquainted with his subject, and so habituated to meditate upon it in a devout spirit, that the reader soon feels he has a right to bring out his thoughts in his own way. It is well adapted for the increasing class of thoughtful serious readers amongst the poor, who like good matter, and are willing to allow a writer his own time in working it out.

We have to notice a useful volume of Sermons 'on the Book of Common Prayer,' by Mr. Pinder, of Wells, (Rivingtons); two volumes of Sermons 'on the Liturgy,' by the Rev. John Hall, Honorary Canon of Bristol Cathedral; two single Sermons, by the Rev. O. B. Tyler, 'on the Sin of being glad at Calamities,' and on 'the Wisdom of this World and Spiritual Wisdom compared;' an 'Ordination Sermon,' by the Rev. R. C. Savage, mixed in its views and its authorities, but containing much good; 'Apostolical Sketches,' by the Rev. Thomas Sworde, Rector of S. Peter's, Thetford; an eloquent Sermon, preached on the last National Visitation, by Mr. Hawkins, Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; a Sermon 'on Family Worship,' by the Rev. J. D. Jefferson; an 'Ordination Sermon,' by Mr. Kennaway; a 'Few Words to Protestants on the Fifth of November,' (Masters,) by a Priest of the Church of England, containing some judicious reasons for sobering the ardour of that festival; a 'Few Plain Words, addressed to those who Think,' by the Curate of Stoke Damerel, (Masters); 'Wrested Texts,' No. 1, (Batty,) short explanations of texts which are popularly misunderstood, such as Rom. vii. 19, Mark ix. 39, Coloss. ii. 16; two earnest Sermons on the day of Prayer and the day of Thanksgiving, by the Rector of St. James's. The 'Tracts for the Christian Seasons' keep up their tone, which is a solemn and fervent one, and calculated to impress. Those on Easter Week are perhaps rather too sombre for that particular season. We recommend the series strongly.

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

APRIL, 1850.

Art. I.—*Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* London: Longman & Co. 1850.

It is not easy to determine what are the lawful claims of the public on what professes to be a 'Life:' what we may reasonably expect to learn from a biographer of the subject of his narrative: whether he may practise any suppression or reserve, or whether it is his duty, not only to tell the truth—which admits of no dispute—but the whole truth. Again, it may be questioned if it be enough for him to give facts, however full and minute, while he keeps back faults of temper or disposition of which he is himself conscious; or whether he is not bound to give the reader the full benefit of his own judgment and experience, to whatever revelations they may lead him. At first sight it seems very like an impertinence to expect to be informed of every weakness or peculiarity of a distinguished man passed away from amongst us, and to assume that because we have been instructed or entertained by his works, and now learn the events of his career, therefore we have a right to look into his daily conversation and innermost motives and feelings;—that because he was better, or wiser, or greater than other men, therefore we may claim an insight into all his doings. It may appear, we say, like undue curiosity to expect all this; yet there is much to be said on the other side. Publicity is one of the penalties of greatness—greatness of social position, and not less greatness of intellect. No man can set himself up or be set up above his brethren, but he becomes a mark for public observation. We may, therefore, say that it is right, because in the long run it is inevitable, because it is part of the constitution of the world of our own times, that we should know about our great men what is worth knowing. Nor does this law tell against them. Rumour goes before, and proclaims with exaggeration, what the true historian records with all its extenuating circumstances. Common fame will tell of actions and opinions; the biographer will give the history of their growth, and the external influences which first originated them. It is *best* to know the truth, and therefore it is but reasonable to hope that there is nothing unfair in the only mode of learning it. But such a biography, full, truthful, candid, impartial, is a rare gift to the world of literature: perhaps it is only to be looked for where the character is great enough to sustain its interest with the world after the first motives for reserve are passed by,—when it can be looked back upon as a feature of history. Towards such a biography as this—one that illustrates not only the man, but the age in which he lives,—the first notices of his life can only be regarded as materials.

Nor does the literary man because his external life is uneventful, escape this same tax of publicity. It is a gain to know the germ of certain thoughts and views. Nothing is trivial or unimportant which has served to build up a great mind. Though genius is perhaps less dependent on the accidents of education than the more ordinary rate of capacity; though it will seem to force its way through impediments, and perhaps only gain strength from what would repress common minds; yet its form and direction are guided by them—early influences may determine its path and calling.

Against these ends of biography, the claims of relationship to undertake the task must form a barrier. A son succeeds to his father's papers: he has a right, and he alone in a certain sense, to lay them before the world. But from this source we can only have materials, we can have no just estimate of character, and perhaps not the fullest means of forming one for ourselves. A son cannot say anything disparaging to his father's reputation, nor need he reveal family circumstances disagreeable to the survivors; scarcely need he publish anything, though from his father's hand, contrary to his own notions of right and excellence.

He must be laudatory. We could not tolerate the spectacle of a son sitting in cool, impartial judgment on his father's actions and opinions. The fact of his undertaking the task at all, implies a eulogy. Yet possibly the subject of his sensitive respect would suffer less from the simplicity of unguarded truth. It is not easy to flatter in a portrait and preserve the look of nature—the individuality which constitutes the charm. By giving only the good points, he is more like other men and less like himself, and it is because he is himself, and unlike other men, that we want to know about him.

Mr. Southey, in preparing his father's life for publication, has evidently felt all these difficulties, and has had no other thought how to surmount them than by confining his share of the work to a due attention to dates—threading together his father's voluminous correspondence, with such notices of family events, births, deaths, marriages, &c., as are needed to explain the letters themselves. We have few comments on these events, and, what is a more serious omission, no recollections of his father's home and fireside conversations, and therefore none of his early impressions, to be alone gathered from this source; seldom even any account of the first commencement of those friendships which in Southey's case formed part of himself. A literary man can hardly be looked upon alone, and *he* especially is associated with many distinguished names in conjunction with whom the world has been accustomed to think of him. We should be glad to know what were his first impressions, what the circumstances that first introduced him to Coleridge, Walter Scott, Lamb, Wordsworth, and many others. But on these points of natural curiosity the reader will find little satisfaction; indeed, the notices of the latter are so few and vague, occurring incidentally in the letters themselves, but with no allusion on the biographer's part to the commencement or progress of the implied intimacy, that we should have supposed some reason for the omission, which it has not been thought expedient to mention, had not Wordsworth's name occurred in a long list of others to whom he offers acknowledgments for having placed his father's letters at his disposal. Rumour has indeed accounted for the delay in the publication of these memoirs by family differences which seem to be hinted at in the preface.

> 'For the delay which has taken place in bringing forth this work, I am not responsible, as it has chiefly arisen from the circumstance that no literary executor was expressly named in my father's will: and in consequence of the difficulties which thus arose, it was not till the spring of 1848 that the materials, as far as they had then been collected, were put into my hands. I have since then made what speed I might in the preparation of them for the press, amid the engagements of other business, and with my hand often palsied by causes over which I had no control.'—P. v.

That the son in this case had the right to edit his father's papers, no one, we think, can doubt; and we must sympathise with him in the additional difficulties the fact of its being disputed must have thrown in the way of a task, arduous and perplexing under any circumstances. But his own recollections of his father's conversation were at least in his power, which could not fail (it would seem) to throw that light on the correspondence which it now wants. It may not, however, have been Southey's way to revive old times in his family circle, in which case we are quarrelling unreasonably with his biographer; but it is singular, and an answering peculiarity in these volumes, that as we are given none of Southey's early recollections of his friends, so there is no account whatever by letter or recorded conversation, either on first acquaintance or in after life, of the impression he made upon them. Everything, even to personal appearance, dress, habits, manners, as far as we know anything of him at all, is told by himself. And so far it is fortunate for our curiosity that Southey did talk of himself a great deal. It was a theme which he readily recurred to and expatiated upon. In these points there cannot be a greater contrast than in two lives which in plan, subject, and biographer, present so many points of similarity—the memoirs of Southey and Sir Walter Scott, so far as the former is shown to us in these opening volumes. In the one—in Sir Walter—we know what every one who came in contact with him, what all his friends and acquaintance, said and thought of him, but very little indeed of what he thought of himself; in the other, we are intimately informed of what Southey thought of himself, but are left to guess what judgment the world or his friends formed of him. Indeed, the present work makes us realize the skill and felicity with which Mr. Lockhart has executed his task. We see Sir Walter amidst his crowd of friends, and we feel ourselves absolutely admitted into his society—we see him with their eyes. But no skill or fascination of style could have constructed from Southey a work of similar interest. Southey probably wanted his charm of manner; there was not round him that cheering, radiant atmosphere of enjoyment, which made all who were admitted to Scott's society for ever so short a time, look back upon the occasion as one of the bright spots of their memory. He had, no doubt, natural defects of manner and temperament, if not temper, to contend with; his beautiful verses on the holly tree were written from a well founded sense of analogy between the rugged, repulsive points of his character and its prickly leaves; and, moreover, —what is so great a barrier to ease and grace of manner,—he was self-conscious. His genius, his moral qualities, his peculiarities, were ever present to his mind. His feelings, his views, his occupations, form the one subject of his letters, so far as we see them in these opening volumes, which bring us to his thirty-third year, though there are indications towards the close of a check on this natural disposition.

There are many curious points of agreement in the circumstances, especially in early childhood, of these two poets, born within three years of each other. Both were early separated from their families, and consigned to the care of maiden aunts; both had long seasons of solitary musings, caused to the one by his lameness, to the other by his aunt's whimsical method of treating a child. Both had a desultory, changing school life, removed from master to master; having abundant leisure during this period to follow the bent of their own fancy and taste; both reading and delighting in the same poets—even to Hoole's translation of Tasso—at the same early age; both early showing genius and a strong leaning to romance, and seeking to inspire their schoolfellows with the same tastes:—and this resemblance may be pursued to such little points as each thinking that under proper training they could have made good mathematicians, a faculty early swamped in them for want of proper cultivation. Yet in character and temper, perhaps in some degree caused by differences of circumstances fully as great as their similarity, there could scarcely be a greater contrast than their youth and early manhood presents. The one joyous and social, only too content with things as he finds them; with neither wish nor confidence in his ability to work a change in what he sees; more conscious, more constantly alive to his deficiencies than his powers; with an unaffected modesty, as if scarcely regarding his good gifts as belonging to himself: the other discontented, restless, contemptuous, quarrelling with the existing state of things, full of longings and impulses to work a change; self-conscious, arrogant, sceptical; but under so much that was unpromising and forbidding, showing at all times a moral rectitude, a deep affectionateness, a power and sense of right, that force themselves upon our respect and regard in spite of all the prejudices he raises in us against himself. The restless workings of unemployed power, we feel, may claim our indulgence in one to whom the better way had not been pointed out. His strivings and eccentricities find a parallel in the insect and animal kingdoms, where we may often observe an apparent restlessness and discontent till the purposes of being are attained. Then follow peace and order. Southey's energy preyed upon itself till he found his vocation; and if ever literature was a vocation, it was in him. Most men of genius like a hundred things better than exercising their gift; it is a thing to be invoked, and a labour, in a certain sense, to invoke it. They are glad when their task is done and they can turn to other things. With Southey, labour in his own calling was his existence. The pen was with him a sixth sense; his right hand was useful to him because it could hold it; his eyes were serviceable for they could direct it; his tastes and gifts were valuable as the streams which ministered to it. Even his keen enjoyment of nature was not complete or developed till it had expressed itself through this medium. He used his powers as the elephant his proboscis, reaching out far and wide, mastering great and small, overcoming all hindrances and impediments as if for mere sport and exercise—all to support the vast demands of an insatiable appetite and indiscriminate digestion. Most men are industrious because they are obliged, or because they have learned to think it right; but Southey's industry was his *gift*, as much, and in the same sense a gift, as memory or imagination.

There are few things that strike us as more unjust—unjust alike to the object of blame and to the quality itself—than the constant charge brought against persons of ability, of want of perseverance; as if anybody could persevere in an intellectual pursuit, that liked. Industry in common things and every-day duties is a moral quality; industry—successful perseverance—in the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind, is a *gift*, and frequently what alone makes the difference between ordinary and extraordinary power, between a short-lived and a durable fame. It implies the length of time that the mind can sustain great exertion. Many men have flashes of high and vigorous thought; they can wind up their mind to a limited effort; but probably no power on earth, no moral sense, could enable them permanently to sustain that elevation. Such industry we *must* believe to be an intellectual faculty, for it is valuable only as it is supported by other intellectual powers—it is surely no virtue to plod on when these fail it, to work on still as a moral duty! And yet, because a person has done one thing well, it is very frequently lamented that he should neglect his powers, and not go on as he has begun, taking for granted that he could have done so had he wished it. Why, it is asked, should such an one waste his powers in translation instead of original composition? why will such another confine himself to short efforts? why does he not write a book that will live? And the blame is laid on his want of perseverance, as if, because he has composed one poem he could bring out another as good, because he has written a clever pamphlet he could write a clever book; when ten to one, if, acting on this advice, he were to go on writing as a moral duty, he might, indeed, repeat himself indefinitely and produce a great deal of dull matter, but neither edify the world nor add to his own reputation. Nor will we admit that this is a dangerous doctrine, or an encouragement to idleness. Men bear very complacently the charge of neglecting their powers so long as it is taken for granted that they possess them. No fallacy ministers more to vanity or conceit. We would only maintain that the intellect is a tree that must be judged by its fruits; and by the goodness and abundance of the fruit *alone* can it be judged. Many a man looks disparagingly on his neighbour's labours, as if he could do as well if he chose to exert himself, and is encouraged by his friends in the delusion; when in fact he could not exert himself or make the effort if he would. His mind lacks the strong machinery of exertion.

Southey's industry, then, was a gift supported by his other gifts. Neither was it a moral but an intellectual gift, precisely of the same nature as his others. There was a necessity upon him to labour. It was the hunger of his soul, and if outward circumstances, as rank or fortune, had interfered with its indulgence, he would have been unhappy and restless—the purpose of his being would have visibly failed him. And to this quality rather than to more spiritual influences we must attribute that amelioration of his nature and character, which is evident before the close of the period to which these two opening volumes of his life lead us. He began life as a democrat and reformer, very much disposed to turn the world upside down; but insensibly this temper disappears—disappears before the absorbing interest of books to be written, and published, and sold, and read—before the necessary desire of success. We have no direct confession as yet of a change of views, only other and antagonist interests succeed to the old ones. What could such a man have done in times of civil turmoil and commotion! There had been a time when he manifested an evident sympathy for Buonaparte: he exults in the disappointment of some country people who had been led to believe in his overthrow—he is a hero with him; but when he is fairly set to work, when every day is spent at his desk, when he feels the inconvenience of a threatened invasion in the general panic; when booksellers will not publish books, because the world is more intent on fighting than reading,—no man could be a stronger anti-Buonapartist, or look with more patriotic indignation and contempt on his insane scheme. His patriotism was doubtless a real virtue; only his industry was a prop and pillar of it. Again, this quality adds to the lustre of his domestic character, amiable and exemplary as it was. A busy man is by nature a lover of home; he has no desultory wandering propensities. If he cannot give much time to his wife, she may console herself, at least, that he has none to give to any one else. His greatest relaxation is by his own fire-side, where alone he can thoroughly unbend and find that rest so indispensable after sustained exertion. And, of all this peace, this calm repose, this easy, cheerful, effortless talk, the remembrance and prospect of which wraps round him unconsciously like a genial atmosphere, in his study or his daily walk, she is the centre: loved with a double security of affection, not only for her own sake, but because she is where he loves best to be, and where he feels most himself.

Southey's domestic affections, however, though we speak of them in connexion with his leading characteristics, were no mere instinct. He had no idea of happiness apart from the fulfilment of duty, and his sense of the obligations of duty was a large one.

His notions of domestic ties, of the claims of family, of the obligations that devolved upon him, were commensurate with his estimate of his power of providing for them; and this gave a dignity and a purpose to occupations which might otherwise have appeared an inadequate employment for a life. The labourer of the field does not more literally earn his bread by the sweat of his brow than the literary man; he cannot have a keener estimate of the value of money, the equivalent for this precious commodity. Southey's genius, his best and noblest thoughts, were of necessity exchanged day by day for the commonest wants of our nature: he must write a poem to get some 'chairs and tables;' he must pursue speculation and philosophy for 'bread and cheese.' Yet, his sense of the lawful claimants and recipients of his earnings increased with his exertions; his house was a refuge and rendezvous in all family difficulties; he devoted his money before he got it towards his brother's education or advancement; he gave his time, which to him was money, for the succour of the unfortunate or distressed, who had no other claim on him than their misfortunes. Perhaps there is no more magnanimous instance of this ready dedication of the fruit of his labours, than his appropriation of the sum to be received for 'Thalaba.' He estimated its value—our readers will not think, too highly—at about 100*l.* For this he had abundant home uses; it was disposed of in imagination before it was received, when he was consulted (he being then in Portugal) on his youngest brother's disposition in life, and quite simply, as if he were not doing some great thing, he devotes this precious sum, with all its poetic halo and fragrance about it, and brightness beyond mortal gold—to be paid over as an entrance fee for his brother's surgical education. We felt really glad for Mrs. Southey's—the gentle Edith's sake, if not for his own, that the sacrifice was not required of him; an uncle came forward; but as far as his will was concerned, the sacrifice was complete.

It is traits like these and many more, that force us to love and admire a character not exactly attractive. A man may be forbidding to strangers who is so heart-whole to his friends. His egotism and self-consciousness we get to think an idiosyncracy—if not the inevitable consequence of a very early development of intellect, the fruit of being a man before his time. Doubtless, men are born differently in this respect, and it is not fair to expect opposite natures to conform to one rule of self-appreciation. We come in fact to measure him by the standard we apply to our intimate friends; we do not call certain qualities in them by the bare and sometimes unjust name of *faults*—they are distinctive peculiarities—' their way.' Not, of course, that this applies to all or even most of Southey's departures from our sense of excellence. His early education, the companions and society of his youth, his own self-esteem and—what accompanies this quality—his contempt for established authorities and truths, laid in him the foundation of habits of mind which never were eradicated, which disfigure his works, which appear constantly in his social intercourse, and cling to him after some of the original causes were removed; for though these volumes bring no direct proof of it, we know how in the most important points his views and sentiments did change for the better.

Amongst others, we allude to his obstinate habits of irreverence and profane allusion; as if the objects of our most reasonable awe or terror were therefore the most natural subject for jest. It is no unfair inference from his habitual tone, that throughout his whole life he never regarded the great enemy of our souls in any other light. What was said in bitterness of spirit and characteristic quaintness of expression by the indignant Elia, is only too true:—

> 'You have all your life been making a jest of the Devil. Not of the Scriptural meaning of that dark essence. . . . . I acquit you of intentional irreverence. But, indeed, you have been wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon the popular idea and attribute of him. . . . You have flattered him in prose: you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his jester; volunteer laureate, and self-elected court poet to Beelzebub.'—*London Review, Oct.* 1823.

And by a sort of fatality the present volume in its opening sentence calls to mind and justifies this censure. As some people invoke Apollo and the Muses, and talk of Helicon and Parnassus, Southey begins his autobiography by something which to the eye passes for a similar dedication to the name and personage that concludes our extract—with allusions to 'his tesselated pavements,' and 'state rooms,' his 'hoofs,' 'imps,' &c. &c. Jokes which would be thought very poor indeed, if there were no profaneness in them to give them a point and body.

But it is time to leave these generalities and enter upon a more detailed notice of the volumes before us, and their subject. The first volume opens with an autobiography, dated 1820, when he was consequently in his 47th year. It is written with great minuteness, especially in all the details of his early childhood, and carries him down to the age of fifteen; when, for want of time or inclination, the history leaves off without any reason assigned. His memory loves to dwell on this period; and the early recollections of such a mind must be interesting; yet we do not think it can be called in itself an interesting childhood: scarcely as much so in its circumstances and associations as in the average of children. Yet we may trace in it many helps and assistances towards the formation of a strong character; not that we should recommend similar experiments to be deliberately tried; for what fans the spark of genius may extinguish a more ordinary intelligence. Geniuses are born before they can be made; nor would the whimsies of such an aunt as Miss Tyler be otherwise than most injurious to the mass of children.

He was born August 1774, just three years later than his brother poet of the North; and, for the comfort of fastidious mammas, it is recorded that he came into the world so ugly, that, on the nurse's announcing him to his mother as 'a great ugly boy,' the first sight of her son so fully bore out this judgment that she confessed she felt then 'as if she should never be able to love him.' His father, Robert Southey, was a draper in the city of Bristol; but the connexions on each side were somewhat higher than the position of a country tradesman leads us to expect. On the father's there was a certain Canon Southey, a dignitary of the Church, and his mother also was connected with many members of the liberal professions. Of his mother he thus speaks:—

> 'My mother was one of those few persons (for a few such there are) who think too humbly of themselves. Her only fault (I verily believe she had no other) was that of yielding submissively to this imperious sister, to the sacrifice of her own inclination and judgment and sense of what was right. She had grown up in awe and admiration of her, as one who moved in a superior rank, and who with the advantage of a fine form and beautiful person possessed that also of a superior and cultivated understanding: withal, she loved her with a true sisterly affection which nothing could diminish, clearly as she saw her faults, and severely as at last she suffered by them. But never did I know one person so entirely subjected by another, and never have I regretted anything more deeply than that subjection, which most certainly in its consequences shortened her life. If my mother had not been disfigured by the small-pox, the two sisters would have strikingly resembled each other, except in complexion, my mother being remarkably fair. The expression, however, of the two countenances was as opposite as the features were alike; and the difference in disposition was not less marked. Take her for all in all, I do not believe that any human being ever brought into the world and carried through it a larger portion of original goodness than my dear mother. Every one who knew her loved her, for she seemed made to be happy herself, and to make every one happy within her little sphere. Her understanding was as good as her heart: it is from her I have inherited that alertness of mind and quickness of apprehension, without which it would have been impossible for me to have undertaken half of what I have performed. God never blessed a human creature with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a tenderer heart. I remember that when first I understood what death was, and began to think of it, the most fearful thought it induced was that of losing my mother; it seemed to me more than I could bear, and I used to hope that I should die before her.'—Vol. i. p. 129.

His recollections of himself he traces back to his third year. At this age, as indeed through life, his feelings were very susceptible; the tears seem to have 'lain near his eyes' and to have readily overflowed—a thing not uncommon with men of a resolute and even stern and reserved character. At two years old people delighted to practise on this susceptibility, and to tell him dismal stories, till he entreated them to leave off. 'I know not,' he says, 'whether our feelings are blunted or rendered more acute by action; in either case these pranks are wrong with children.' About this age he was taken to a dame's school, to be out of the way for a few hours of the day. Here he gave early indication of a power of which he often speaks with complacency.

> 'Upon this occasion, when for the first time in my life I saw nothing but strange faces about me, and no one to whom I could look for kindness or protection, I gave good proof of a sense of physiognomy, which never misled me yet, of honestly speaking my opinion, and of a temerity in doing it, by which my after-life has often been characterised. Ma'am Powell had as forbidding a face (I well remember it) as can easily be imagined; and it was remarkable for having no eyelashes,—a peculiarity which I instantly perceived. When the old woman, therefore, led me to a seat on the form, I rebelled as manfully as a boy in his third year could do, crying out, "Take me to Pat! I don't like ye! you've got ugly eyes! take me to Pat, I say." Poor Pat went home with the story, and cried as bitterly in relating it as I had done during the unequal contest, and at the utter discomfiture to which I was forced to submit, when might, as it appeared to me, overpowered right.'—Vol. i. p. 27.

Here he remained at intervals till five years old. All children of that age have their little private paradise. He had one of an island, in which was to be one mountain of gingerbread and another of candy. At the same time he conceived a great desire to be a soldier—like many other active spirits who find their dreams of combat realized amid very peaceable pursuits—fell in love with a sword, asked his aunt for 'all the weapons of war,' and invented an ingenious fiction, founded on the history of Joseph, by which he sought to impress his future greatness as a warrior on his school-fellows, inviting them to tell him their dreams, which he interpreted always in favour of his own hopes of military distinction.

From infancy he lived very little at home; while younger brothers and sisters were born, he spent his time chiefly with his aunt (his mother's half-sister), Miss Tyler. This lady had been educated by her uncle, a clergyman, and had entered with him into high society, and eventually inherited his property; from these circumstances, and her own beauty and superior understanding, she was much looked up to by her family, and her patronage of her little nephew was no doubt esteemed a great advantage. Persons in those days certainly took a greater licence to be odd and indulge their peculiarities than we see now. Miss Tyler eventuated, as the Americans say, into a very odd creature indeed. Her system of education, even before this extremity, was not dictated by much sense or discretion. It was something, however, that she did not carry out her idea of bringing him up after the plan in J. J. Rousseau's Emille; this would probably have been too much trouble. He was happily not over-considered, but left to a good share of that wholesome neglect which has sometimes been prescribed by old heads in these modern days. So long as he did not dirty his clothes, or disturb his aunt in a morning, he seems to have been left very much to himself, having no companions who would have rendered these essentials impossible. It is melancholy to think of a poor child subject to such restraints as the following, and yet we cannot tell, though we should be loath to see the experiment tried a second time, what strengthening influence on a mind able to bear it, those hours of compulsory silence and thought may have had.

> 'Here my time was chiefly passed from two till six. I had many indulgences, but more privations, and those of an injurious kind: want of playmates, want of exercise, never being allowed to do anything in which by possibility I might dirt myself; late hours in company, that is to say, late hours for a child, which I reckon among the privations (having always had the healthiest propensity for going to bed betimes); late hours of rising, which were less painful perhaps, but in other respects worse. My aunt chose that I should sleep with her, and this subjected me to a double evil. She used to have her bed warmed, and during the months while this practice was in season I was always put into Molly's bed first, for fear of an accident from the warming-pan, and then removed when my aunt went to bed, so that I was regularly wakened out of a sound sleep. This, however, was not half so bad as being obliged to lie till nine, and not unfrequently till ten in the morning, and not daring to make the slightest movement which could disturb her during the hours that I lay awake and longing to be set free. These were indeed early and severe lessons of patience. My poor little wits were upon the alert at those tedious hours of compulsory idleness, fancying figures and combinations of forms in the curtains, wondering at the motes in the slant sunbeam, and watching the light from the crevices in the window-shutters, till it served me at last by its progressive motion to measure the lapse of time. Thoroughly injudicious as my education under Miss Tyler was, no part of it was so irksome as this.'—Vol. i. p. 35.

His first books were a set of Newberry's gilt volumes, presented to him by that publisher, who was a friend of Miss Tyler's. One good lesson his aunt had early taught him, never to spoil or injure anything; and this well preserved and precious possession he seems to think first instilled into him his passion for books, and that love of literature 'as the one thing desirable' which ever after influenced him.

The direction of his mind towards poetry he attributes to his aunt's acquaintance with theatrical people, and his own early introduction to the theatre. She was a lover and called a patroness of the drama, and seems from her friendship with proprietors, authors, and actors to have had free admission at all times. Little Robert was taken at four years old, and was in the habit of frequent attendance before he could enter the least into the story of what he saw, or regard it otherwise than as a show passing before his eyes. It was to see this same company of actors, and at just the same period, that Walter Scott was taken, while at Bath for his lameness, when in his horror at witnessing the fight between Charles and Orlando he screamed out, 'Ain't they brothers?' From childhood there was no subject Southey heard so much of as theatrical representations, and when old enough to enter into it, it became his favourite amusement; but in these early days he prized a walk in the fields far more—a rarer and less attainable pleasure. He was a lover of nature, and showed that turn for natural history which in childhood so often expresses that sentiment. He was a watcher of the habits of spiders, and ants, and snails, and made some small discoveries for himself in these branches of science.

As a happy release from the restraints of his aunt's home, he sometimes visited his grandmother, at her farm near Bedminster. This house, in every corner, was impressed indelibly on his memory; and we believe that no locality ever more firmly takes the fancy of childhood than a farm-house and its various dependencies of dairy, farm-yard, dovecot, orchard, and garden. May there not, indeed, with all their homeliness, lie in them more traces and memories of paradise than in more ambitiously ornate scenes, where the useful, instead of delightfully blending with the beautiful, is carefully kept out of sight? There are the obedient animals, the luxuriant fruits, the abundance of all good things; the balmy fragrant air, with all its harmonious sounds; and healthful, honourable labour, pursued amid glorious dawns and sunsets, spring showers and ripening harvests, visibly profiting by them, as though all these blessings were created to sweeten and help on the genial toil: and, what is so essential to a child's application of every scene, he feels himself a part of it. One with the cows, the sheep, the lambs, he adds to the universal stir and movement; his voice chimes in with the multitudinous sounds, the crowings, the cooings, the bleatings: he feels every sense gratified, every natural impulse developed; he pulls flowers in the garden—he races over the meadows—he paddles in the stream—for a while he enjoys that unrestrained laughing hilarity which Dante restores to his paradise as one of the blessings the fallen world has lost. Children, who do not go deeper than this fair surface —who guess not at the discontents, the disappointments, the thousand drawbacks, physical and moral, to this outward happiness—may well delight in the farm-house of their first remembrance. How often is it the poet's store-house for his sweetest and most enchanting pictures, which he paints from his memory of them, and which we enjoy and sympathise with from feelings derived from the same source! The scents of this farm Southey particularly dwells upon. The following extract on this subject is also curious, as containing almost the only notice of his brother poet:—

> 'Just by the orchard gate was a fine berberry bush; and that peculiar odour of its blossoms, which is supposed to injure the wheat within its reach, is still fresh in my remembrance. Wordsworth has no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened; it was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of Paradise to him: but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. The fact is remarkable in itself, and would be worthy of notice even if it did not relate to a man of whom posterity will desire to know all that can be remembered. He has often expressed to me his regret for this privation. I, on the contrary, possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odour, and call up the ghost of one that is departed.'—Vol. i. p. 63.
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> 'There are three flowers which to this day always remind me of Bedminster: the syringa, or Persian jessamine, which covered an arbour in the forecourt, and another at the bottom of the kitchen-garden; the everlasting pea, which grew most commonly under the back kitchen windows; and the evening primrose. My grandmother loved to watch the opening of this singularly delicate flower, a flower indeed which in purity and delicacy seems to me to exceed all others. She called it Mortality, because these beauties pass away so soon, and because in the briefness of its continuance (living only for a night) it reminded her of human life.'—Vol. i. p. 67.

Southey may well remember his grandmother's farm, for the years of his childhood not spent there were dull enough, and his education stiff and artificial. Rarely allowed to take a long walk, or to reach any of the objects of his childish curiosity; separated from his family; dressed according to his aunt's whim, in what he describes as a fantastic costume of nankeen, which he must keep unsoiled; and kept, as long as his aunt could keep him, to the most puerile amusement, we must doubly rejoice that he had this outlet to the natural feelings of his young heart. One of the senseless occupations in which his aunt encouraged him he has recorded:—

> 'My aunt, who hoarded everything except money, preserved the playbills, and had a collection of them which Dr. Burney might have envied. As she rarely or never suffered me to be out-of-doors, lest I should dirt my clothes, these playbills were one of the substitutes devised for my

> amusement, instead of healthy and natural sports. I was encouraged to prick them with a pin, letter by letter; and for want of anything better, became as fond of this employment as women sometimes are of netting or any ornamental work. I learnt to do it with great precision, pricking the larger types by their outlines, so that when they were held up to the window they were bordered with spots of light. The object was to illuminate the whole bill in this manner. I have done it to hundreds; and yet I can well remember the sort of dissatisfied and damping feeling which the sight of one of these bills would give me a day or two after it had been finished and laid by. It was like an illumination when half the lamps are gone out.'—Vol. i. p. 73.

When invested in the 'coat, waistcoat, and breeches of foresters' green,' which superseded, in course of years, the 'jam' of nankeen, which was his aunt's taste, he was sent to school; first, as a day-scholar, to an old dissenting minister, where he was ill taught and harshly treated, and next to a boarding-school, between Bath and Bristol, where such a system of neglect of body and mind was practised as, we trust, is now exploded, though we do not know how far the opposite extreme may obtain in its place. There he learnt Latin twice a-week, from a Frenchman, and the art of penmanship from his master. The boys washed themselves as much or as little as they chose, in a stream that flowed by the house. His recollections of the school are painful, as a record of mismanagement, though there were few positive hardships. The suffering which remained most vividly in his mind is thus described. Sleepiness is one of the trials of childhood; and there are, doubtless, some of the torments of Tantalus in the longings for that chief good—courting them with irresistible fascinations, yet forbidden—which children sometimes endure.

> 'But I dreaded nothing so much as Sunday evening in winter: we were then assembled in the hall, to hear the master read a sermon or a portion of Stackhouse's History of the Bible. There I sat, at the end of a long form, in sight, but not within feeling, of the fire, my feet cold, my eyelids heavy as lead, and yet not daring to close them, kept awake by fear alone, in total inaction, and under the operation of a lecture more soporific than the strongest sleeping dose. Heaven help the wits of those good people who think that children are to be edified by hearing sermons read to them.'—Vol. i. p. 57.

He was removed from Carston at the end of the year, on the alarm of the itch having got among the boys. His own quickness prevented this period being wholly lost. To save himself trouble, the master had set him to teach bigger boys than himself, and he got on more by assisting them in their lessons than by doing his own. He was now sent, when about eight years old, as day-boarder to a school in Bristol, where he remained four or five years. His master's chief accomplishment was penmanship, and his chief merit a rigid enforcement of the

Catechism. Here, however, he learnt Latin every day, from the usher, but his lessons were solitary ones; for few boys of his class, or of the class above him, he tells us, received a classical education then, compared with what is the case now. The penmanship, though he never succeeded in it, had the merit of teaching him order in the arrangement of a page, which was of great service to him when he had to correct proof sheets. He taught the printers how to print verses of irregular length on a regular principle; and mentions, with complacency, that Ballantyne told him he was the only person he ever met with who knew how a page would look before it was printed.

Few people are wholly dissatisfied with their own early education and training. Persons who resolve upon another plan for their children, do not absolutely regret it for themselves; they see what they considered the evil effects of a particular treatment more in others than they *feel* it in their own case; and, indeed, what is not caused by our own misconduct, ought not to be subject of discontent or complaint. But besides this, men like themselves as they are, and feel cold and estranged to what they might have been, even though rid of a great many bad habits and painful recollections; and therefore, by a natural consequence, they like, in a certain sense, all that has made them what they are. Southey learnt little at these schools: his mind was not adequately instructed and brought out; there was not much to interest or occupy him: yet the system of education employed up to thirteen seems to satisfy him.

> 'I remained at the school between four and five years, which, if not profitably, were at least not unhappily spent. And here let me state the deliberate opinion upon the contested subject of public or private education, which I have formed from what I have experienced, and heard, and observed. A juster estimate of oneself is acquired at school than can be formed in the course of domestic instruction; and, what is of more consequence, a better intuition into the characters of others, than there is any chance of learning in after life. I have said that this is of more consequence than one's self-estimate; because the error upon that score which domestic education tends to produce, is on the right side—that of diffidence and humility. These advantages a day-scholar obtains, and he avoids great part of the evils which are to be set against them.'—Vol. i. p. 79.

But in truth, as far as we can judge, his real education was carrying on all this time, not at school, but in his leisure hours at home. There he was already engrossed in the twin pursuits of reading and writing, which occupied him through life. Literature was already his passion. Shakspeare was in his hands as soon as he could read; he went through Beaumont and Fletcher before he was eight years old. 'What harm,' he asks, 'could they do me at that age?' (An illustration of what we have been saying; for would he place them in the hands of his children, in the same confidence of these authors doing their innocence no harm?) One of his holidays he spent with his aunt, at Bath, and went every night to the play. It is impossible, he says, to describe the thorough delight which he received from this habitual indulgence; nor can this be wondered at, even if he had had a more fastidious taste than childhood commonly possesses; for Mrs. Siddons was the heroine, and the other actors were all high in their profession.

Those who are alive to a certain effort—a something akin to fine talking—in Southey's most striking and beautiful poems, may perhaps trace this defect to his ear and taste being thus early habituated to the overstrained and unnatural. For acting is, after all, no nearer nature—not the best in the long run—than Hamlet's picture in the National Gallery is like Shakspeare's imagination of him. 'Thalaba,' 'Ladurlad,' 'Roderick,' all wear the buskin. But, undoubtedly, this play-going would have its good influence also on his genius, and may have ministered to the distinct vividness of his scenes, and to that dramatic interest and power which are of such rare value in romantic poetry.

He had found that he could rhyme at eight years old, and the discovery had given him pleasure, especially as he saw that his mother took pride in his efforts. Nor had he long seen plays acted, before the impulse within him was stirred. 'It is the easiest thing in the world to write a play,' he said to a friend of his aunt's. 'Is it, my dear?' was her reply. 'Yes,' he answered; 'for you know you have only to think what you would say if 'you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say 'it.' However, when he came actually to write his play, he found, as so many of his elders have done, that truth of imitation, from the expression of the heart's feelings down to the form of a flower, is not 'the easiest thing in the world.' He wrote an act and a half of 'nonsense,' and exhausted his perseverance; a reason which is scarcely formally alleged again till he gives up the law, hopeless of mastering a study so foreign to his genius. His first book, after Mr. Newland's 'gilt regiment,' was 'Hoole's Tasso.' A translation of one of the episodes had very early given him a longing to read the 'Jerusalem Delivered;' but he had despaired of doing so till he was a man, under the impression that as the poem was about Jerusalem, the original must be written in Hebrew. Hoole's version shortened this period of delay, and he delighted in the story, regardless of the vapid versification, till the 'Fairy Queen' (an old black-letter copy) fell in his way, to which he transferred his affections, without knowing why he liked it so much better than Hoole's poor translation. Happily for him, there was no one to teach his childhood to be critical. He felt beauties all the more from not being led prematurely to analyze and reason upon them. His first attempt at prose he records, from the effort it cost him; the stream was hard to set going, which afterwards flowed so freely. His master told all the boys to write a letter. Southey had never written a letter in his life, and knew so little how to begin that he actually cried with vexation, when he luckily remembered an account of Stonehenge he had been lately reading, and filled his slate with a description which surprised and delighted his master. His first theme was as hard a matter, and not so successfully overcome; for his aunt, in the end, wrote it for him.

In his twelfth year, his uncle, the Rev. John Hill, chaplain of the forces at Lisbon, announced his intention of sending his nephew to Westminster, his own connexion with Christ Church leading him to prefer that school as the road to a studentship; a change of plans which implies the expectations which his family had already formed for him. Being ill prepared for a public school, he was previously placed for a year as a pupil with a clergyman in Bristol, where, he thinks, he gained but little.

None of his school-fellows or fellow-pupils, at this age, made any very favourable impression upon him. He was, as we have said, a physiognomist; and his accounts of them include the expression of their countenances, which seldom please his fastidious taste. One of his school-fellows furnishes an image, from its 'devilish malignity,' for the 'Curse of Kehama;' another he calls Caliban, and a sister of the same, Sycorax. And at Westminster,—

> 'Of the three hundred boys who were my contemporaries during four years (about fifty, perhaps, being changed annually), there were very few upon whose countenance Nature had set her best testimonials. I can call to mind only one wherein the moral and intellectual expression were in perfect accord of excellence, and had full effect given to them by the features they illuminated. Those who bore the stamp of reprobation—if I may venture to use a term which is to be abhorred—were certainly more in number, but not numerous. The great majority were of a kind to be whatever circumstances might make them; clay in the potter's hand, more or less fine.'—Vol. i. p. 149.

Poetry was now, at twelve and thirteen, his favourite pursuit; and at no part of his life, he says, was he so conscious of intellectual improvement. He feels it fortunate that there was no one to interfere with his poetical development; he was left to himself, and no indication occurs of any *éclât* being given to his compositions. Indeed, on this point he was very susceptible and reserved—a good sign—and no commendation atoned for what he felt to be an unlawful prying into his most cherished secret. He even invented a character of his own to secure the privacy of his compositions, which answered the purpose so effectually that when he came to read it, after some interval, he found that he had himself lost the key. At ten years old he had planned an Epic poem, of which Arcadia was to be the scene, and the Moors the actors. At this age he learnt to prefer blank verse to rhyme; not from its superior facility,—for rhyme, he says, was always easy to him,—but from what he terms its greater range and freedom of language. His second subject was the Trojan Brutus; his third, the Union of the Two Roses. In none of these did he do much more than form the plan. But in the 'Story of Egbert' he made considerable advance, and read up so completely for it, after the method of his maturer years, that, he says, at this early age he could have given a better account of the birth and parentage of his hero, and the state of the Heptarchy during his youth, than at the time of his writing; and when Cassibelan was his theme, he was as well acquainted with the division of our island among the ancient tribes as afterwards with the relative situation of its counties.

> 'In my twelfth and thirteenth year, besides these loftier attempts, I wrote three heroic epistles in rhyme; the one was from Diomed to Egiale, the second from Octavia to Mark Anthony, the third from Alexander to his father Herod, a subject with which Josephus supplied me. I made also some translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, and composed a satirical description of English manners, as delivered by Omai, the Taheitean, to his countrymen on his return. On the thirteenth anniversary of my birth, supposing (by an error which appeared common enough at the end of the century) that I was then entering the first year of my teens, instead of completing it, and looking upon that as an awful sort of step in life, I wrote some verses in a strain of reflection upon mortality, grave enough to provoke a smile when I recollect them. Among my attempts at this time were two descriptive pieces, entitled "Morning in the Country," and "Morning in Town," in eight-syllable rhymes, and in imitation of Cunningham. There was also a satirical peep into Pluto's dominions, in rhyme. I remember the conclusion only, and that because it exhibits a singular indication how strongly and how early my heart was set upon that peculiar line of poetry which I have pursued with most ardour. It described the Elysium of the Poets, and that more sacred part of it in which Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Spenser, Camoens, and Milton, were assembled. While I was regarding them, Fame came hurrying by, with her arm full of laurels, and asking, in an indignant voice, if there was no poet who would deserve them. Upon which I reached out my hand, snatched at them, and awoke.'
> —Vol. i. p. 120.

It is always interesting to hear of the early essays of genius, but commonly a wearisome and unprofitable labour to read them. Very young poetry never contains anything original or worth reading on its own merits; it is the mere exercise and practice for what is to follow. In America, however, all these crude performances would have been collected into a volume and published, to the permanent injury, if not ruin of the youthful author; here they found their fitting place in the flames, when a few years later they passed under the scrutiny of their writer's maturer judgment.

These were his chief home amusements, which, as they at once kept him quiet and clean, seem to have met with favour from his aunt. If he wished for some more complete relaxation, she would fain have kept him to cutting out paper, as an advance upon the discarded playbills, but happily he found better employment for his fingers. Miss Tyler had a servant-boy with the picturesque name of Shadrack Wilks, who, in the lack of other friendships, seems to have been a harmless and even profitable companion for the young poet. With him he constructed an ingenious little puppet-show theatre, for which Southey expresses tender longings in after life, when he had quarrelled permanently with his aunt; and with him he roamed about the country, learning to admire the lovely scenery about Bristol, and seeking for bee orchises, which, in his taste for collecting, he brought home and planted in pots in his aunt's garden, in the fruitless expectation that these wild children of nature would thrive in this dreary imprisonment.

At fourteen he was placed at Westminster. The occasion afforded his aunt an excuse for a journey to London, which she accomplished in style; and she who at home dressed in rags and sat in the kitchen, took lodgings in Pall Mall, and hired a carriage for the season; and in conformity with this beginning, spent so much money as not only involved herself, in spite of home parsimony, but her family. These exhibitions of folly have a salutary effect on thoughtful young minds, and the nephew's invariable and scrupulous care not to contract debts or engage in expenses he could not defray, may have been strengthened by the recollections of this season of wanton expense.

Six weeks, which ought to have been spent by him at school, were passed in visiting, going to the theatre, and seeing the sights; but that dislike to London which always possessed him, even at this early age prevented his enjoying anything. He did not care even for the theatre, where he missed the faces he was so familiar with on the Bristol boards. He wished for Shad, and the carpentering, and poor Phillis (the dog), and his rambles amid woods and rocks.

At school, where he was at length taken, he speaks of feeling the want of the regular training which ought to have prepared him for his place there. No attempt had been made to ground him in prosody, and he was now too old to be put low enough in the school ever to become thorough master of it, and in consequence, confesses to have been all his life 'as liable to a false quantity as a Scotchman.' His recollections of this period include accounts of the masters and some of his schoolfellows, but no mention of either of those (Mr. C. W. W. Wynn and Mr. Grosvenor C. Bedford) with whom he formed a lasting friendship, and to whom a great number of the letters which chiefly compose the remainder of these volumes are addressed.

There were the usual proportion of tyrants and bullies, but there are no bitter records of personal suffering or ill-usage from them. He has a natural warm-hearted pleasure in reviewing more agreeable remembrances. The autobiography came to an abrupt conclusion at the age of fifteen, when he was consequently still low in the school. Perhaps it is more surprising that he should have kept up so long—for upwards of 150 pages—than that his inclination, or more probably his time, then failed him. Where writing is the grand occupation—the business of life, it becomes next to impossible to keep up any voluntary task of this sort. What may be done any time must give place to the imperious demands of each day, and these complied with, the mind needs other recreation than the pen, keeping thought and memory still on the stretch, can furnish.

It is no small testimony to the activity and reality of his friendships, that literature being his occupation, Southey should have maintained such an unremitting correspondence with his friends, and put his mind so much into his letters. From the cessation of the autobiography we are thrown almost entirely upon these for our further knowledge of his doings and opinions, and few letters could let us more completely, as it seems, into every phase of the writer's character. They are singularly full of himself, not using this expression in an offensive sense, but that this was his idea of a letter; and in the earlier ones, especially, his reason and motive for writing them. But to return now to the record of his school days. These were brought to a sudden conclusion, by what may be regarded as the commencement of his public literary labours. No time was lost in the transition from schoolboy to author; he ceased to be the one by the act of appearing in print:—

> 'Having attained the upper classes of the school, in conjunction with several of his more particular friends, he set on foot a periodical, entitled "The Flagellant," which reached only nine numbers, when a sarcastic attack on corporal punishment, as then inflicted, it seems, somewhat unsparingly at Westminster, roused the wrath of Dr. Vincent, the head master, who instantly commenced a prosecution for libel against the publisher.
>
> 'This seems to have been a harsh and extraordinary proceeding; for the master's authority, judiciously exercised, might surely have controlled or stopped the publication; neither was there anything in the paper itself which ought to have made a wise man angry: like most of the others, it is merely a schoolboy's imitation of a paper in the Spectator or

the Rambler. A letter of complaint from an unfortunate victim of the rod is supposed to have been called forth by the previous numbers, and the writer now comments on this, and enters into a dissertation on flogging, with various quotations, ascribing its invention to the author of all evil. The signature was a feigned one, but my father immediately acknowledged himself the writer, and reluctantly apologized. The Doctor's wrath, however, was not to be appeased, and he was compelled to leave the school.'—Vol. i. p. 162.

This 'untoward event,' which occurred in the spring of 1792, when he was consequently seventeen, by no means checked his ardour. He returned to his aunt at Bristol in a restless and excited state of mind, subject to every alternation of high and low spirits, continually writing verses, and eager to become an author. Our sympathies are not naturally warm for this state of mind. He forms at this period no ideal of modest ingenuous youth, and we can well imagine the gloomy prognostics of sober friends, and the contempt of indifferent spectators, who might see in all these manifestations only the workings of a very ordinary form of self-conceit. But, as has been already said, we must remember, that if the youthful Southey was restless, and discontented, and unsatisfactory, till his mind had found fit employment, when he had found it he soberly applied himself to it. It was not the restlessness of a mind which could not settle, but that of a mind which had not found its work. It is pleasant to contrast with the grumblings of eighteen, when he rails at the world in such good set phrases, the steady contentment of thirty, which we find expressed in terms like these:—

'A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.'—Vol. ii. p. 279.

Again—

'Oh Tom, that you were here! for in truth we lead as pleasant a life as heart of man could wish.'—Vol. ii. p. 305.

Or again, while complaining, as the most resigned of men will, at a new tax:—

"However, I am well off as it is, and perfectly contented.'—Vol. ii. p. 327.

But this softening of views and temper was the work of years: in youth they were undergoing their fermentation. His friend, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, had been one of his coadjutors in the ill-starred 'Flagellant;' to him he writes, proposing to publish a joint volume in much the same spirit, to be dedicated to 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,' in which impersonations he included all who thwarted or opposed him. From this time to the, with him, very mature age of thirty-two, we find the same unavailing strain of suggestion to

Mr. Bedford, that he should publish something. His influence increases with years, and their opinions assimilate, but in this point he fails. Mr. Bedford probably felt there were enough of authors. In vain his friend proposes verse and prose, sense and nonsense, to work separately or in conjunction—his persuasions are alike disregarded.

These boyish schemes, on Southey's part, received a temporary check, from his being brought into contact with some of the real evils of life. His father's affairs became involved, and the boy of seventeen or eighteen seems to have been engaged actively in business and family concerns. It may have been good for him, and have contributed to that severe honesty which characterises him throughout, to have been thus early initiated into the miseries of difficulties and pecuniary embarrassments. The troubles of this time probably accelerated his father's end, who died before his son began his residence at Oxford, whither his uncle, Mr. Hill, sent him. He had intended him to go to Christ Church, but the Dean, Cyril Jackson, having heard of the affair of the 'Flagellant,' declined one who might prove a troublesome inmate, and he was entered at Balliol instead. His son seems to consider that events proved the Dean's caution mistaken, but in fact, they fully justified it. Southey was in no state of mind to profit by a residence in Oxford. He had at that time no respect for constituted authorities or time-honoured institutions: he was arrogant and self-trusting, full of the new views of freedom and enlightenment, and his mind at sea on all questions of religious faith. A man is in an ill frame to be taught when he fancies himself constituted to be a teacher. His turbid and inflated style at this period witnesses to this state of mind. He thus writes to his friend, just before going up to reside:—

> 'What is there, Bedford, contained in that word (philosophy) of such mighty virtue? It has been sounded in the ears of common sense, till it is deafened and overpowered with the clamour. Artifice and vanity have reared up the pageant: science has adorned it, and the multitude have beheld at a distance and adored: it is applied, indiscriminately, to vice and virtue, to the exalted ideas of Socrates, the metaphysical charms of Plato, the frigid maxims of Aristotle, the unfeeling dictates of the Stoics and the disciples of the defamed Epicurus. Rousseau was called a philosopher while he possessed sensibility the most poignant. Voltaire was dignified with the name, when he deserved the blackest stigma from every man of principle. Whence all this seeming absurdity? or why should reason be dazzled by the name when she cannot but perceive its imbecility?'—Vol. i. p. 167. Ætat. 19.

In the same letter he asks, in allusion to his studies in prospect, 'Is it not rather disgraceful, at the moment when Europe is on fire with freedom—when man and monarch are contending—to sit and study Euclid or Hugo Grotius?' A very French sentiment, and probably borrowed, along with many other mischiefs, from our neighbours, where the youth are so deeply impressed with their own necessity and importance to the world, that they think it cannot allow them time and leisure to ripen maturely into men. Southey's impatience of restraint made him rush into manhood, into all its cares and business, prematurely. He lived his life quicker than other men, and took nothing easily. He thus announces his expectations from Oxford:—

> 'My prepossessions are not very favourable: I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and aristocracy, from all which, good Lord, deliver poor Robert Southey.'—Vol. i. p. 169.

These are boyish errors, but they left permanent scars and traces behind them, and stood in the way of the full development of his natural gifts. There are many tastes which might be expected from his eye for beauty and his poetic temperament, which do not show themselves in him, *e.g.* there is no allusion whatever to the beautiful exterior of Oxford. He could admire the religious and romantic in ruins; but when he saw the records of old faith and feeling standing in unimpaired beauty and vigour, asserting themselves as having still a work to do, a restraining influence to exert—their cloisters and towers, colleges and chapels, gables, pinnacles, and traceries, may have even been distasteful to him, as reminding him of principles and of institutions which he desired to think exploded and obsolete. He abuses the founders of colleges for not allowing boots; he discards the college barber, who, according to custom, waited upon the freshman to powder his long hair: his was a state of mind to class these quaint relics of discipline or foppery with the most beautiful records of past devotion, all things to be swept indiscriminately away in the new era.

Another taste which we all along miss in him, as far as this may be gathered from the slighting allusions to the pleasures to be received from it, is Music. But probably this want, if it did exist, as we suppose, is attributable to his temperament rather than to his principles. Music can adapt itself to every mood of mind except the intensely active and busy; but we believe there are minds who literally have not leisure for it—to whom it would be always an interruption. Its most moving strains fail, not from a physical inability to receive them, but from the reason which made the busy maiden so cold to her lover's pleadings, who—

> '—— would have answer'd with her tears,
> But that she had not time.'

Sir Walter Scott laments that he had no ear,—but he learnt to love music notwithstanding, kept a screaming piper for his own delight, and listened with full appreciation to a plaintive ballad. Men of extreme, morbid mental activity, whose work is their chief pleasure, cannot, perhaps, afford interest in pursuits or qualities in which they can take no share. They must be able to *apply* their enjoyment, and to have ulterior views for them. There were few things, as it appears to us, that Southey cared for, for which he could not find a place either in his poems or his notes. He had no notion of a passing, transient, unemployed pleasure. But to return.

Though disliking Oxford as a residence, and imbibing none of its spirit, Southey threw himself into his studies with characteristic energy. He writes often in bombastic style, with aspirations after Rousseau and his Emilius, but his employments and more genuine sentiments do him honour. Oxford, it must be granted, did not adapt itself at that time to the wants of the day. It was a season of comparative apathy, of dread and dislike of new views and ways, but with no strenuous efforts to show the old tried paths in their beauty; and the youth of the University were too generally given up to a course of careless excess, which might well disgust the stern morality of our young philosopher, who had so deep a sense of the value of time, and of his own responsibilities. He rose at five, made resolutions, and kept them, 'never to get drunk,' and talked truth, though in inflated language and time-honoured commonplace, of the dignity of virtue, the folly of Atheism, the value of religion,—'Religion, which,' he says, 'soothes every wound, and makes the bed of death the couch of felicity;' and whatever vague generalities be meant by this word, its idea did guide and actuate his daily conduct. He was destined for the Church. In this profession his uncle could assist him, and his family through him. For this it was important that he should take his degree, as the only gate to preferment. But his mind, perhaps never duly trained to any settled belief, a point in those days too often neglected in education, could not receive the doctrines of our Church.

'It is not to be concealed or denied, that the state of my father's mind with respect to religion, more especially with respect to the doctrines of the Church of England, was very different in very early life, from the opinions and feelings which he held in the maturity of his later years. Neither is this to be wondered at, when we remember the sort of "bringing up" he had received, the state of society at that time, and the peculiar constitution of his own mind. His aunt, Miss Tyler, although possessing many good qualities, could hardly have been said to be a religiously-minded person. He had been removed from one school to another, undergoing "many of those sad changes through which a gentle spirit has to pass in this uneasy and disordered world;" and he has said himself, doubtless from his own experience, that such schools are "unfavourable to devotional feelings, and destructive to devotional habits; that nothing which is not intentionally profane can be more irreligious than the forms of worship which are observed there, and that at no time has a schoolboy's life afforded any encouragement, or any opportunity for devotion."'—Vol. i. p. 201.

His son describes his opinions at this period as Socinian; but we cannot gather from his letters or professions anything beyond a disclaimer of infidelity; what he actually believes is left in doubt, even to the end of the volumes before us. His was far too honest a mind to dream of profiting by a creed he could not hold; and indeed the knowledge that his interest dictated a submission to the Church's profession of faith may have worked against his conscientious conformity. In his then state of mind he would glory in any sacrifice to his opinions, and happy was it for himself and for the Church that he persevered in his resolution, and was thus preserved from a profanation, perhaps at no time uncommon. These are the stages of his feelings on this subject. On first entering college he writes:—

'Four years hence I am to be called into Orders, and during that time, (short for the attainment of the requisite knowledge,) how much have I to learn! I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow; it would be easier to break my neck. I must learn to work a problem instead of writing an ode. I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom.'—Vol. i. p. 170.—Ætat. 19.

'Three years yet remain before I can become in any way settled in life, and during that interval my object must be to pass each hour in employment. The million would say I must study divinity; the bishops would give me folios to peruse, little dreaming that to me every blade of grass and every atom of matter is worth all the Fathers. I can bear a retrospect, but when I look forward to taking Orders, a thousand dreadful ideas crowd at once upon my mind.'—Vol. i. p. 198.

'My uncle urges me to enter the Church; but the gate is perjury, and I am little disposed to pay so heavy a fine at the turnpike of orthodoxy.'—Vol. i. p. 245.—Ætat. 21.

'I am inclined to think when my uncle blamed me for not doing my utmost to relieve my family, he must have alluded to my repeated refusal of entering orders; a step which undoubtedly would almost instantly have relieved them; and which occasioned me great anguish, and many conflicts of mind. To this I have been urged by him and by my mother, but you know what my religious opinions are, and I need not ask whether I did rightly and honestly in refusing. Till Christmas last I supported myself wholly by the profits of my writings. . . Thus you see the only means I ever possessed of assisting my mother, was by entering the Church. God knows I would exchange every intellectual gift which He has blessed me with, for implicit faith to have been able to do this.'—Vol. i. p. 320.—Ætat. 23.

In the midst of these difficulties, while still at Oxford, all kinds of schemes for the future pressed on him. He would at one time study Physic; at another, he would get a place in a government office, and be near his friend Bedford; then he became enamoured with the freedom of an emigrant's life. As if all these perplexities were not enough for a youth of twenty, some time about this period he falls in love, and gets engaged to 'a mild and lovely woman,' as he describes her in the somewhat mawkish phraseology which marks this period:—an early attachment, which was doubtless of infinite service towards settling his character, and which does honour to the disinterested constancy of his nature. In one place he says, 'he hates your daffadowndilly women;' his Edith was a 'violet.' The Misses Fricker must indeed have possessed no common charms for a poetical temperament, for it was the lot of the three sisters, left destitute by the death of their father, (a Bristol tradesman,) to win the affections of three young poets, Lovel, Coleridge, and Southey.

A son's natural reserve leaves us to guess at the characteristics of Mrs. Southey. There seems to have been some quality in common in the sisters, which suggested them as suitable companions for a life of pure nature, for simultaneously with these engagements arose the grand vision of Pantisocracy; they were to emigrate together to America, there to found a republic, where they were to till the ground with their own hands, to cultivate their minds and their highest powers, and witch the world with a perfect scheme of social order and development. The part the ladies were to perform in this plan was a subordinate one; they were to dress the food which their husbands provided for them. Poor Southey came the nearest to fulfilling his youthful ideal: most cheerfully did he toil through life for the object of his early affection. His Edith held through life the place she won in his boyish heart.

Coleridge was the most enthusiastic, as became his nature. He hails SHAD in capital letters as his BROTHER in the emigration. What he might have been, tilling the virgin soil of the backwoods, cannot be decided. What comprehension he had of social and domestic duty at home has become only too notorious. Lovel died early, and from that time Southey received his widow into his family, where she remained till her death, and his house became a refuge eventually for the third sister, the neglected wife, and her children. But this was not the home of Southey's original fancy. It was thus he writes of it to his brother Tom, then a midshipman in the navy. His business-like habits, and mastery of the details of a subject, contrast oddly with the impracticable points of the scheme:—

> 'In March we depart for America; Lovel, his wife, brother, and two of his sisters, all the Frickers; my mother, Miss Peggy, and brothers, Heath, apothecary, &c.; G. Burnett, S. T. Coleridge, Robert Allen, Robert Southey.

Of so many we are certain, and expect more. Whatever knowledge of navigation you can obtain will be useful, as we shall be on the bank of a navigable river, and appoint you admiral of the cock-boat.

'My aunt knows nothing as yet of my intended plan; it will surprise her, and not very agreeably. Everything is in a very fair train, and all parties eager to embark. What do your common blue trowsers cost? let me know, as I shall get two or three pairs for my working winter dress, and as many jackets, either blue or grey; so my wardrobe will consist of two good coats, two cloth jackets, four linen ones, six brown holland pantaloons, and two nankeen ditto—for dress.

'My mother says I am going mad; if so, she is bit by me, for she wishes to go as much as I do. Coleridge was with us nearly five weeks, and made good use of his time. We preached Pantisocracy and Asphcterism everywhere. These, Tom, are two new words, the first signifying the equal government of all, and the other the generalization of individual property; words well understood in the city of Bristol. We are busy in getting our plan and principles ready to distribute privately. The thoughts of the day, and the visions of the night, all centre in America. Time lags heavily along till March, but we have done wonders since you left us. I hope to see you in January, it will then be time for you to take leave of the navy, and become acquainted with all our brethren, the Pantisocrats. You will have no objection to partake of a wedding-dinner in February?'—Vol. i. p. 221.—Ætat. 21.

But money, which he describes as 'a huge evil with which we shall not have long to contend,' was the obstinate and resolute bar to this bright vision; and how often must the Poet Laureate in after years have rejoiced at this working of the huge evil. When Miss Tyler became acquainted with the new plans, her anger, as might be expected, knew no bounds; she turned her nephew out of doors one rainy night, never would make up the breach, and sad to say, never saw him more. Some just grounds for vexation she doubtless had; the emigration scheme was bad, but the marriage to Miss Fricker was probably the real grievance, and that her proud spirit never could look over. The incident startled her nephew into a more natural vein of composition than he always allowed himself at that time. 'Here's 'a row,' he writes to his brother Tom, 'here's a kick up! here's 'a pretty commence! we have had a revolution on the college 'green.'

Pantisocracy was doomed not even to have a trial. However well it might get on without money, it could not begin without it. They talked of trying it on a small scale in Wales, but Coleridge liked nothing on a small scale, he was disgusted, and the thing eventually fell through. A magazine was next thought of, to embody the lucubrations and opinions of the same party. Southey wrote to his friend Bedford to contribute. 'Coleridge,' he says in this letter, 'is writing at the same table with me: our names are written in the book of destiny on the same page.' It was to be the best periodical which had yet appeared, and certainly would have been, had it been published at all. But we hear no more of it.

Being now homeless, his family as it seems in most straitened circumstances, himself resolved against the only certainty for competence that opened to him, yet engaged, and resolute to be married early, his position was indeed one of perplexity.

> 'My days are disquieted, and the dreams of the night only retrace the past to bewilder me in vague visions of the future. America is still the place to which our ultimate views tend; but it will be years before we can go. As for Wales, it is not practicable. The point is, where can I best subsist?...London is certainly the best place for all who like me are on the world. London must be the place. If I and Coleridge can only get a fixed salary of 100*l.* a-year between us, our own industry should supply the rest. . . . Enough; this state of suspense must soon be over: I am worn and wasted with anxiety, and if not at rest in a short time shall be disabled from exertion and sink to a long repose. Poor Edith, Almighty God protect her!'—Vol. i. p. 233. Ætat. 21.

His thoughts ranged through all the chances of a provision, but always fell back upon literature as his real vocation, and with a confidence that he could gain from it all that was necessary to his moderate wishes. This ferment was auspicious to poetic inspiration. He laboured at his Joan of Arc, and planned Madoc, of which we hear much more in these volumes than of works then in progress which have made his reputation. In 1793 Joan of Arc was published by Mr. Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, since known as the writer of memorials of Coleridge, little favourable to his reputation. Cottle was an enthusiastic admirer of genius. He was delighted with the new poem, and offered 50*l.* for the copyright. The prospect of publication determined Southey on a most careful revision, which occupied six months. This habit of severe correction is among his most remarkable characteristics, and an example of industry perhaps of the most rare kind. To most writers the task of correction is so irksome, laborious, and unsatisfactory, that no care for their credit and fame can make them willingly undertake it. It was one Southey never spared himself; and perhaps it could not show more meritoriously as a literary habit (we do not enter into the merits and principles of the poem itself) than in this the first occasion for its exercise, when the goal of actual publication was within reach, when his mind was full (as far as it could ever be) of things of more absorbing interest, the 50*l.*, at that time no inconsiderable temptation, and with another poem, a darling scheme planned out, only waiting for the 'Joan' to be out of the way. At this time his uncle, Mr. Hill, arrived from Lisbon. He had considerable reason, it must be owned, to be disappointed with his nephew's course, and of this Southey felt conscious. However, the dreaded interview passed happily, and without any diminution of affection. It was soon arranged that he should accompany his uncle on his return to Lisbon, a plan adopted by Mr. Hill with the double view of removing him from the arena of political discussion, and weaning him from what he considered an imprudent attachment. However, the scheme which was to effect this only hastened the consummation he was seeking to avert, for the day before setting out on his voyage Southey was privately married to Edith Fricker. His reasons for this questionable step are at least honourable; for, contemplating the chances of his own death in the voyage he was engaged upon, and her unprovided state, he considered that in case of his loss, his family, softened by misfortune, would feel his destitute widow the object of their care and affection. They were married, and parted at the church door—the bride keeping her maiden name, and wearing her wedding-ring round her neck,—an inauspicious and unpromising commencement of what proved a happy union. But in extenuation, it would seem that his only surviving parent approved his choice, and that he broke through no direct and obvious duties in following thus wilfully the bent of his own inclination. The secret did not long remain one, and his wife assumed her proper name even before he embarked from Falmouth. He remained at Lisbon six months; his letters to his friends showing the pangs of absence under such strange circumstances as keenly, though briefly expressed, as the lovers of romance could desire; nor would he ever again enter into any plan which involved any lengthened absence from his wife. The most brilliant society did not atone for even a short separation, and the very few letters to her which are publishing, in subsequent years, all breathe the purest and most intimate affection.

It was this first voyage to Portugal which gave Southey his bent for Portuguese and Spanish history, and led to that intimate acquaintance with the literature of both countries, which he afterwards turned to such good account. His uncle naturally felt some disappointment at the result of his experiment, when his nephew returned to England with the fixed determination not to take Orders—the same political bias, the same romantic feelings, and his fate in life sealed by the marriage he had feared. His account of his nephew, written at this time, is however favourable; it is curious, also, as being the only character or description of Southey these volumes furnish us with apart from his own ample notices of himself.

> 'He is a very good scholar, of great reading, of an astonishing memory: when he speaks he does it with fluency, with a great choice of words. He is perfectly correct in his behaviour, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. Were his character different, or his abilities not so extra-

> ordinary, I should be the less concerned about him; but to see a young man of such talents as he possesses, by the misapplication of them lost to himself and to his family, is what hurts me very sensibly. In short, he has everything you would wish a young man to have, excepting common sense or prudence.'—Vol. i. p. 274.

His son has a fair right to append a protest to this last word.

> 'Of this latter quality my father possessed more than his uncle here gives him credit for. In all his early difficulties (as well as through life), he never contracted a single debt he was unable promptly to discharge, or allowed himself a single personal comfort beyond his means, which, never abundant, had been, and were for many years, greatly straitened; and from these, narrow as they were, he had already begun to give that assistance to other members of his family, which he continued to do until his latest years.'—P. 274.

Being now keenly alive to the necessity of some permanent provision, and not as yet venturing to trust the hitherto unproductive paths of literature, he resolved to devote himself to the study of the law. This he was enabled to do through the friendship of his friend, Mr. C. W. W. Wynn, 'from whom he received, for some years from this time, an annuity of 160*l*., the prompt fulfilment of a promise made during their years of college intimacy.' To the law then he went with the intention of working hard, but his mind does not seem in this instance to have been under his own control. He could and did read a given number of hours, but he could not digest or remember what he read. Nor does it appear possible that a head full of unwritten tragedies, epics, histories, &c., as his was at this time, could master its dry details. For nearly three years he persevered, when his health and hope at once failed, and he gave up the attempt finally, as it proved, though intending at the same time to resume it.

> 'I am not indolent—I loathe indolence; but indeed reading law is laborious indolence,—it is thrashing a straw. I have read, and read, and read, but the —— a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! the eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood, and re-read it; it was very clear; I remembered the page, the sentence,—but close the book, and all was gone!'—Vol. ii. p. 34. Ætat. 26.

To restore his health and shattered nerves, he undertook another voyage to Lisbon, accompanied by Mrs. Southey; and the return to his natural pursuits, joined to the exquisite climate, which was to him so delightful that he would willingly have sacrificed all ties of country to live there always, restored him: here he remained for more that a year, reading with unabated industry, and here he finished Thalaba and planned the Curse of Kehama.

On his return, various schemes for his future settlement in life were under consultation. He wished for a consulship in the south of Europe, to restore him to the climate which he felt almost a necessity. Coleridge was settled at Keswick, and urged his joining him there,—a plan finally adopted. But the lakes and mountains of Cumberland were at first no attraction to him after the warm genial beauties of Cintra. Wales, Bristol, London, Richmond, by turns suggested themselves. He accepted for a short time the office of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, with a salary of 350*l.* a-year, but found it unsuited to his taste and principles. In the midst of these alternations of plans his first child Margaret had been born, of whom he was, he says, 'foolishly fond.' Her death, twelve months after, affected both parents deeply. To recruit their spirits they went down to Cumberland to visit Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge, and in the end decided to take Greta Hall, near Keswick, whose attractions Coleridge had warmly dwelt upon. After this we hear of no further plans of change; he had decided for life both on his occupation and his home.

Here his industry took a more systematic course. His days were passed in his study. The summer brought visitors, and the winter left them for months in solitude; but his books and his thickening avocations left him no time to miss or to feel the want of friends. His pursuits had become now *himself;* and instead of describing to his friends the workings of his own mind, he gives the progress of his various literary undertakings. Two visits are recorded,—one to London, where he describes himself as causing a sensation by the countrified style of his apparel; and one to Scotland, where he became personally acquainted with the Edinburgh reviewers. But away from his work and his wife he could not be happy long; he does not care to be made a lion of in London; and he prefers his own friends, and thinks them superior to the famed Scotchmen. It is this quiet contented life which indicates a salutary change in himself and his opinions rather than avowed alterations of views. In religious belief there is no allusion to a change to a more orthodox creed, and in politics he is still a worshipper of Fox and a contemner of Pitt. But probably throughout his career, though he grew to be a champion of the Tory and High Church party, his views were never what could be called consistent. Self-formed opinions seldom are. Some change with years; some keep their hold on the mind while life lasts, adapting themselves, as well as they can, to the new order of things; and it is interesting often to see in a cultivated and liberal intellect some prejudice of childhood keep its hold and assert its place unabashed, boldly defying that reason which supposes itself to reign supreme. When it is a man's business to work out his opinions for the benefit of other minds, we must expect these inconsistencies; they exist, though unobserved, in other men. He has the gift of expression which betrays his weakness as well as brings to light his powers. In no instance is this more conspicuous than in Southey's views of the Church of Rome, of which he holds opinions, as it seems, absolutely contradictory. In his letters this is almost as apparent as in that broad distinction so happily drawn by C. Lamb between his prose and his poetry. This discrepancy arose not from the mercenary motives Elia in his soreness at an affront from his old friend chose to imply, but literally, as a different set of thoughts and associations were called up he thought wholly differently. We are tempted to quote the passage for the amusement of our readers, and as expressing our meaning.

> 'But above all, our Popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that Church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their legend has been a golden one to you. And here your friends, sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion; the affecting, though erring piety of their hermits; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings—their holy waters—their Virgin, and their saints; to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings and the richest imagery of your epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought one time you were going post to Rome; but that in the facetious commentaries, which it is your custom to append so plentifully and (some say) injudiciously to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but now seemed to court, leave his holiness in the lurch, and show him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestments. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross wind blows you transverse,
>
> 'Ten thousand leagues awry.
> Then might we see
> Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
> And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
> The sport of winds.
>
> 'You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine and crucifix; and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and, swifter than a pedlar can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night.'—*London Review, Oct.* 1823.

Southey was thirty when he settled in his home at Keswick, and already a marked change had shown itself in the constitution of his mind. He was one of those who live quickly, who get through the different divisions of existence before their time. His childhood, boyhood, youth, manhood, passed away more rapidly than with other men; and the tone of the letters in the last half of the second volume, which concludes when he is thirty-two, is that of experienced middle life, in which all the violent emotions are over,—which is already tinged with the coming evening lights. His chief poetical works were planned; his most remarkable poem, some years published; his fame determined. Nor are we willing to lay much to the blame of fate that it was so. A poet's heart—or, at least, the heart of some poets—is like a bulbous root, which is said to contain in the embryo the perfect miniature of the future flower; fitting influences are needed to bring the blossom to perfection; but not all the dews of heaven will bring a succession of fair flowers the whole summer through. A man's mind may range through a boundless choice of schemes. Plots and plans of poems innumerable may suggest themselves, and yet he may have but a limited store of thoughts to put into them, and to work them out with. After a while, except in rare instances, prose is the natural expression of the mind; verse may wake as sweetly as ever for a short effort, but the intellect transacts its business in prose. And perhaps this applies especially to poetry of a romantic character, which seems most suited to a young mind. We can scarcely imagine a man of fifty or sixty occupied in kindred fancies to those of 'Thalaba' or 'Kehama.'

As Southey's character matures, it gains much in interest. The roughness and arrogancy of restless youth are smoothed and subdued; his sense of responsibility—not to effect a change in the world's government, but to procure the happiness of those around him and dependent upon him—give at once strength and softness to his nature; his life's tree has surmounted its prickly base and shows itself bright and smooth above.

Perhaps a few passages selected from both volumes will illustrate that habit of self-contemplation for which he was remarkable. They are placed in chronological order:—

'I am become a peripatetic philosopher. Far, however, from adopting the tenets of any self-sufficient cynic or puzzling sophist, my sentiments will be found more enlivened by the brilliant colours of fancy, nature, and Rousseau, than the positive dogmas of the Stagyrite, or the metaphysical refinements of his antagonist. I aspire not to the honorary titles of subtle disputant, or divine doctor. I wish to found no school, to drive no scholars mad.......My heart is equally easy of impression with that of Rousseau, and perhaps more tenacious of it.'......Vol. i. p. 182.

'Wynn accuses me of want of ambition; the accusation gave me great pleasure. He wants me to wish distinction, or to seek it. I want it not—I wish it not. The abilities which nature gave me, which fashion has not cramped, and which vanity often magnifies, are not neglected.'—*Ib.*

'Yesterday is just a year since I entered my name in the Vice-chancellor's book. It is a year of which I could wish to forget the transactions, could I only remember their effects: my mind has been very much expanded, my hopes, I trust, extinguished. So adieu to hope and fear, but not to folly.'—Vol. i. p. 190.

P. 191.—'My pen delights in lashing vice and folly.'

P. 192.—'Philosophy and folly take me by turns.'

P. 205.—'Every day do I repine at the education that taught me to handle a lexicon instead of a hammer, and destined me as one of the drones of society.'

P. 208.—'My opinions are very well known. I would have them so; nature never meant me for a negative character; I can neither be good or bad, happy or miserable by halves. You know me to be neither captious nor quarrelsome, yet I doubt whether the quiet, harmless situation I hoped for, were proper for me.' Ætat. 20.

P. 231.—'Here is the strangest mixture of cloud and of sunshine. An outcast in the world! an adventurer! living by his wits! yet happy in the full conviction of rectitude and integrity, and in the affection of a mild and lovely woman. At once the object of hatred and admiration; wondered at by all, hated by the aristocrats, the very oracle of my own party.' Ætat. 21.

P. 232.—'I mean to write my own life, and a most useful book it will be.' Ætat. 21.

P. 236.—'My mind sometimes is very languid....... The effort to join in conversation is too painful for me; and the torpedo coldness of my phizmahogany has no right to chill the circle. If you knew any artist about to paint a group of banditti, I shall be very fit to sit for a young cub of ferocity. I have put on the look at the glass so as to frighten myself.'

P. 240.—'Coleridge is applying the medicine of argument to my misanthropical system of indifference. It will not do; a strange dreariness of mind has seized me; I am indifferent to society, yet I feel my private attachments growing more and more powerful, and weep like a child when I think of an absent friend.' Ætat. 21.

P. 247.—'You asked Collins, when you first saw him after his residence at Oxford, if I was altered; and his "No" gave you pleasure. I have been asking myself the same question, and, alas! in truth I must return the same answer. No, I am not altered. I am as warm-hearted, and as open as ever. Experience never wasted her lessons on a less fit pupil; yet, Bedford, my mind is considerably expanded, my opinions are better grounded, and frequent self-conviction of error has taught me a sufficient degree of scepticism on all subjects to prevent confidence.'

P. 257.—'My character is open even to a fault.'

P. 276.—'How does time mellow our opinions! Little of that ardent enthusiasm, which so lately fevered my whole character, remains. I have contracted my sphere of action within the little circle of my own friends, and even my wishes seldom stray beyond it. A little candle will give light enough to a moderate-sized room; place it in a church, it will only teach light to counterfeit a gloom, and in the street the first wind extinguishes it.' Ætat. 22.

P. 281.—'My feelings were once like an ungovernable horse; now I have tamed Bucephalus; he retains his spirit and his strength, but they are made useful, and he shall not break his neck. This is indeed a change.'

P. 289.—'No man ever retained a more perfect knowledge of the history of his own mind than I have done. I can trace the development of my character from infancy; for developed it has been, not changed. I look forward to the writing of this history as the most pleasing and most useful employment I shall ever undertake.'

P. 303.—'Richards, I understand, was much pleased with me on Sunday. I was, as always in the company of strangers, thoughtful, reserved, and almost silent. God never intended that I should *make myself agreeable* to anybody.'

In reply to his friend W. Taylor's (of Norwich) view of his character, on a charge of mimosa sensibility, he answers—

Vol. ii. p. 13.—'You have mistaken my disposition. ...... I have no wants, and few wishes. Literary exertion is almost as necessary to me as meat and drink; and, with an undivided attention, I could do much. Once, indeed, I had a mimosa sensibility, but it has long been rooted out. Five years ago I counteracted Rousseau by dieting upon Godwin and Epictetus; they did me some good, but time has done more. I have a dislike to all strong emotion, and avoid whatever could excite it. A book like Werter gives me unmingled pain. In my own writings you may observe I dwell rather upon what affects, than what agitates.' Ætat. 25.

On receiving a kindness from a friend:—

P. 28.—'I did thank him, which was no easy matter; but I have been told that I never thank anybody for a civility, and there are very few in this world who can understand silence.'

P. 38.—'Practically I know my own wants, and can therefore speculate upon them securely.'

P. 173.—'My moral education, thank God, is pretty well completed.'

P. 174.—'My principles and habits are happily enough settled; my objects in life are leisure to do nothing but write, and competence to write at leisure.' Ætat. 28.

P. 234.—'I am growing old, Bedford, not so much by the family Bible, as by all external and outward symptoms; the grey hairs have made their appearance; my eyes are wearing out; my shoes, the very cut of my father's, at which I used to laugh; my limbs not so supple as they were at Brixton in '93; my tongue not so glib, my heart quieter; my hopes, thoughts, and feelings, all of the complexion of a sunny autumn evening. I have a sort of presage that I shall finish "Madoc" and my history, (God grant it!) and that then my work will be done.' Ætat. 30.

P. 237.—'I am steady in my pursuits, for they depend upon myself.'

P. 249.—'I want my books and nothing else; for, blessed be God, I grow day by day more independent of society, and feel neither a want nor a wish for it.'

P. 264.—'It is a very odd, but a marked characteristic of my mind,—the very nose on the face of my intellect,—that it is either utterly idle or uselessly active without its tools. I never enter into any regular train of thought, unless the pen be in my hand; they then flow as fast as did the water from the rock in Horeb, but without that wand the source is dry. At these times conversation would be useful. However I am going on well. Never better. The old cerebrum never was in higher activity.',

The following is marked by that irreverence which was a feature of his character, and too often disfigures his correspondence:—

P. 272.—'Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! what is that to the opening a great box of books? The joy upon lifting up the cover, must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the porter opens the door upstairs, and says, "Please walk in, sir." That I shall never be paid for my labour according to the current value of time and labour, is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me 10,000*l.* to forego that labour I should bid him and his money go to the ——; for twice the sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment. It will be a great delight to me in the next world to take a fly and visit these old worthies, who are my only society here; and to tell them what excellent company I found them here at the lakes of Cumberland, two centuries after they had been dead and turned to dust. In plain truth, I exist more among the dead than the living, and think more about them.'

P. 287.—'As for all my half-thousand acquaintances, they may ask till they are blind, for I won't go. I might live all the year here (London) by being invited out as a show, but I will not show myself.'—Ætat. 31.

His sense of the value of his works was at least adequate to their real worth. A man could not labour so unremittingly as he did without the encouragement of high expectation, and a feeling of the usefulness and importance of his employments. 'I am no self-flatterer,' he says, and he was in fact critical on himself, and not easily pleased, but when his work was complete it satisfied him.

P. 314.—'Grosvenor, I shall inscribe my "Joan of Arc" to you, except you are afraid to have your name prefixed to a work that breathes some sentiments not perfectly in unison with court principles; it will be my legacy to this country, and perhaps preserve my name in it. . . . Methinks my name will look well in print. I expect a host of petty critics will buzz about my ears, but I must brush them off. You know what the poem was at Brixton: when well corrected, I fear not its success.'

Vol. ii. p. 133.—'You will find my (prose) style plain, and short, and of condensed meaning,—plain as a Doric building; and, I trust, of eternal durability. I have no doubt of making a work by which I shall be honorably remembered.'

P. 134.—'"Thalaba" has certainly and inevitably the fault of "Samson Agonistes,"—its parts might change place; but, in a romance epic laws may be dispensed with; its faults are now verbal: such as it is, I know no poem which can claim a place between it and the Orlando. Let it be weighed with the Oberon; perhaps, were I to speak out, I should not dread a trial with Ariosto. My proportion of ore to dross is greater.'

On his Irish appointment:—

'One congratulates me, and the other visits me; as if the author of "Joan of Arc," and "Thalaba," were made a great man by scribing for the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer.'

Of 'Madoc:'—

P. 230.—'I shall get by it less money than fame—less fame than envy; but the envy will be only life-long.'

Again:—

'It is a good poem, and must live.'

Vol. ii. p. 359.—'No further news of the sale of "Madoc." The reviewers will probably hurt it for a time; that is in their power, and that is all that they can do. Unquestionably the poem will stand and flourish. I am perfectly satisfied with the execution,—now eight months after its publication—in my cool judgment. Wm. Taylor has said, it is the best English poem that has left the press since the "Paradise Lost;" indeed this is not exaggerated praise, for unfortunately there has been no competition.'—Ætat. 32.

Of his industry, his unwearied perseverance, nothing but a perusal of the two volumes can give an adequate idea. It was at once plodding and discriminating; never grudging time, and never wasting it. It began as soon as he could read, it increased with his growth, and strengthened with his years. 'If industry can do anything for anybody,' he says, at twenty-two, 'it shall for me.' The work he had to do was ever present to his mind; it regulated his choice of recreations as much as his hours of study. No labour is forbidding if undertaken for a purpose; he had leisure for every thing. He learns Dutch to read Jacob Cats, ransacks whole libraries for materials. 'The work before 'me,' he says, 'is almost of terrifying labour; folio after folio to be 'gutted; for the immense mass of collateral knowledge which 'is indispensable, but I have leisure and inclination.'—'I have 'been very industrious, and continue so,—rise early and never 'waste a minute. I go from book to book; and change is more 'relief to me than idleness.' 'I have read enormously and 'digested much.'

At Lisbon, after describing his researches into the libraries: —'But "Thalaba;" it has taken up a greater portion of my 'time than I expected or wished. I have been polishing and 'polishing, adding and adding.' Again, he is 'hewing it to 'pieces with surgeon-like severity. Yesterday I drew the 'pen across 600 lines.' 'I am almost as well acquainted with 'Portuguese literature as with that of my own country. It is 'not worth much; but it is not from the rose and violet alone 'that the bee sucks honey.' 'I am reviewing for Longman; '— reviewing for Hamilton — translating — drudge, drudge, 'drudge.' Again, 'Morning, noon, and night, I do nothing 'but read chronicles and collect from them.' After the death of his child domestic affliction is an additional spur. 'This only 'you may know; that while I am well I am actively employed, 'and that now, not being happy enough for the quiet half-'hours of idleness, I must work with double despatch.' 'Still I 'am at reviewing; but ten days will lighten me of that burden; 'and then, huzza for "Madoc!" huzza for history.' Again: 'I 'have more in hand than Buonaparte or Marquis Wellesley,— 'digesting Gothic law, gleaning moral history from Monkish legends, and conquering India, or rather Asia, with Albuquerque, 'filling up the chinks of the day by hunting in Jesuit chronicles, 'and compiling "Collectanea Hispanica et Gotheca." Meantime '"Madoc" sleeps and my lucre of gain compilation (Specimens 'of English Poets) goes on at night, when I am fairly obliged to 'lay writing aside, because it perplexes me in my dreams. 'Tis 'a vile thing to be pestered in sleep with all the books I have 'been reading in the day jostled together.' We do not wonder at his disturbed sleep; it is enough to turn the head only to think of such days of monotony, yet distracting variety of occupation, not now and then only, but as the tenor of a life. We know that eventually the mind gave way under this over-tasking of its powers; that it lasted so long must be attributable to an extraordinary strength of constitution. He was naturally a good sleeper, a blessing inherited from his father. Yet this high-pressure, so long as the brain could sustain it, constituted his happiness. Hard work was his secret for cheerfulness. He tells a low-spirited friend 'to translate "Tristram Shandy" 'into Hebrew; and he would be a happy man.' The following history of one of his own monotonous days implies a perfect contentment with his existence:—

> 'Of my own goings on, I know not that there is anything which can be said. Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper, the dog, down stairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat up stairs plays with me; for puss, finding my room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet, that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river, which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. James Lawson, the carpenter, serves me for a Juniper; he has made boards for my papers, and a screen, like those in the frame, with a little shelf to hold my ivory-knife, &c. and is now making a little table for Edith, of which I shall probably make the most use. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another; and never did days appear to pass so fast.'—Vol. ii. p. 262. Ætat. 30.

The mention of the 'corduroys' reminds us of the few notices he gives us of his own outer man, which are all characteristic. He was always not only slight but *lean* and of 'greyhound-like' proportions. Like most people who fight against prevailing fashions, his dress and appearance were often in his mind. We owe a debt of gratitude to those who emancipated their species from the absurd bondage of powder; yet a man could not leave it off without thinking oftener of the impression he made upon others than those who contentedly endured the nuisance. There is an amusing instance of this effect of a deviation from custom in the following history which he writes to his wife. He and his friend were evidently not dressed as gentlemen did then dress for a dinner party, and they ought to have been prepared to take the consequences with more philosophy. But both were piqued at being taken at their word. They must, therefore, have assumed in themselves an inborn gentility which could not be disguised, and which humbler men believe their clothes to share with them. The ladies seem to have been reformers in their way; but Southey has no patience with their rational attempt to lengthen the ridiculously short waists of the period; he would tolerate no innovations but his own.

> 'As we went to dinner yesterday a coachful of women drew up to the door at the moment we arrived there; it rained merrily, and Carlisle offered

his umbrella, but the prim gentry were somewhat rudely shy of him and of me too, for his hair was a little ragged, and I had not silk stockings on. He made them ashamed of this at dinner. Never did you see anything so hideous as their dresses; they were pink muslin with round little white spots, waists ever so far down, and buttoned from the neck down to the end of the waist.'—Vol. ii. p. 16. Ætat. 25.

On his first visit to London from Keswick, he gives an amusing account to Mrs. Southey, of the sensation his old-fashioned appearance caused:—

> 'I landed at the White Horse Cellar; no coach was to be procured, and I stood in all the glory of my filth beside my trunk, at the Cellar door, in my spencer of the cut of 1798, (for so long is it since it was made,) and my dirty trowsers, while an old fellow hunted out a porter for me; for about five minutes I waited; the whole mob of Park loungers, Kensington Garden buckery, male and female, were passing by in all their finery, and all looked askance on me. Well, off I set at last, and soon found my spencer was the wonderful part of my appearance. I stopped just before a group, who all turned round to admire me. Pulled it off, and gave it to my dirty porter, and exhibited as genteel a coat as ever Joe Aikin made.'—Vol. ii. p. 284.

Mrs. Southey had, it seems, conjured him to take proper advantage of his visit to the world of fashion. At thirty he is not too proud. He gives his interview with the tailor:—

> 'You should have seen my interview with Hyde. I was Eve, he the tempter; could I resist Hyde's eloquence? A coat you know was predetermined; but my waistcoat was *shameful.* I yielded; and yielded also to a calico under-waistcoat, to give the *genteel fulness* which was requisite. This was not all, Hyde pressed me further; delicate patterns for pantaloons,—they make gaiters of the same, it would not soil, it would wash. I yielded, and am to-morrow to be completely Hyded, in coat, waistcoat, under-waistcoat, pantaloons and gaiters. . . . . If Mrs.—— should see me! and in my new hat—for I have a new hat—and my new gloves!'—P. 285.

The morrow came, and he writes:—

> 'I have a great triumph over you, Edith. Had you seen me in my Hyde, when I tried it, you would never have sent me to a London Hyde-maker again. The sleeves are actually as large as the thighs of my pantaloons, and cuffs to them like what old men wear in comedy. I am sure, if I were a country farmer, and caught such a barebones as myself in such a black sack, I would stick him up for a scarecrow.'—Vol. ii. p. 287.

There is something particularly ungracious in the act of criticising private letters, in sitting in cool judgment (forgetful of our own failures and short-comings as correspondents) upon what was never intended for our perusal: in interfering, as it were, between two friends, and saying to them, 'This is not the 'way you ought to communicate with each other; it does not 'amuse me as much as it might do; you omit a great many 'things I should like to know; there is a want of point and 'humour in your style; many things must pass around you 'which you fail to notice; you have had opportunities of observing 'which you ought to make more use of; why do you not speak 'of the distinguished or remarkable people that fall in your way? '—tell me more about them, and less about yourself.' But, in fact, such comments are really addressed, not to the writer, but to the selector, whose business it is to discriminate between what is of public and of private interest. Most letters perfectly answer their purpose, though if got together and printed in volumes, they would form a more irksome style of reading than the ingenuity of man has yet devised. The task of selection is, indeed, a difficult one; for much which in an indifferent and nameless person would be dull, because we have no curiosity about him, becomes interesting simply because such and such a person has written it And this consideration is sure to weigh beyond its worth with those engaged from friendship or a nearer tie in the work of perusal and editorship. Everything will have an interest for them, and they will too readily expect the world to sympathise in their private feelings. Print, too, is a marvellous disenchanter. A sentiment or expression has an individuality in the characteristic handwriting which it loses in type, —there it must be tested by its naked worth. But, in fact, letters, like everything else, must in the long run be estimated by their own merits. We are glad to read a few letters by a great man *because* he wrote them, but we can only read volumes full with satisfaction because they are intrinsically worth reading: because either they tell us facts not to be learnt elsewhere, or express opinions, feelings, and affections felicitously; because they convey us new ideas, or bring home to us common ones in a new, fresh, characteristic way; because, in fact, they would amuse or interest us if *any* body had written them. The mind naturally leans for a while on a distinguished name; it is slow to find fault with what is thus as a *favour* shown to it. The privilege of reading a great man's letters is next to being admitted to the pleasures of his conversation, and we are not predisposed to be critical; but after a time prestige goes for little or nothing, and just as, when really admitted to the society of eminent persons, we are not satisfied for above half-an-hour with the mere consciousness of honour or privilege,—we must have genuine intercourse, they must content our expectations, or we find it flat and insipid: so with letters, let who will be the writer, unless there is established some relation of sympathy between ourselves and him, we grow weary.

These general observations, however, only partially apply to the letters before us. We cannot say positively that they are not interesting, but only that they do not equal expectation; they add nothing, we think, to Southey's literary reputation. He must always write well, but the accomplishment of letter-writing he did not possess in any remarkable degree. The letters of *very* young people seldom are interesting; it is an art which comes with practice. A man may write a beautiful poem before he can write a good letter, which requires the easy, unconscious exercise of more matured powers. Therefore we have not formed our opinion from the letters before 21 or 22, which are often very grandiloquent stilty affairs, but upon the latter ones for the few years before the age of 32, where the second volume leaves him.

Though letters should be unstudied, no one writes them well whose style has not some characteristic excellences by which the writer can at once be recognised, which does not give us that peculiar pleasure of answering to expectation, and reminding us of himself. We do not think this could be said of Southey, except in his humour, and that is not often happy, or easy to sympathise with, but undoubtedly characteristic. It was with him a remote vein, not touched by ordinary occurrences, which the little events of every day never seemed to come near; therefore we are sometimes struck in his letters by an unconscious approach to the absurd, which a more common-place, natural sense of the ridiculous, would have preserved him from. His ideas at once of the awful and the grotesque were his own, and anomalous. For instance: it seemed as if he could not think without a certain mirthfulness of the great enemy of our souls. Every grotesque legend is surpassed by his own invention and play of fancy in this department; while in his poetry he expresses a genuine awe at ideas which in mankind at large can raise only a smile. We must confess that the Simorg, 'that old and lonely bird' 'in full enjoyment of profound repose,' so terrible to Thalaba and the author, has never been to us other than a simply ridiculous image—just an owl made bigger and older, and more incorrigibly sleepy and stupid.

Again: being so entirely engrossed by his own pursuits, the hundred incidents of every day which chequer life and affect each man differently according to his nature, he had not leisure to relate; his mind was full of his various undertakings, and these were, therefore, the easiest and most natural things for him to enlarge upon. Except those to his brother Tom, and the very few to his wife, his letters are deficient in what is, after all, one main though common-place excellence—news; or if he has adventures to tell, he does it in the briefest possible manner; *e. g.* to his most intimate friend he thus alludes to his first visit to Scott, then an object of universal interest:—'I am 'returned (from Scotland) with much pleasant matter of remem'brance; well pleased with Walter Scott, with Johnny Arm'strong's Castle on the Esk, &c.' . . . and to his brother of the same meeting,—'We stayed three days with Walter Scott at 'Ashestiel, the name of his house on the banks of the Tweed. 'I saw all the scenery of his Lay of the Last Minstrel, a poem 'you will read with pleasure when you come to England.' He ends the letter with an account more at large of his having spent all the money destined to refit his wardrobe, in Edinburgh, on books.

These little points we give in illustration, though it may seem to give undue importance to trifles; as it is impossible to extract whole letters. One, however, in a very different style, we are tempted to give entire, as an example of the uncompromising honesty and sincerity of his friendship. To Coleridge and to others there are many which prove a very sincere and warm affection, but none which show more clearly what he felt were the *duties* of friendship, and its uses if men would but apply and profit by them. As for him who needed so severe a lesson, the world has not much new to learn of the worth of his professions, and of the discrepancies between his principles and his practice.

'To S. T. Coleridge, Esq. '*Feb.* 1804.

'I am not sorry that you gave Godwin a dressing, and should not be sorry if he were occasionally to remember it with the comfortable reflection "*in vino veritas;*" for, in plain truth, already it does vex me to see you so lavish of the outward and visible signs of friendship, and to know that a set of fellows whom you do not care for, and ought not to care for, boast every where of your intimacy, and with good reason, to the best of their understanding. You have accustomed yourself to talk affectionately and to write affectionately, to your friends, till the expressions of affection flow by habit in your conversation and in your letters, and pass for more than they are worth; the worst of all this is, that your letters will one day rise up in judgment against you, (for be sure that hundreds which you have forgotten are hoarded up for some Curl or Philips of the next generation,) and you will be convicted of a double-dealing, which, though you do not design, you certainly do practise. And now that I *am* writing affectionately *more meo*, I will let out a little more. You say in yours to Sara, that you love and honour me; upon my soul I believe you: but if I did not thoroughly believe it before, your saying so is the thing of all things that would make me open my eyes and look about me to see if I were not deceived: perhaps I am too intolerant of these kind of phrases; but indeed, when they are true, they may be excused, and when they are not, there is no excuse for them.

'—— was always looking for such things, but he was a foul feeder, and my moral stomach loathes anything like froth. There is something outlandish in saying them, more akin to a French embrace than an English shake by the hand; and I would have you leave off saying them to those whom you actually do love, that if you should not break off the habit of applying them to indifferent persons, the disuse may at least make a difference. Your feelings go naked, I cover mine with a bear-skin; I will not say that you harden yours by your mode, but I am sure that mine are the warmer for their clothing . . . . It is possible, or probable, that I may err as much as you in an opposite extreme, and may make enemies where you would make friends; but there is a danger that you may sometimes excite dislike in persons of whose approbation you would yourself be desirous.

You know me well enough to know in what temper this has been written, and to know that it has been some exertion; for the same habit which makes me prefer sitting silent, to offering contradiction, makes me withhold censure when, perhaps, in strictness of moral duty, it ought to be applied. The medicine might have been sweetened, perhaps, but, dear Coleridge, take the simple bitters, and leave the sweetmeats by themselves.'—Vol. ii. p. 266. Ætat. 30.

In illustration of his humour, we will give one concluding extract as the most happy we can select. It seems to have been one of Southey's peculiarities to see in utter nonsense a point, a charm, and almost a meaning, which gave it a sort of substance and tangibility in his eyes. Just as numbers, to persons with a strong turn for them, take a hold on the mind which we cannot account for, so that any random string of figures shall take a place in the memory like a fact or an anecdote; so nonsense to Southey had a value and weight which we cannot comprehend, expressed in the following letter, and developed in the Doctor, whose ridiculous opening pages of diagrams, prefaces, &c. &c., present to the ordinary mind only the most melancholy ideas of fatuity. A great deal really amusing and delightful is called nonsense by common parlance, which has no affinity whatever to this kind. But when the epithet in fond vituperation is so applied, it does not imply no sense or meaning at all, but only that it is of so very gaseous a quality, as to fly off if too closely analyzed. Southey delighted to contemplate his nonsense; to treat it as a science; to meditate upon it; to contrive it with ponderous care. However, we like 'the Butler' better than the vagaries of the Doctor. The said Butler, it is explained, was a mythological personage, the creation of his own imagination, and a standing jest amongst his friends, who was to possess the combined qualities of Merlin, Garagantua and Kehama; to be biographised in a style compounded of Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, and Baron Munchausen. The opening sentence was certainly a happy discovery; we conclude it to be some spiritualizing of Pharaoh's chief butler. Its merit with us, however, lies in its intending to be sense. We should have had no sympathy with any one setting himself laboriously to counterfeit such a state of hallucination.

'To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

'*Greta Hall, July* 6, 1805.

* * * * *

'"*Butler* denotes the sensual principle, which is subject or subordinate to the intellectual part of the internal man; because everything which serves for drinking, or which is drunk (as wine, milk, water), hath relation to truth, which is of the intellectual part; thus it hath relation to the intellectual part: and whereas the external, sensual principle, or that of the body, is what subministers, therefore, by *Butler*, is signified that subministering sensual principle, or that which subministers of things sensual."

> 'Read that paragraph again, Grosvenor. Don't you understand it? Read it a third time. Try it backwards.
>
> 'See if you can make anything of it diagonally. Turn it upside down.
>
> 'Philosophers have discovered that you may turn a polypus inside out, and it will live just as well one way as the other. It is not to be supposed that nature ever intended any of its creatures to be thus inverted; but so the thing happens. As you can make nothing of this Butler any other way, follow the hint and turn the paragraph inside out. That's a poozzle.
>
> 'Now, then, I will tell you what it is, in plain English; it is Swedenborgianism; and I have copied the passage, verbatim, from a Swedenborgian dictionary. Allow, at least, that it would make an excellent chapter in your book, if thou hadst enough grace in thee ever to let such a book come forth. Nonsense, sublime nonsense, is what this book ought to be; such nonsense as requires more wit, more sense, more reading, more knowledge, more learning, than go to the composition of half the wise ones in the world. I do beseech you, do not lightly or indolently abandon the idea; for if you will but Butlerise in duodecimo, if you fail of making such a reputation as you would wish, then will I pledge myself to give one of my ears to you, which you may, by the hands of Harry, present to the British Museum. The book ought only to have glimpses of meaning in it, that those who catch them may impute meaning to all the rest by virtue of faith.'—Vol. ii. p. 337. Ætat. 31.

Again he adjures his friend to bewitch the world with nonsense, promising him as fair a voyage to the port of fame as ever Englishman accomplished; and in another letter:—

> 'Bedford, I will break off all acquaintance with you if you do not publish the Butler. Who would keep a phœnix with a spaniel's ear, a pig's tail, C—'s nose, and W—'s wig, all naturally belonging to him, in a cage, only for his own amusement, when he might show it for five shillings a-piece, to be known all over the world as the man who hatched it himself? . . . . By the 1st of January send me the first chapter, being the mythology of the Butler—or else—I will, for evermore, call you *Sir* when I speak *to* you, and *Mr.* Bedford when I speak *of* you; and, moreover, will always pull off my hat when I meet you in the street.'

Many points in these volumes, and those of considerable interest, we have been obliged, for want of space, to omit all mention of. We have wished to separate the man from the author, as it is personal character which it is the task of biography to bring out; and all our readers have been long familiar with his merits and character as a writer. Many brilliant literary schemes, destined never to be accomplished, we have, therefore, passed without notice, as well as some contemporary criticism, and especially some views of composition, worth much from a mind of his experience and practical power, which we should gladly otherwise have dwelt upon; we would adduce the passage in the autobiography on the increase of the imitative faculty in writing verse manifested within the last half century, and again on the comparative merits of planning and execution. There is also much said on the subject of reviewing, a task for which he professes to have little taste, and, we think, a very unreasonable contempt, but from which imperious necessity never released him.

Southey stands at the head of the class of literary men, and amongst founders of the profession as an acknowledged and dignified one. His many high qualities,—his honesty, independence, perseverance, high tone of morals, domestic virtues, simple tastes,—all tended to elevate literature to its deserved rank as a pursuit; and to raise it from the degradation to which so many of its most distinguished followers had sunk it, to its just pre-eminence as a calling. When we consider the names and principles which first roused his enthusiasm and caught his youthful fancy, it is a matter at once of wonder and thankfulness that he early saw their hollowness, that he was preserved from the many temptations that surrounded his path, and to which so many of his day fell victims, to become the warm and devoted champion of truth and order, and the advocate and defender of institutions which probably he himself and those who watched his entrance upon his career, equally believed it would be the business of his life to oppose and undermine.

The volumes before us have given, as far as we may expect to possess it, the history of his youth; those which follow will, no doubt, record the workings of that progress and change which maturer years brought with them.

ART. II.—1. *Eusebii Pamphili Episc. Cæsar. Eclogæ Propheticæ.* Oxon. e Typograph. Academ. 1842.

2. *Eusebius Bishop of Cæsarea on the Theophanīa.* Cambridge: University Press. 1843.

AMONGST other important additions to the literature of theology, it has been the good fortune of the present age to witness the recovery and publication of two little known, and in fact all but lost, works of Eusebius, the celebrated historian and Bishop of Cæsarea,—the 'Eclogæ Propheticæ,' and the 'Theophanīa.'

Of these, the former, classed by Cave among the *ἀνέκδοτα* of its author, has been edited by Dr. Gaisford from a MS. known to exist at Vienna, and previously described at length by Lambecius, with a promise of its future publication, the fulfilment of which was, however, prevented by his premature death.

We may thus translate and abridge Cave's full and accurate account of it as given in his Historia Literaria, vol. i. p. 181:—

> 'The first book is divided into twenty-five chapters, in which are recounted and explained those[1] prophetical testimonies to Christ which are to be found in the historical books of the Old Testament. Book II. consists of forty-five chapters,[2] which treat of those in the Psalms; Book III., of forty-five chapters, contains the remaining testimonies of the Old Testament, viz. those in the Proverbs of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Song of Songs, Job, Hosea, Amos, and others; and the fourth and last, of thirty-five chapters, is composed exclusively of dissertations or extracts from Isaiah.'

For the Theophanīa, given to the world both in its Syriac form and in an English translation, we are indebted to the learning and labour of Dr. Lee, Canon of Bristol, and late Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge; it was found by him among the MSS. recovered from Egypt through the efforts of Archdeacon Tattam, and placed in his (Dr. Lee's) hands for examination. Our readers are acquainted with another specimen of the same collection in the version of the Epistles of S. Ignatius, published by Mr. Cureton.

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[1] A large portion of this book is occupied, it should be stated, with disquisitions on the different Personal appearances of God to the patriarchs.

[2] Of which we have only fourteen; the index of the remainder, referred to by Cave, being extant. From the concluding paragraph of the book it would appear probable that Eusebius never wrote any more.

Dr. Lee supposes the Theophanīa to be a Syriac translation of the Greek original of Eusebius, made perhaps at Scythopolis, during his lifetime, and probably under his own inspection, and that of Patrophilus the [Arian] Bishop of the place, (Preface, p. xvi.) the original being referred to rather than described by S. Jerome, Suidas, Fabricius, Asseman, and our own Cave; the last of whom places it among the lost works of its author. It is divided into five books, of which the first treats chiefly of the Word, or Son of God, and his offices of Creator and Saviour of the world; the second and third set forth at length the contradictions and oppositions of the schools of ancient philosophy; the wars, idolatries, demon-worship, human sacrifices, and other crimes and moral evils of the heathen world, which were all put an end to by the advent of Christ. The fourth consists chiefly of extracts from the Gospels, showing the divinity of Christ from His truth as a prophet; and the fifth is occupied in proving, at length, that He was no magician or imposter, but all that his Apostles declare Him to be—God, and the Son of God,—their testimony on the subject being shown to be certainly true, and therefore worthy of universal belief. The work in question, like all the productions of Eusebius, abounds in varied and profound learning; showing an intimate acquaintance with the ethical writers and philosophical systems of antiquity, and entering at length into an examination of the chief doctrines of Christianity; but it seems to us that the great value both of the Eclogæ Propheticæ and the Theophanīa, consists in the additional light they (and especially the Eclogæ Propheticæ) throw on the important and much vexed question of their author's orthodoxy; it is on this latter subject, therefore, that we propose to offer a few remarks.

We would however protest, at the outset, against confining this subject within the narrow limits so frequently allotted to it, or considering it merely as an antiquarian question of *individual* orthodoxy or the contrary, the living interest of which has long since passed away, with the person concerned, and on which few words are now, in consequence, either required or permitted; as if any system of faith bequeathed to us by a teacher of antiquity, and based on so sacred a foundation as the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, could ever prove, whether for good or for evil, of light importance in itself, or be confined in its effects to one man or to one generation of men.

It must be remembered that the catholic faith forms one, and *but* one, system of belief, the truth of which may be ascertained by its harmony with the general tenor of Scripture, both as a whole, and in its several parts; by its self-consistency, and by its invulnerability to all the assaults of its enemies: that which under these tests stands firm and fails not, is to be received and treasured as that great body of God's truth, which forms one of the especial gifts that He came in our nature to bestow on us; and all that falls beneath their weight, or even yields to their pressure, is to be cast aside as false and worthless.

And surely these tests are all fulfilled in that Creed, the doctrines of which the great Bishop S. Athanasius was God's chief instrument in building up and maintaining; surely the result of those heresies which, assailing Christ himself, had for their ultimate object the overthrow of His faith and Church, has been to prove unanswerably that in this we have a certain and enduring standard of truth and a balance by which to weigh the belief of all; and if the doctrines of any particular teacher, be he who he may, ancient or modern, be found to vary from it, with such we must use no half measures—as we regard our own hope and standing in God's sight, we must at once reject it.

It is by this test that we propose to try the faith of Eusebius. The charge that has been brought against him is that of Arianism—does his system of belief lay him open to it or not? And since there may be, and in fact have been, different opinions as to the degree of guilt attaching to one who is accused of holding this heresy, and as it seems to us that an accurate knowledge of its real source and essence is necessary to the forming a correct conclusion, we will endeavour briefly to show not only what Arianism is, but whence it derived its origin.

The origin of Arianism has been frequently attributed to an erroneous interpretation of Scripture; because the supposed authors of this heresy were professedly within the pale of the Christian Church, however widely they departed from her doctrine; and in consequence the greater number of writers, (among whom, if we are not mistaken, would be found Dr. Lee,) who have treated of the subject, agree in regarding its followers as in the main Christians, though such as cannot be denied to have based their opinions on error. This view of the case has, however, we conceive, more of charity in it than of truth. Arianism undoubtedly tried to support its cause by an appeal to the Scriptures, but Scripture interpretation never was the source from which it originally sprang. Of its chief doctrines some indeed (as we shall shortly endeavour to show at more length) may be traced to the times of the Apostles themselves, and the first spread of the Gospel, (but these were held by men who, so far from being members of the Christian Church, were among its most bitter opponents;) whilst others are to be found in the various religious systems which had been rife in the East, and especially at Alexandria, even before the advent of our Lord.

Not that we would assert that there was any one body or system of doctrines, such as Arianism afterwards proved to be, in existence and operation thus early; to say so would be palpably absurd; but we conceive that the principal tenets of that heresy, (although some of them differed greatly, to say, the least, from others,) were seized upon by Arius and his followers from different sources, to give colour and consistency to their assertions, and that, under pretence of authority, (for these, like all other heretics, were especially anxious to avoid the charge of teaching novelties,) they might the better advance towards the attainment of their ultimate object,—the destruction of that fundamental truth of Christianity, the true Godhead of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And it is not a little remarkable, in connexion with this opinion, that Marcellus, one of Eusebius' opponents, of whom we shall see more hereafter, accuses him (whether rightly or otherwise is not now the question)[1] of believing, not with Christians though mistaken ones, but with *οἱ ἔξωθεν, i. e.* as he had before specified, with Valentinus and Hermes; Narcissus, an Arian and one of Eusebius' coadjutors, being conjoined in the same passage with Marcion and Plato. Alexander of Alexandria, too, Arius' Bishop,[2] ascribes the opinions avowed by him to Ebion, Artemas and Paul of Samosata, whilst more than one modern—*e. g.* Bishop Bull[3] and Tillemont[4]—have agreed in taking the same view of the case, viz. that the heresy in question (and we might perhaps add all those which vexed the early Church as well) is of extra and not of intra-ecclesiastical origin. It should be remembered, too, that the question of the Messiahship was originally one of persons. The Jews would at first have given it to John the Baptist; and after the ascension of Christ it was claimed by Simon Magus,[5] Dositheus,[6] Barchochebas,[7] and perhaps some others, *e.g.* Apollonius of Tyana; but the first step in any attempt to deprive Christ of that office, (whether made practically, as by Simon Magus through his false miracles and the like, or only doctrinally, as by Arius and the Arians,) must be to disprove the source of it—His true Divinity; but whenever this was done, there, it is plain, was to be found, in germ and essence, the after heresy of Arius.

Arius originally began his attack on the faith, in opposition to Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, (who, as Socrates says, had been explaining too curiously the Unity of the Divine Trinity, or, according to Theodoret, who had been insisting that the Son of God was of one substance with the Father, Soc. i. 5, Theodoret, i. 1[1]) by denying the Eternity of Christ, and saying that He had His existence *ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων*—that there was a time when He was not—that He was a creature—and the like; from whence he proceeded to that conclusion which formed his real object—the denial, namely, of His Consubstantiality, and so of His true and supreme Divinity.

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[1] Eusebius contra Marcellum, lib. i. c. 4. pp. 26, 27. We quote throughout from Bishop Montague's edition of this work which is subjoined to that of the 'Demonstration,' published at Paris, 1628.

[2] Theodoret, Hist. b. i. c. 3. Schulz, Halle, 1769.

[3] Defence, sect. iii. c. 1. § 16.

[4] On Simon the Magician.

[5] S. Epiphanius, Her. xxi. § 7. Theodoret, Hær. fab. i. 1.

[6] Ittigius de Hæresibus, Sæc. 1. c. 5. § 3. Brucker, vol. ii. De Philosophia Judaica, p. 679, § 9, and others.

[7] Mosheim de Rebus, Sæc. 2. § 13. History, Cent. 2, c. i. § 11, and others.

The heresy, thus broached, was soon found to consist of two chief elements or phases. There was Arianism proper, as it is termed, or mere psilanthropism, which afterwards became connected more peculiarly with the names of Aëtius and Eunomius; and there was a Dualism, such as differed in no essential respect from the semi-Arian doctrine subsequently adopted by Basil of Ancyra and his school. The former taught, as its name imports, that Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, was a mere man; the latter had for its distinctive feature the denial, *not* that He was in some sense God, the only-begotten, existing before time, for all this it *asserted*, but that He was the *same* God as the Father.

Such is the division adopted by our own Bishop Bull, in his 'Defence of the Nicene Faith:'—

> 'Scilicet duæ fuere imprimis Ariomanitarum classes: alii fatebantur quidem Filium ex ipsâ Patris hypostasi, peculiari modo natum fuisse, non, ut cæteræ creaturæ, ex nihilo factum; sed negabant tamen Filium ex Patris substantiâ progenitum; virtutem tantummodo aliquam paternam illum esse existimantes, non paternæ essentiæ *ἀπόρροιαν*. Alii ne ex ipso Patre peculiari modo genitum esse Filium faterentur, eum plane ex non existentibus factum, ut cæteræ creaturæ, rotunde pronuntiârunt—Priores illi, Semi-Ariani dicti fuere.'—Sect. ii. chap. 9. § 11.

And so Petavius, (De Trinitate, lib. i. cap. 10. § 1;) for his after threefold classification is not really opposed to this idea, as it is plain that the two last named by him, Homœusians and Homœans, differ rather in terms than in ideas; the former indeed, as retaining the word *οὔσια* which the latter altogether repudiate, may be deemed perhaps the least heretical of the two.

And the same is put most clearly by Mr. Newman in his invaluable work on the Arians:—

> 'It will be found that this audacious and elaborate sophistry could not escape one of two conclusions;—either the establishment of a sort of poly-

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[1] And see Mr. Newman's 'Arians,' p. 222; Fleury, book x. § 28; S. Alexander of Alexandria's letter to his namesake of Constantinople, Theodoret, History, b. i. c. 3; his encyclical letter, Socrates, b. i. c. 6; Arius to S. Alexander, S. Epiphanius, Her. lxix. p. 733; S. Athanasius to the bishops of Egypt and Libya, Oxford Translation of S. Athanasius' Historical Tracts, vol. xiii. p. 139; Arius to Eusebius of Nicomedia, Theodoret, Hist. b. i. c. 5.

theism, or, as the more practical alternative, that of the mere humanity of Christ; *i. e.* either the superstition of paganism, or the virtual atheism of philosophy. If the professions of the Arians are to be believed, they confessed our Lord to be God—πλήρης Θεὸς, yet at the same time to be infinitely distant from the perfections of the one eternal Cause. Here at once a ditheism is acknowledged; but Athanasius pushes on the admission to that of an unlimited polytheism. "If," he says, "the Son were an object of worship from His transcendant glory, then every subordinate being is bound to worship his superior." But so repulsive is the notion of a secondary God, both to reason, and much more to Christianity, that the real tendency of Arianism lay towards the sole remaining alternative, the humanitarian scheme.'—P. 249.

In accordance with the humanitarian type of his heresy, we find Arius denying the coeternity of the Son of God[1]—His existence before His 'creation'—His natural identity with the Father, or His 'consubstantiality,' as it is termed—and His knowledge of His essence;[2] and he asserts Him to be a creature,[3] *κτίσμα*—a work,[4] *ποίημα*—produced from nothing, *ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων* —mutable, *τρέπτος*—and the like. In its dualism he confesses Him to be the only-begotten[5] and immutable, (although on this the opinions of the same school differed at different times,) begotten before all ages,[6] and (as we have seen) perfect,[7] (*πλήρης*,) God.

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[1] See S. Ambrose, De Fide, lib. iii. cap. 8. § 58. 'Filius non infidelibus datus est, sed fidelibus. Nobis datus est, non Photinianis; illi enim non datum nobis Dei Filium dicunt esse, sed ab initio inter nos natum—nobis datus est, non Sabellianis, illi enim nolunt Filium datum, eundem asserentes Patrem esse quem Filium—nobis, non Arianis; et ipsi enim non habent Filium pro salute datum, sed pro infirmitate transmissum: non habent consiliarium, quem putant futura nescire, non habent Filium, quem sempiternum non putant.'—So Socrates, book i. chap. 5. Sozomen, book i. chap. 15.

[2] This was afterwards more peculiarly the doctrine of Aëtius and Eunomius.—Philostorgius, the Arian historian, praising Eusebius (of Cæsarea) for other things, says that he errs *περὶ τὴν εὐσέβειαν* when he holds *ἄγνωστον τὸ θεῖον καὶ ἀκατάληπτον.*—*History*, book i. chap. 2.

[3] See S. Basil against Sabellius, vol. ii. p. 189 E. Benedictine Edition. Paris. 1722. Petavius de Trinitate, lib. i. cap. 8.

[4] Bull, Defensio, sect. ii. cap. 4, § 6. 'Sane Arius apertè dicere non est veritus, Filium Dei conversioni et mutationi obnoxium, ac pro arbitrii libertate virtutis et vitii capacem fuisse;' &c. And he proves most triumphantly that S. Justin Martyr, at least, the chief subject of the chapter, held opinions directly contrary to those of Arius.

[5] 'They declared that Christ was, strictly speaking, the only creature of God, as alone made immediately by Him, and hence called *μονογενὴς*, as *γεννήθεις μόνος παρὰ μόνου*; whereas all others were created through Him, as the instrument of Divine power.'—*Newman's Arians*, p. 227. Dr. Lee considers the use of this term a warrant of the orthodoxy of Eusebius, (Preliminary Dissertation, p. xxvi.) but it is here found that Arius himself uses, nay urges, it.

[6] 'The idea of time depending on that of creation, they were able to grant that He who was employed in forming the worlds, therefore existed before all time, *πρὸ χρόνων καὶ αἰώνων*, not granting thereby that He was from everlasting, but that He was brought into existence, *ἀχρόνως*, independent of that succession of second causes, (as they are called,) that elementary system, seemingly self-sustained and self-renovating—to the laws of which, creation itself may be considered as subjected.'—*Newman's Arians*, p. 227.

[7] Dicis interdum Deum Christum; sed ita dic Deum verum, ut plenitudinem ei

Thus he writes to Eusebius, the Bishop of Nicomedia, his chief friend and patron :—

> 'Because Eusebius of Cæsarea[1] thy brother, and Theodotus, Paulinus, Athanasius, Gregory, and Aëtius, with all the East, asserted that God, *ὁ Θεὸς*, existed before his Son, *ἀχρόνως*, they have been anathematized by Alexander ;' (whose own doctrine, by the way, against which Arius protests and stirs up Eusebius, was, Ario confitente, the Catholic one of *ἄει ὁ Θεὸς, ἄει ὁ Υἱὸς—ἅμα Πατὴρ, ἅμα Υἱὸς*,) 'we, however, say and teach that the Son is not ingenerate, or a part of the ingenerate, or formed of any subject matter, but that He existed by the will and counsel of the Father before all ages, is perfect God, only-begotten, immutable, and before He was begotten, or created, or defined, or founded *οὐκ ἦν*, for He is not ingenerate.' —*Theodoret, Hist.* book i. chap. 4.

And the same doctrines are found in Arius' letter to his Bishop, Alexander of Alexandria, and in what remains to us of his 'Thalia ;' of both which, English versions are to be found in the Oxford translation of S. Athanasius' treatises against the Arians,[2] vol. viii. p. 95, &c.

Lastly, in his creed to Constantine, after the Council of Nice, the heresiarch says, *Πιστεύομεν εἰς . . . Κύριον 'Ιησοῦν Χριστὸν τὸν Υἱὸν αὐτοῦ, τὸν ἐξ αὐτοῦ πρὸ πάντων τῶν αἰώνων γεγενήμενον Θεὸν λόγον* . . Credimus in . . . Dominum Jesum Christum Filium ejus (Dei) qui ex eo *factus est* ante omnia sæcula. Deum verbum. —Socrates, book i. chap. 26.

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paternæ divinitatis adsignes ; sunt enim qui dicuntur Dii sive in cœlo, sive in terrâ. Non ergo perfunctoriè nuncupandus Deus, sed ita ut eandem Divinitatem prædices in Filio quam Pater habet, sicut scriptum est, "Sicut enim Pater vitam habet in semetipso, sic dedit et Filio vitam habere in semetipso." Dedit utique quasi Filio per generationem, non quasi inopi per gratiam.'—*S. Ambrose de Fide*, book iii. chap. 16. § 133. So Petavius, 'Deum verum negabant esse Filium, sed participatione duntaxat quemadmodum homines et angeli.'—*De Trinitate*, book i. chap 8.

[1] On the question whether Eusebius of Cæsarea were really the brother of Eusebius of Nicomedia or not, see Valesius De Vita Scriptisque Eusebii, p. 9, (Amsterdam, 1695,) and Fleury, book x. § 34 ; both of whom incline to the affirmative.

[2] To the notes on these pieces, we would only add, that Arius calls God the Father, 'the God of the law, and the prophets, and the New Testament ;' and he says of Christ, that 'He was begotten not in appearance, *ἐν δόκησει*, but in truth.' Did he insert the former clause, to guard against being thought to agree with that Gnostic dogma, which taught a distinction between the Gods of the Old and New Testament? and by the latter, does he mean that he is not to be thought to hold of the *Divine* generation of our Lord, what Marcion and some of his disciples held of His *human birth*, of whom Tertullian says, 'Marcion, ut carnem Christi negaret, negavit etiam generationem.'—*De Carne Christi*, § 1. At least, the heresy of Arius on the Divine fact in question has, as is well known, precisely that very result ; for by lowering it as he does, he deprives it of all its peculiar force and mystery, and therefore in fact destroys it altogether ; nor can his phraseology fail to remind us of the opinions of Simon Magus (the parent of all heresy) and his followers, on Christ's crucifixion, who asserted—some, that Simon the Cyrenian suffered in His stead ; others, that He was crucified, but not in reality, only *ἐν δόκησει* (which latter tenet owes its existence to Simon himself). Hence their appellation of Docetæ. S. John has been thought to allude to them in the first chapter and first verse of his first General Epistle.

And see the same author, book i. chap. 6:—

> '"Christ is," say they, "as to His nature, mutable and liable to change, as are all rational creatures. Hence, the Word is alien and foreign to the essence of God, and is separated from it—and the Father is inexplicable by the Son—for neither does the Son perfectly and accurately know the Father, nor can He distinctly see Him. The Son knows not His own essence, of what nature it is, for He was made on our account, in order that God might create us by Him, as by an instrument; nor would He have existed unless God had willed our creation." Some one accordingly asked them, "whether the Word of God could be changed as the devil had been?" and they feared not to reply, "Yes, He could, for being begotten and created, He is susceptible of change."'—*S. Alexander's Encyclical Letter on the Arian Heresy.*

And these two classes of the heresy seem to have been united also in Eusebius of Nicomedia, the mainstay of the cause, who, writing to a brother Arian, Paulinus the Bishop of Tyre, and praising by the way Eusebius of Cæsarea's 'zeal for the truth,' speaks thus:—

> 'There is one Ingenerate, and one truly of Him, not at all begotten of His Essence, or partaking of His Ingenerate nature, or being of His substance, but created altogether different in nature and power; created to a perfect resemblance of the will and power of His Maker; and His beginning, which is inexpressible not only in word but in thought, we believe to be incomprehensible, not by men alone, but by all creatures above men; and this we say—not relying on our own opinion, but instructed by Scripture,—that He is created, and founded, and made in Essence, and in immutable and ineffable nature, and in the likeness of His Maker.'

Eusebius then proceeds: We deny that the Son is of the Father,

> 'so as to be any part of Him or of the effluence of His Essence, because if so, He could not be said to be made or founded;' and that, 'His being said to be begotten is not intended to show that He was so of the Father's nature, and had from Him the Identity of His Essence, because the same term is used not of Him alone, but also of creatures altogether unlike Him in nature, as of men, (Isa. i. 2; Deut. xxxii. 18; Job xxxviii. 28;) showing not that they have their nature from that of God, but that the generation of everything that is made is of His Will—for nothing is of His Essence, &c.'—*Theodoret, Hist.* i. 5.

Of these two divisions of the heresy in question, the particular doctrines which compose the Psilanthropist class have been traced to the early Judaizing Christians, headed by Cerinthus: That our Lord, or rather the man Jesus, was merely the son of Joseph and Mary, was held by Cerinthus himself; it may in fact be said to have been the opinion of those who cried out, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' (Matt. xiii. 55); that He was begotten of the Father's *Will* only, and not of His Essence, was professed by the Ebionites:[1] That He was chosen to be the Son by grace and for His mere human virtue—*διὰ*

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[1] Clementine Recognitions, b. iii. § 8. 10.

τρόπων ἐπιμέλειαν καὶ ἄσκησιν μὴ τρεπόμενον ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον, ἐξελέξατο, as S. Alexander expresses it, when speaking of the opinion of Arius, was held by Cerinthus,[1] the Jews of S. Justin Martyr's time,[2] and the Ebionites.[3] This last assertion Petavius traces to Carpocrates,[4] whom Eusebius, from S. Irenæus, ranks among the authors of Gnosticism,[5] and who through Menander and Basilides was connected with Simon Magus;[6] through his son Epiphanes with Valentinus and the Valentinians :[7]—

> 'Mutabilem eundem (Christum) esse dicebat, et in malum posse desciscere, sed præscientiâ tamen ex omnibus exemptum, quod in bono constantem eum fore præviderit Deus. Quod si Paulus aut Petrus aliusve quispiam, tantum ad virtutem et sanctitatem, quantum iste Filius Dei conatum adhiberet, eodem jure nec minus excellenter esse dicique posse Filium, quæ fuit Carpocratis opinio ut Epiphanius ac Theodoretus affirmant.'[8]

And lastly, the denial that our Lord was the true Son, and Wisdom, and Word of God, which we are apt to connect exclusively with Arianism,[9] seems also of earlier growth. Tillemont convinces us that it was held by, if it did not originate with Cerinthus;[10] and, indeed, a passage in S. Ignatius' Epistle to the Magnesians, compared with that of S. Irenæus quoted by Tillemont, might induce us to ascribe its existence to the very earliest date. It is as follows: Εἷς Θεὸς *ἔστιν ὃς φανερώσας ἑαύτον δι'* Ἰ*ησοῦ Χριστοῦ, τοῦ Υἱοῦ αὐτοῦ, ὃς ἔστιν αὐτοῦ* Λόγος 'ΑΙ"ΔΙΟΣ, (and see the notes of Vossius and Cotelerius on the passage: Patres Apostolici, Cotelerius, vol. ii. p. 18, notes 14, 15 : Amsterdam, 1724.)

Its dualistic phase,[11]—which was a perversion of the truth, as Psilanthropism was a denial of it,—introducing a second Divinity 'above all creatures,' 'defined,' 'founded,' or 'created' before all time—Himself the Creator of time, even 'God;' but still, in action, power, and essence, inferior to the first and supreme Deity, resembled the former class of doctrine in that it did not originate an idea, but borrowed, it cannot be doubted, (whether willingly or otherwise,) that which had long been the fundamental one of the religions of the East: which had in a measure received the sanction of Greek philosophy, and had been adopted, at once as the basis of their system and its sanction, by Simon Magus and his Gnostic followers, as is shown by Brucker, vol. ii. p. 675; Mosheim's greater Institutes, sæc. 1, pars ii. c. 5, § 14, and others. Indeed, it has been shown that there was a school, and succession of teachers, which, passing from Persepolis, and taking root in Alexandria, taught this doctrine. It was at the latter city that Simon Magus, and others of the Gnostic leaders, studied, and from thence they carried the same dogma, though with so many additions and alterations as to be, at first sight, scarcely recognisable, into Palestine, Asia, and even Italy. The Clementine homilies profess to detail the journeys, actions, and teachings, of Simon and S. Peter, and to show how the former used the dogma in question, in opposition to Christianity; whilst at the same time, by the place which they ascribe to Christ as 'the true prophet,' in the pretended system of S. Peter, they prove that their author (an Ebionite) was a holder of mere Psilanthropist doctrine, and was, therefore, so far, among the anticipators of the heresy of Arius.

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[1] Tillemont.

[2] S. Justin's Dialogue with Trypho, p. 267 D. 291 C. Cologne, 1686.

[3] S. Epiphanius, Her. xxx. §§ 16—18, pp. 140—142. Neander, vol. ii. p. 16.

[4] De Trinitate, b. i. c. 8.

[5] Eccles. Hist. b. iv. c. 7.

[6] S. Epiphanius, Her. xxvii. § 1.

[7] Tillemont on Valentinus. Burton, Lectures, vol. ii. p. 99.

[8] The passages to which Petavius alludes are to be found in S. Epiphanius, Her. xxvii. § 2. Theodoret, Her. fab. i. 5. See also Bp. Bull's Defence, sect. ii. c. 4. § 6.

[9] This subject is treated of by S. Athanasius, de Syn. Nic. § 6. Orat. i. cont. Arianos, § 5. Hooker, book v. c. 52. § 4. Petavius de Trinitate, c. 8. § 1. Bull's Defence, sect. iii. c. 4. § 2; c. 7. § 4, and others.

[10] Tillemont. Heresy of Cerinthus.

[11] 'He,' says S. Basil, 'who affirms that the begotten is of different essence to the begetter, he also introduces two Gods through this diversity, edging in (*παρεισάγων*) polytheism; for if there is one ingenerate Godhead, and another generate, thou art a teacher of polytheism, opposing the Ingenerate to the Generate, laying down the Essences also as plainly contrary to one another—if in truth

In accordance with this view of the origin of Arianism, we find the fathers continually urging on its professors that their heresy contained no new idea, and tracing its different doctrines to their respective sources. S. Athanasius ascribes its dualism to the Manichees, (Oxford translation, vol. xiii. p. 144;[1])—its assertion of the Consubstantiality of the Son not with the Father but with angels, and the consequences of that admission to Valentinus.[2] S. Basil connects it by implication with Marcion, who was at least a contemporary of Valentinus, if not, as Tertullian asserts, his master, and who is connected, through Cerdo, with Simon Magus, the Gnostics, and the Dualism of the East.[3] 'Whoever,' he says, 'teaches two principles proclaims

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that of the Father is Ingenerateness, that of the Son Generateness—so that thou teachest not only two Gods, but two contending with each other, and what is worst of all, thou ascribest the contest not to choice but to a difference of nature, which is never able to arrive at peaceful union.' (Homily against the Sabellians, Arians, and Eunomians, vol. ii. p. 192.) (That is, the Arian was in fact a holder of Syrian, or genuine Gnosticism. Neander, vol. ii. 'Alexandrian and Syrian Gnosis.') See Mr. Newman's note on S. Athanasius' book on the Councils of Ariminum and Seleucia, Oxford translation, vol. viii. p. 150, note y.

[1] And see vol. xix. p. 450; and compare his books against Apollinaris—i. § 21, ii. § 3.

[2] Oxf. trans. vol. viii. p. 262, and note f. Bull's Defence, sect. iii. chap. 1. § 16.

[3] Burton's Lectures, vol. ii. pp. 101, 102. Lect. 17.

Polytheism; so also did Marcion, and all who resemble him in wickedness.'[1] S. Ambrose refers its polytheistic Trinity to heathen philosophy.

> 'Nunc videamus quo distant a gentilibus Ariani. Illi deos appellant dispares sexu, dissimiles potestate; isti Trinitatem adserunt differentis divinitatis, et dissimilis potestatis. Illi deorum suorum principium adseverant temporali; et isti Christum cœpisse ex tempore mentiuntur. Nonne ex philosophiâ omnem impietatis suæ traxerunt colorem? Illi tamen quod venerantur amplificant; isti Dei Filium creaturam adserunt esse, qui Deus est.'[2]

Philaster compares Arius with Apelles, the pupil and follower of Marcion, and who teaches as follows:—

> 'Ego unum principium esse prædico, quem Deum cognosco, qui Deus fecit angelos, fecit etiam alteram virtutem quem Deum scio esse secundum, qui et virtus Dei est, quæ fecit illum. Hic autem Deus qui fecit mundum, non est, inquit, bonus ut ille qui fecit illum: subjectus aut (autem?) est Deo illi a quo et factus est iste. . . . Cujus Ariani nunc consortes sunt atque fautores, sic prædicantes atque sentientes.'[3]

In which assertion he is followed by Fabricius, his annotator. And many of the moderns have followed in their steps. Petavius considers Arius to be a Platonist in his limitation of the production of the Son to the period immediately preceding the creation, in which work he ascribed to Him the subordinate office of a mere instrument or agent: 'In eâ confessione,' he says, 'planissime constat Germanum Platonicum Arium extitisse.'[4] In this he is followed by Brucker; on the other hand see Cudworth's Intellectual System, with Mosheim's note. (Bk. i. chap. 4. § 36.) Baronius follows Alexander of Alexandria in ascribing the heresy to Ebion, Artemas, and Paul of Samosata, A.D. 318, § 74. Worm indeed, on the other hand, thinks that Sabellianism is to be considered its parent, or rather the immediate cause of its being broached by Arius when and how it was: it is significant that he also acquits Lucian of Antioch of ever having been, in any sense or at any time, heretical.[5] And Colberg, in his elaborate work 'De Origine Hæresium,' considers it to have sprung from Origen—*i.e.* in its chief dicta—that the Son was a creature, and, therefore, essentially inferior to the Father. And he thinks Eusebius of Cæsarea's motive for urging Pamphilus to begin the apology for that father, which, owing to the martyrdom of Pamphilus, he himself concluded, was a desire to aid the cause of Arianism by ascribing it to him as its author. (Chap. viii. § 2. pp. 248—250.)

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[1] Against Sabellians, Arians and Anomæans, vol. ii. p. 192 B.

[2] De Fide, i. 13, § 85.

[3] Chap. 47. Heresy of Apelles.

[4] De Trin. i. 8. Would it be beside the question to add,—and also a follower of those five ante-Nicene fathers, who are said to have held the same opinion? Petavius in loc. cit.; and see the elaborate note of Mr. Newman on the Nicene formula πρὶν γεννηθῆναι οὐκ ἦν. Oxford translation of S. Athanasius' select Works, vol. viii. p. 272, &c.

[5] De Sabellianismo ante Sabellium conf. pp. 31, 363.

But the Arian heresy was, as regards its component doctrines, in existence long before the times of either Origen or Sabellius; and it would seem that Bishop Bull more rightly refers it generally to that Gnostic system which is believed to have been perfected, if not founded, by Simon Magus and his followers. His words are so much to the purpose, that we trust we shall be pardoned for quoting them at length.

> 'Quæstio utrum Nicænorum Patrum an Arii fides tenenda sit, in hanc tandem desinet; an Apostolorum doctrina, impiorum Gnosticorum, qui Apostolicas Ecclesias turbârunt, figmentis anteferenda sit, nec ne? Puto autem neminem Christianum diu deliberaturum, utram hîc partem sequi debeat. Ut verbo dicam ex iis quæ hactenus disseruimus, manifestum est, quæstionem de verâ τοῦ λόγου Divinitate atque æternitate, inter Nicænos Patres et Arium disputatam, etiam in primævâ Ecclesiâ, adeoque in ipsâ Apostolicâ ætate, controversam fuisse; nempe inter sceleratissimos mortalium Gnosticos, et Catholicos, qui Apostolicæ doctrinæ constanter adhæserunt: illis Arii partes (quod in immortalem hæretici illius honorem dictum sit) tutantibus; his verò Nicænam fidem strenuè defendentibus. Sequantur igitur Ariani duces illos suos, suo periculo; nos Apostolicâ fide contenti erimus.'[1]

In other words, Gnosticism, composed of ancient Dualism, of neo-Platonism, and modern Judaism,[2] had proved from the first the great external and so-called scientific opponent of Christianity. It had lately, however, found means to pass into the Church, through the school of Paul, Bishop of Samosata, who was connected with the Jews and Gnostics of Syria, and held much of their doctrine, whilst[3] Lucian his friend was the avowed teacher of Arius and the original Arians, who, for his sake, were ready to take on themselves the office of heralds and champions of his opinions; it is for this reason, perhaps. that S. Athanasius thus mentions them together:—

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[1] Defence, sect. iii. chap. 1. § 16. See also Waterland's List of Arians before Arius: *i.e.* of those who denied the true divinity of Jesus Christ, vol. iii. p. 537, &c. (1843.) 'The Judgment of Primitive Churches.'

[2] Pagan mythology is not mentioned here, as it does not seem to have been a lasting enemy to Christianity as these other systems were. It was one of mere plurality without unity, and therefore, although the compositions of ante-Nicene fathers, such as S. Justin Martyr, S. Clement of Alexandria, and others, against it, would show that it was undoubtedly, in its degree, an antagonist, it could never have been a really powerful one. It stood, as it appears, merely by its supposed antiquity, and when that was disproved, it speedily fell.

[3] That Arianism, or Gnostic dogmata under that name, was the immediate offspring of the school of Paul of Samosata, has been clearly shown by Mr. Newman, in his work on the Arians, chap. i. sect. 1; and see Cave's Life of S. Athanasius, section ii. § 1. In his invaluable notes to his translations of the select pieces of S. Athanasius, the former author has shown, from time to time, both the points of divarication in the opinions of different heresiarchs, and also how they again united. This double phenomenon may be accounted for in some measure, by the fact that their peculiar tenets had often existed before them in time. Thus vol. viii. p. 41, he points out how and where Paul of Samosata

> 'What are the Scriptures to Paul of Samosata, who denies the Word of God and His incarnate presence? . . . . and of what use are they to the Arians . . . . and why do they bring them forward? . . . . Thus each of these heresies, in respect of the peculiar impiety of its invention, has nothing in common with the Scriptures; and their advocates are aware of this, that the Scriptures are very much, or rather altogether opposed to the doctrines of every one of them.'[1]

Such was the antagonist which now prepared to commence that series of attacks on the faith of Christ, which, with different weapons and varied success, it repeated through Apollinaris, Nestorius, and others, until it was driven out of the Church dismembered, and well-nigh destroyed, to occupy again its original position: once defeated, and its doom was plainly sealed—its particular tenets might, indeed, for a season, exert a failing authority, and even gain a few particular converts, (as its dualism in the hands of the Manichees afterwards gained for a time S. Augustine,) but they could never recover their once open and extensive influence over the minds of men.

To close this branch of the subject with a brief return to the question which has been already started, and which, in fact, gave rise to it. If such be Arianism in its origin and substance, what is the degree of guilt which attaches to those who profess it? It is plain, at first sight, that it must be more criminal to adopt a dogma which is decidedly anti-Christian, than one which is merely the result of a mistaken view of Scripture, or the teaching of the Church; and, if we incline to think that, since final judgment is not ours, it may become us—repudiating indeed the actions of those who thus, as it seems, acted the part of traitors to their Saviour—to leave their temper and intention in the obscurity in which so many ages have involved them, we should yet remember, on the other hand, that there are cases

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differed from Nestorius; both, however, had, it is plain, for their common foundation, that διαίρεσις, or division between Jesus, the man, and Christ, the *Æon* or Influence who came on Him, which had been the dogma of Simon Magus and his successors, and against which S. John protests in his later writings, his declaration that Jesus is *the* Christ, forming the point of difference between the teaching of his Epistles, (vid. 1st Ep. ii. 22; iv. 2, 15,) and those of S. Paul, which latter, having been written before the heretical principle in question had gained so much head, are based on the simple assertion of Jesus Christ. Those who oppose the doctrine of Θεοτόκος little dream to what they may be committing themselves in consequence; or that its denial first sprang from a system which opposed, not merely the doctrines of Christianity, but the very first notions of God and his attributes.

[1] S. Athanasius to the Bishops of Egypt and Libya. Oxford translation, vol. xiii. p. 129.

in which we must be jealous for God's sake. Arius himself may have acted in hatred to Christianity, and with the deliberate endeavour, like Valentinus before him, to overthrow the Christian faith; and there is but too much in his irreligious life, his profane writings, and his dreadful death, to impel us to the conclusion that such really was the case. Whilst if any conceive that he may have been guiltless of this charge, and that he may have acted as one who was only asserting what he considered to be the truth, and cannot therefore be held accountable for the ultimate consequences of his words, still we must bear in mind that, in no case, can mere verbal protests be allowed to set aside actions calmly done and deliberately repeated. He must therefore endure, at least, the charge of having adopted—in a spirit, too, of the most revolting profanity—a system which undoubtedly proves to be, at bottom, one and the same with that of the chain and succession of heresy which had been, from the first, coexistent with, and antagonistic to, the truth. It must, moreover, be remembered that though he would repudiate and could disprove any connexion with this system on other points, still, that as in a substantive and real question, *i.e.* a question of fact, denial of the affirmative involves the assertion of the negative as the only possible alternative, so, inasmuch as both the Gnostic and the Psilanthropist agree in directly asserting the mere humanity of our Lord, it is plain that they must have agreed in the prior point of denying his Divinity.

But if our judgment of the heresiarch himself cannot and ought not to be in the spirit of charity, lest that charity be false, and if the history [1] of the times shows us that compassion and mercy were strangers to so many of his followers, who had the sword indeed to smite, but not the arguments to convince, still there are those, on the other hand, who would have called him their master, in whose case we may more safely adopt a rule of clemency. That great class containing all those who may be termed, in a wide and general sense, Semi-Arians, appear to have been the great intra-ecclesiastical champions of the anti-Christian doctrine of Dualism; it may be said of them, (and perhaps of some other heretical bodies also,) that they held it in solution; and it seems to have been impossible to convince them of its deeply anti-Christian character; at least, if they condemn it in words, they are continually forced back upon it in fact. What but this is the result of their many creeds and definitions, of their peculiar terms *ὁμοιούσιος* and *ὅμοιος*, and of their insertion or omission of the Greek article as they are speaking of the Godhead of the Father or the Son?—(a distinction, by the way, which, as we shall presently see, is found in the pages of Eusebius himself.) Certain it is that in them we recognise the holders of a doctrine which cannot be distinguished, in itself, from that of the Pagans and other *ἀρνησιθέοι*, who never professed Christianity at all, or who did so only to oppose and subvert it; and yet we would by no means be thought to lay it to the charge of those whom S. Athanasius calls 'brothers,' that they made it their serious and deliberate endeavour to introduce this doctrine, to the exclusion of its opposite, into the Church; for, on the contrary, it forces itself on them, and they hold it in opposition to their will and conviction, and struggle against it, and try to escape it. It is plain, too, that an idea may be repeated under different circumstances, and in a different manner, so as to make it, in fact, a reproduction, and to involve nothing more, at most, than a mere historical connexion between its original author and those who so repeat it. And, whatever we think of Arius himself, such really seems to have been the case with those of his followers, who, by compulsion and pressure of their system, rather than by voluntary choice, are found to have been involved in the snares and pitfalls of Ditheism.

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[1] See the letter of the Ecumenical Council of Constantinople, A.D. 381, from which we learn that the persecutions inflicted on the Catholics by the Arians rivalled, if they did not surpass, any that were ever endured at the hands either of Jews or of Pagans.

Having described, above, the chief tenets of Arianism as it was taught by the heresiarch himself, and as it existed in the days of Eusebius of Cæsarea, the question, in ascertaining the faith of the latter, must be this:—Is there any one doctrine among so many different statements, and even counter-statements, the assertion of which is sufficient to constitute full and perfect orthodoxy? and if so, what is it? Dr. Lee lays the chief stress of the heresy on its denial of the *Eternity* of Christ, contained in its formula of *ἦν ὅτε οὐκ ἦν*, and the assertion that He was produced *ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων*.

> 'The leading opinion of Arius,' he says, 'was, as it appears from his own statements,[1] that there was a time in which Christ, the Son of God,

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[1] This is far from being a sufficient definition of Arianism in itself. The following words of S. Augustine describe a well-known revolution in the opinions of the professors of the heresy, though not intended to do so formally. Arius himself is held to have said, 'If He is a Son, "natus est"—If "natus," there was a time when He was not a Son,' not understanding that it is even natural to God to be 'sempiternus,' that the Son may be coeternal with the Father. . . . . Hence, the later Arians cast away that formula and confessed 'Non ex tempore cœpisse Filium Dei.'—De Trinitate, lib. vi. § 1. vol. viii. p. 843; and compare S. Jerome's account of the anathemas of Valens, at the Council of Ariminum. Contra Luciferianos, vol. iv. p. 300.

had no positive existence whatsoever; that He was begotten—by which he understood, was produced out of nothing. These I take to have been the leading doctrines of Arius; and those out of which and about which the great controversy that agitated the Church soon after it was established by Constantine, originated and was carried on.'—*Preliminary Dissertation to the Theophania*, p. xxv.

And he considers that Eusebius proves himself orthodox, or anti-Arian, by such confessions as the following—namely, that Christ was the 'Only-begotten Son,' 'the Mediator,' 'the power and wisdom of God,' 'God begotten of God,' 'like the Father in all things,'[1] 'without beginning.'—*Prelim. Dissertation*, pp. xxvi. xxvii.

But it must be allowed us to doubt whether these assertions alone are full and sufficient proofs of a true and perfect belief. Would not a Semi-Arian have confessed most, if not all of them? Did not Arius himself acknowledge, (as we have seen in his letters to Eusebius and Alexander,) nay, insist on some, —wishing to make his heresy appear as like as possible to the Catholic faith, and not the contrary,—as that Christ was the Mediator, and the Only-begotten Son? Again, would any of the great champions of the truth, S. Athanasius, S. Hilary, S. Basil, S. Ambrose, the two Gregories, with a host of others, have been content to receive them as decisive in the case of another, or have consented to stand or fall by them in their own case? We cannot think that they would. The following extracts may show, in a slight degree, what some of the glorious band of Saints and Confessors who fought this great fight for the Church, considered the *real* gist of the matter.

S. Hilary—'Aiunt hæretici,' (Ariani,) 'non ex Deo esse Christum, id est, Filium non ex Patre natum, neque Deum ex natura, 'sed ex constitutione esse,' &c. De Trinitate, bk. iv. § 3. Again, 'Hi qui nunc sunt' (Ariani) 'de natura Dei confutantur.' Ibid. bk. vii. § 7; and see bk. xii. § 2, for the faith of the Church on the subject.

S. Basil—'They grant Their being, and that there is a peculiar 'Person of the Son and another of the Father, but they intro'duce, *παρεισάγουσι*, dissimilarity of Their nature.'[2]

S. Gregory of Nazianzus speaks of *ἥ Ἄρειου διαίρεσις*, Oration 14, vol. i. p. 221 C. Cologne, 1690. In his poem 'De Vita sua,' he says it was Arius:—

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[1] When we found Dr. Lee proposing this assertion as a proof of orthodoxy, we could scarcely forbear asking ourselves whether he could ever have heard of the Homœusian and Homœan branches of Arianism, whose heresy consists in this very assertion.

[2] Homily against the Sabellians, Arius and the Anomæans, vol. ii. p. 190 B. § 2

ὃς πρῶτος εἶπεν ἡ Τριὰς οὐ σεπτέα,
ὅρους δ᾽ ἔθηκεν ἀξίας, φύσει μιᾷ,
Τεμων ἀνίσως τὴν ἀμέριστον οὐσίαν.

And Elias of Crete observes on his first Oration, as follows:—

'Arius unam et eandem Divinitatem in tres Personas, et in tres diversas naturas distinguebat: atque Ingenito soli Deitatis vocabulum tribuens, Filium et Spiritum Sanctum, tum a Paternâ Essentiâ, tum a Divinâ Essentiâ, submovet.'—P. 78.

The term *ἑτεροούσιος*, with S. Gregory of Nyssa, includes the whole heresy. On Genesis i. 26. Vol. i. p. 864 B.

S. Ambrose thus enumerates the chief 'questions' of the Arians. They assert that the Son is unlike the Father; that He began *ex tempore;* that He is a creature;—and they deny that He is good; that He is the true Son of God; and that He is of one Godhead with the Father, in opposition to the words of the Apostle,—'I and my Father are one.'—*De Fide,* b. i. c. 5. (Venice, 4to. 1781). But as the less is inferred from the greater, and not the reverse, it is plain that it is from this last proposition that the others are deduced.

S. Epiphanius lays the full stress of the heresy on the fact of its having opposed the term of one substance, and on nothing else.—*Heresy* lxix. vol. i. p. 797, § 70 B; and see his *Ancoratus,* vol. ii. p. 55.—'They wage fierce war against the Son of God, thinking, heretically, that He is entirely alien to the Godhead of the Father;' (and see p. 120.)

Philaster describes Arius as introducing a perilous heresy, by owning the Son of God to be like God only in name, and not believing Him to be 'Dei ipsius Patris divinam substantiam,' (chap. 66, p. 130.)

S. Augustine, in his book on the Heresies, informs us that 'Arius and the Arians were most noted for the error by which 'they deny the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be of one and 'the same nature and substance—or, as it may be more clearly 'expressed, essence—which the Greeks call *οὐσία;* but they 'affirm the Son to be a creature, and the Holy Ghost a creature 'of a creature—that is, made by the Son.'—Vol. viii. p. 18. (Venice, 1733.)

And last, but most important of all, the great S. Athanasius himself speaks to the same effect. To cite the numberless examples that may be found in his works would be an endless, or, rather, an impossible task, and would take in almost every article of his writings. The truth of our assertion, however, may be abundantly proved by an inspection of the Indices of the Benedictine edition of his works, or even of the Oxford translation of his select pieces.

It may be allowed us, perhaps, to add to the above list, the name of one illustrious modern—our own Bishop Bull—who, at the very commencement of his Defence, thus tersely and nervously states the case:—'In quæstione de Filii *τῷ ὁμοουσίῳ* . . . cardo controversiæ inter Catholicos et Arianos vertitur;' and he subsequently defines the heresy thus:—'Hæc tria, 'scilicet, *τὸν λόγον* sive Filium Dei, a Patris naturâ et substantiâ 'alienum esse; proinde Patrem non posse perfecte cognoscere; 'denique apud Patrem non semper fuisse ac substitisse—hæc 'inquam primaria sunt hæresis Arianæ capita.'—Section iii. chap. 10, § 16. He had previously spoken still more plainly:—'Quòd unum sint Pater et Filius, nempe essentiâ ac naturâ, 'proindeque virtute et operatione, Arianæ hæresi, veluti ex 'diametro repugnat.' Sect. ii. chap. 4, § 9.

If, therefore, the ultimate object of this heresy were less the denial of the mere *attributes* of the Godhead of the Second Person of the Divine Trinity, than of that Godhead itself; and if the doctrine by which the Council of Nice was enabled to detect and expose it, and for which S. Athanasius and other Fathers of the Church so long and so fervently contended, were that of His consubstantiality, or natural oneness as God with the Father, and nothing less—then the question with regard to one who has been accused of the heresy, must surely resolve itself into this,—not whether he confesses the Eternity, or even the mere Godhead of Jesus Christ, but whether he does, or does not, so speak of Him as to show that he believes Him to be, without reservation, qualification, or evasion of any kind, *κατ' οὐσίαν, one and the same God as the Father;* if so, whatever else he may be suspected of, the charge of Arianism at least can never, so far as his writings go, be justly brought against him,—otherwise, it is wholly useless to show that he uses any, or even every other orthodox term possible; for this he may do, and be an Arian still.

Dr. Lee has undoubtedly brought forward from Eusebius' different writings many passages, in which, as far as they go, he speaks precisely as any champion of the faith might have done; but unless, indeed, we are fully prepared to adopt the well-known Petavian canon of interpretation of the writings of the Fathers, instead of Bishop Bull's, which might be, in the present case, to prove too much, we do not see how single expressions, even if fully adequate in themselves, can be admitted to set aside systems carefully constructed and formally acknowledged; and the belief of Eusebius we must, in consequence, still crave leave of Dr. Lee, and his other defenders, to think, despite occasional assertions of apparently a contrary tendency, to be fundamentally Arian;—the more so, as we have sought in vain for any intimation, at Dr. Lee's hands, of how he himself receives, and would have us understand, many of those opposite assertions which have armed former writers against their author, and which, as they stand, must surely cause, to say the least, most grave suspicion of his orthodoxy.

In offering a few extracts from the works of Eusebius, illustrative of his true faith, it will, perhaps, be thought sufficient if, on an occasion like the present, we chiefly confine our attention to some of his many and voluminous writings; and we would select from the rest those at the head of our article, with the important controversial work (comparatively little known) in five books, against Marcellus of Ancyra, which Fleury rightly describes as 'that by which we may best judge of the doctrine of Eusebius on the Divine Word.' The contents of the first two have been already stated; on those of the last, a few preliminary remarks may, perhaps, be allowed us.

Marcellus, Bishop of Ancyra, in Galatia, is accused by Eusebius (whether with full justice, or not, has been doubted, for the work, or, as some have thought, the works,[1] on which his opponent's assertions are founded, have perished) of five heretical propositions, to adopt the classification of Petavius;[2] of which the chief are,—first, that Christ, before the creation, had no hypostatical existence, but was a mere impersonal word, remaining in the Father as a word unspoken is in man, being then, as it is commonly termed, *ἐνδιάθετος*, as opposed to *προφόρικος λόγος*,[3] which latter He became when He was uttered or produced by the Father, for the purpose of creation. Secondly, that although He was the Word from the beginning, He did not become the Son of God until His incarnation; and, thirdly, that His kingdom would come to an end, and His human nature be put off, after the resurrection, and at that period when, as the apostle declares, 'He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father . . . that God may be all in all.'[4]

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[1] Baronius, A.D. 347, § 58.—Montfaucon, Diatribe in Causâ Marcelli, c. iv. sect. 3; and compare S. Jerome, Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers,—'Eusebius of Cæsarea.'

[2] Fabricius also gives in the 8th chapter of his Lux Evangelii, § 5, a brief account of the heresy of Marcellus.

[3] Eusebius here gives an unsound meaning to two words which were used in a sound one by ante-Nicene fathers.

[4] S. Athanasius expressly tells us, that at the Council of Sardica, Marcellus denied ever having held this opinion at all, and maintained, on the contrary, that the kingdom was *ἄναρχον καὶ ἀτελεύτητον* (Apology against Arians, § 47. Oxford

Eusebius also accuses him of Sabellianism; but, by his own confession, wrongly so, as he admits (Eccles. Theol. b. i. c. 15) that Marcellus had anathematized that heresy. It is of less moment, with regard to the present question, that he is also charged with something like Nestorianism (Cont. Marcellum, b. i. c. 2), and with Arian doctrine on the *soul* of Christ (Eccles. Theol. iii. 10),—(this last accusation is repeated by Acacius, S. Epiphanius, Heres. lxxii. § 7, 9),—with other points. A brief sketch of Marcellus's life and actions may tend to throw light on these charges, and perhaps, with some, even to affect their value.

He was present at the Council of Nice (on which occasion he proved himself an active opponent of the Arian faction), and of Jerusalem, A.D. 335, when he is said to have promised that he would destroy his obnoxious work; but not doing so, he was deprived of his bishopric at Constantinople the year after, and banished. It should be observed that the notoriously Arian character of these two last assemblies renders their decision on a matter of faith wholly valueless. With S. Athanasius, he was acquitted of all charge at the Council of Sardica, though we again find him mentioned in terms of much bitterness by that of Philippopolis, an Arian schism from Sardica. He was restored to his see A.D. 348, through the efforts of Constans; but, on the murder of that emperor, two years afterwards, he was again driven from it, and, like so many of the orthodox of his time, suffered great hardships and persecutions at the hands of the Arians.

His faith, however, partly as has been thought from Photinus having been his pupil, has always been matter of doubt. S. Basil and S. Hilary, with Sulpicius Severus, and others,[1] condemn him. S. Epiphanius' account of the manner in which S. Athanasius received his inquiries on the subject is well known.[2] He himself seems doubtful whether to consider him guilty or not; for, on the one hand, he gives a copy of his letter to Pope Julius, in which there is far from being anything heretical; whilst on the other he confesses that, unless he had been in some respect to blame, he would hardly have been compelled to speak, as he does, in vindication of himself.[3] One thing at least is certain, on the Divinity of Christ Marcellus is far more

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translation, vol. xiii. p. 73;) and if we may judge from Marcellus's own letter to Pope Julius, given by S. Epiphanius (Heresy lxxii. § 2, which is that of Marcellus), he was equally free of the other charges which Eusebius has brought against him.

[1] See Baronius, A.D. 347, § 61; *v.* Oxford translation of S. Athanasius, vol. xiii. p. 52, note [1].

[2] Heresy lxxii. § 4, p. 837.

[3] We can scarcely subscribe to this remark of S. Epiphanius, considering the time when and the heretics among whom Marcellus lived.

orthodox than Eusebius and his accusers; for when he opposes the assertion of Asterius, that He is merely the image of the Father, by the plain and obvious reply that the image is one thing, and that of which it is the image another, Eusebius takes on himself the office of champion of the cause, although he has no better way of meeting Marcellus than by merely repeating the sophist's original statement—a mode of defence, by the way, which Acacius, who co-operated with, or perhaps succeeded Eusebius in this office, is also careful to follow;[1] whilst to Julius he protests against 'dividing the Godhead of Christ the Word 'from that of the Father, as of necessity involving the belief 'that they are two Gods,' or the 'denial of the Divinity of the 'Son, both which are alike contrary to the Sacred Scriptures.'

If indeed the opinions of Marcellus' clergy may be received as any index of those of their Bishop and master, he should, as it seems, stand wholly acquitted; for their creed, with which S. Epiphanius closes his account of the heresy, (though it must be confessed that he withholds the expression of any opinion of his own as to its full truth and value, and leaves them to be settled by others,[2]) confesses, as regards the subjects in question, the doctrine of the Council of Nice, and no other—anathematizes Arius, Sabellius, Photinus, and Paul of Samosata; acknowledges a Trinity of consubstantial Persons, as against both Sabellius, Arius, and Macedonius; asserts the Son to be coeternal with the Father, in opposition to the Photinians, Aëtians, Eunomians, and other Psilanthropists; and to have a reasonable soul, against the Arians and Apollinarians; and affirms the Holy Ghost to be equal to the Father and the Son, against Macedonius and the semi-Arians;[3] whilst his own confession to S. Athanasius, which Montfaucon found at Milan, though under the suspicious circumstance that it was 'recenti manu scriptum,' seems no less full and precise. It contains a condemnation of Arius, a confession of ὁμοούσιος, a denial that there is any distinction between the Son and Word, (which he had been accused, slanderously as he affirms, of having stated,) a protest against Sabellius, an acknowledgment of a substantial hypostatic Trinity, a condemnation of the Anomœans—of those who say that the Son of God came into a man born of Mary, as He had come into one of the prophets,[4]—and lastly of Paul of Samosata and Photinus, the whole being, as Montfaucon concludes, a confession, 'quâ nullam quarto sæculo luculentiorem fideique Catholicæ congruentiorem reperias.'—*Diatribe*, cap. 6.

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[1] Compare Eusebius and Acacius against Marcellus, the former in his own work, b. i. c. 4, p. 24; the latter in S. Epiphanius, Heresy lxxii. § 6, 7, 8, 9.

[2] Ταῦτα ἐστι τὰ ὑπ' αὐτῶν πρὸς τοὺς ὁμολογητὰς καὶ πατέρας γραφέντα. εἰ τοίνυν δύναται παρὰ συνετῶν νοεῖσθαι ἐν καλλίοσιν ὑπάρχειν, καὶ δὴ οὕτω τετάχθω. εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐκεῖσε πάλιν διὰ τῆς ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ ἀπολογίᾳ διαλογῆς ἔσφαλταί τινα τὰ οὐκ ὄρθα ὑπάρχοντα, πάλιν ὡσαύτως τοῖς φιλομαθέσι τετάχθω.—*Heresy* lxxii. p. 844 C.

[3] S. Augustine, Liber de Hæresibus. 'Macedoniani,' lii.

[4] 'This doctrine,' as Montfaucon here observes, 'was thought to have been

To return: the consideration of those works of Eusebius which we have mentioned above, will tend, we imagine, to show that their author (and we say it without the slightest wish to do him injustice), unlike the orthodox fathers, his contemporaries, with S. Athanasius at their head, had no Trinitarian *system*—none at least that was comprehensive, at once, in outline, and in detail exact, self-consistent, and in harmony with the whole body of Scripture. Thus in the very beginning of his work against Marcellus, we find him making our Saviour the mediator between God, angels, and men—and, to that end, denying that He is properly and by nature any one of the three. The passage, condemned in part by Dr. Lee himself,[1] is as follows; on Galatians iii. 19, 20:—

> 'The Mediator is not of one, but God is one;—the Mediator then is not God, or of whom could he be mediator? for He who is the Mediator, the same could not also be God; for the Mediator is not of one, but he stands between two—and of what two the Apostle has clearly shown, namely, angels and God, between whom is the Son of God. Thus the Son of God was Mediator between God and angels, before He became such between God and men; and He was not the bare Impersonal Word of God, one and the same with God, for thus He could not have been a mediator, but ἦν καὶ προὴν,[2] as the only-begotten Son, full of grace and truth . . . . but the Apostle had said, the Mediator is not of one, (hence) . . . He is neither of those between whom He mediates. So that He is neither to be considered the supreme God (τὸν ἐπὶ παντῶν Θεὸν), nor one of the angels, but the Mediator who is between both; for He mediates between the Father and angels; so again, when He mediates between God and men, being between each class, He is neither of them; *i.e. neither He who is the one and only God, nor a man like other men.*[3] What then is He if He is neither, but the only-begotten Son of God? Now indeed the Mediator between God and men, but formerly, in the days of Moses, between God and angels.'—*Cont. Marcellum*, i. 1.

After one such extract as this it is probable that few will be

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originally professed by Paul of Samosata, and renewed by Nestorius'—(rather, it was begun in substance by Simon Magus, and was revived subsequently, *and with a difference*, by the two last-mentioned heretics.)

[1] Dr. Lee's faint condemnation of this passage is not based, as might perhaps have been expected, on the plain denial contained in it, both of our Lord's proper divinity and humanity, but on its doctrine of the mediatorship, which, unheard of as it is, is yet of importance far inferior to the other. Dr. Lee concludes a very brief note on the subject with merely saying, 'Eusebius has misunderstood the Scripture here.'—*Theophania*, p. 6, note [2].

[2] Eusebius here plainly asserts the eternity, whilst at the same time he as plainly denies the supreme divinity of the Son—thus depriving Dr. Lee's chief test of his orthodoxy of all force and value.

[3] It is not a little singular, that Eusebius here quotes the directly contrary words of S. Paul, Εἷs . . . Θεὸs, εἷs καὶ μεσίτηs Θεοῦ καὶ ἀνθρώπων, ὍΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ Χριστὸs 'Ιησοῦs.—1 Tim. ii. 5.

found to put faith in Eusebius as a Christian teacher, and it cannot redound to his credit that in the same chapter of this work, written, be it remembered, after the Council of Nice, to which he had voluntarily subscribed, we find him classing its distinctive doctrine—that the Son is one with the Father, *ἐν οὐσιᾳ*, with the heresy of Sabellianism,[1] and asserting, soon after, that one who, like Marcellus, believes one God, of whom *τὸ μέν τι Πατέρα καλεῖ τὸ δὲ Υἱόν. ὡς διπλῆν τινὰ καὶ σύνθετον οὐσιαν ἐν ἑαυτῷ εἶναι,*[2] is more guilty either than a Sabellian or a Jew—especially than the latter, 'who neither divides the one 'God into Father and Son, like Marcellus, nor introduces the 'doctrine of *υἱοπατορία*, like Sabellius, but worships one God, 'and acknowledges and looks for His Christ.'—*Eccles. Theol.* b. i. c. 5.

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[1] This charge is made by Eusebius in opposition to the Creed of Nice, which anathematized those who said that the Son was *ἐξ ἑτέρας . . . οὐσιας*. It is true that Eusebius, with the Council, adds the term *ὑπόστασις* to *οὐσια*; his words are, *ἓν ἐν οὐσιᾳ ἢ ὑποστάσει*; but he does not prove his right to accuse Marcellus of Sabellianism for so speaking; for, granting, as perhaps on the whole we may, that Eusebius himself uses *ὑπόστασις* for 'Person,' it is more than probable (and Eusebius does not state the contrary) that Marcellus used it as the Council did, and the Church subsequently, *i.e.* as a synonyme of *οὐσια*. We say this with Bishop Bull's pardon. See Mr. Newman's Dissertation on the subject. Oxford translation of S. Athanasius, vol. viii. p. 66.

[2] Eusebius confounds this idea of a Divine essence, which was twofold and compounded, with the orthodox doctrine of the Son being of one substance with the Father, and in Him, and peculiarly one with Him. Arius in his letter to Alexander does the same; that is, in other words, they accuse the two Catholic doctrines of *ὁμοουσιότης* and *περιχώρησις* of involving (which they do not) division of the one Divine Nature; a charge which arises from their inability to comprehend that the distinction of Persons in the Holy Trinity does not involve diversity of Essence; or, on the other hand, that the acknowledgment of one nature, common to all, does not imply denial of the difference of Persons, and introduce, in consequence, the heresy of Patripassianism. This is a shortsightedness by no means peculiar to Eusebius and Arius: Sabellius laboured under it before them, and it is found in all the Arians of their time. In connexion with this subject it has formed a question in and since the days of Eusebius, whether the Son's nature and essence were begotten by the Father, or His person alone: the latter opinion seems that of Eusebius himself, and is ascribed to the Semi-Arians generally by Bishop Bull, Defence, sect. ii. c. 9. § 11; and see Mr. Newman's Arians, p. 319; and is opposed by the former, Defence, sect. iv. c. 1. § 7, 8, 9, and by Bingham in his first Sermon on the Trinity (vol. ix. p. 342, Straker, 1840). Bishop Andrewes, on the other hand, in his first Sermon on the Nativity, Anglo-Catholic Library, vol. i. p. 110, holds with the fourth Lateran Council, A. D. 1215, which rules that each of the three Persons is that thing—*πρᾶγμα*—or essence, or being, or Divine nature, which is alone the principle—*ἀρχη*—of all; besides which nothing else can be found; and this *πρᾶγμα οὐκ ἔστι γεννῶν οὔτε γέννητον οὔτε ἐκπόρευτον, κ.τ.λ.* Harduin, vol. vii. p. 17. The subject is too vast to be entered upon in a note like the present. It may suffice to say that Bull and Bingham both agree that the Lateran doctrine tends towards, if it does not actually contain, Sabellianism; whilst the Council, on the other hand, condemns the view of Abbot Joachim, which they adopt, if not of creating division in that Divine Essence which is indissolubly, and for ever, one, yet with destroying its true and proper *ἑνότης*. It may be thought that S. Paul's words, Hebrews i. 3, *χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως*, favour the doctrine of the Council, as, in fact, Bishop Andrewes urges.

But to consider the points of his belief in order and detail. It is plain that Eusebius is not to be placed among the lowest schools of Arianism, excepting only so far as the least divarication whatever from the one true system necessarily involves such a descent; nor is he any disciple of psilanthropist doctrine, for we find him, on the contrary, repeatedly and in terms condemning it. Thus, in the Eclogæ, b. iii. p. 114, on Hosea xi. 9, 10: 'I am God and not man—they' (or as the Septuagint reads it, 'I') 'shall walk after the Lord.'—'Who,' he asks, 'is God walking after the Lord but the Word of God following 'the Father's will? who also teaches us not to think Him from 'His incarnation to be a mere man—*ψίλον ἄνδρα*—like one 'of the just men and saints of old.' So b. i. c. 1, against Marcellus, p. 7, on Galatians i. 11, 12: 'S. Paul teaches that *μὴ ἄνθρωπος ἦν ψίλος Ἰησοῦς Χριστός*:' and again, Eclogæ Propheticæ, b. iv. p. 205, on Isaiah xlv. 14: 'We may bring 'up this passage not only against those of the circumcision, but 'also against such as consider the Saviour to be mere man—'*ψίλος ἄνθρωπος*—the Ebionites, and the followers of Artemon 'and Paul of Samosata;' which he repeats in almost the same words in his Eccles. Theol. i. 19, p. 91; and see, too, his mention of these heretics in his history, Ebionites, b. iii. c. 27; Artemon and Theodotus, b. v. c. 28; Paul of Samosata, b. vii. c. 28; and, lastly, the first book of the Theophanīa, after recounting the superiority of man to other animals, concludes that still, on account of his original fall and obvious imperfections, which form the other side of the picture, 'a mighty Saviour greater than any son of man, was evidently needful for him.'—P. 65. He further classes those who hold the Arian, or rather Ebionite doctrine, that Christ differed from other men only in his degree of virtue, with the Phantasiasti (or Docetæ, a class of Gnostics), with the deniers of the pre-existing Son, the Sabellians, and others, Eccles. Theol. b. i. c. 7. But it should be observed that as he defines Sabellianism, both here and elsewhere, to be, in part, belief of the incarnation of the one supreme God, he would seem to be, in fact, including under this title not so much these heretics as the professors of the orthodox Homoüsian doctrine, and to be confounding the two together, which the Arians, as is well known, were continually doing.

Secondly, for his positive faith. So far is he from leaning to the heresy that is termed by modern theology Socinianism, that the Divinity of Christ is the rock on which is built his whole belief. It forms the one pervading fact of the Theophanīa, it is the foundation of all the doctrines of the Eclogæ Propheticæ, it is the primary truth of the books against Marcellus; in a word, it is the prop, and stay, and pillar of his entire religion.

We wish we could add the one thing wanting—that he so held it as the Scriptures and Catholic Church command it to be held—absolutely, fully, and without relation to, or comparison with any creature or created essence whatever; but here we are compelled to pause: this one seal and stamp of perfect orthodoxy is unhappily wanting, and in consequence the author inevitably relapses into heresy. He confesses our Lord to be the Son of God indeed, but he does so with a continual tendency to lower the mystery of his Divine Generation. He is the one Son, as there is only one sun in heaven, Theophanīa, p. 19, § 30. He is the Son put forward by the supreme God as the foundation and basement of other things that were to be created by Him, Eccles. Theol. i. 8, p. 66. He is, though the Son, *only* an image of the Father, Eccles. Theol. ii. 23, p. 141; *only* His minister, like Moses, Eccles. Theol. ii. 14, p. 122, to which we shall presently recur. In fact—it is not our conclusion but Eusebius' own—He is in no proper, *Divine* sense, the Son at all, for He is not begotten, *ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος*, like *other* creatures, Eccles. Theol. iii. 2, p. 150 D.[1] For other like assertions, see Mr. Newman's Notes to his Letter to the People of Cæsarea, Oxford translation of S. Athanasius, vol. viii. pp. 62, 63; whilst the admission on which Dr. Lee relies, that He is the 'only-begotten,' can be of no weight whatever; for, as we have shown above, Arius himself allows the same.

Again, the whole scope and argument of his work against Marcellus renders it necessary that he should confess, as he does, that Christ is the pre-existing Son of God: but he also confines His generation to the period immediately preceding the creation, to effect which, as the Instrument of the Father, or as Eusebius expresses it, the 'supreme' or 'first' God, He was produced. Again, He is begotten from the Father, (Letter to the Cæsareans.) He is in a sense one with the Father, (we shall return to this shortly,) and is sent by Him in a manner peculiar to Himself, and as none of the prophets were sent or saints of old; for further admissions we would refer to Dr. Lee's Dissertation, pp. xxvi. xxvii. &c.; and, lastly, He is both God and Lord,—and this point, as containing so much of the gist of the argument, must be considered at some length.

Eusebius acknowledges our Saviour to be God and Lord—so much is undoubtedly to be allowed; but that He is the 'first' or 'supreme' God, and therefore of the same essence and Godhead as the Father, he does *not* allow—rather, he repeatedly and emphatically denies: this we proceed to show—and first, from the books against Marcellus.

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[1] And see b. i. c. 19, p. 89 C, *εἴκων τοῦ Πατρὸς, καὶ κατὰ τοῦτον τυγχάνων.*

In the following passage we find that, although Eusebius confesses the Son to be God, and that His generation is ineffable and before all time, he nevertheless distinguishes, as plainly as words can express, between His Godhead and that of His Father.

> 'The Church confesses Jesus Christ, the only Son, and no other—not according to the generation of the flesh which He took . . . but according to that from God and the Father before all ages, which is unknown to all, by which the fulness of the Father's Godhead has made—*ὑπεστήσατο*—Him also, the Son, God. Hence there is one God taught in the Church of God, and there is none but He, and there is one only-begotten Son of God, image of the Father's Godhead, and thus God.'[1]

The meaning of which is put beyond doubt by comparison with other similar passages, thus:—

> 'No one would be right in calling the Son the Supreme God of all things, for of whom is He the Son, being surrounded with that Godhead which is ingenerate and without beginning?'[2]

On S. John i. 9:

> 'As Christ was not sensible light (like the Sun) so neither was he the Supreme God of all things . . . for the latter is light unapproached, whom no man hath seen or can see; but Christ was in the world, lighting every man that came into the world.'[3]—*Eccles. Theol.* b. i. c. 20, p. 84.

In b. ii. c. 2, p. 105 of this work, Eusebius makes S. Paul's distinction of *ἐξ οὗ*, as applied to the Father, and *δι' οὗ* as applied to the Son, 1 Corinthians viii. 6, signify distinct Divine natures; and in the 4th chapter (p. 107), he adds,

> 'If God—*ὁ Θεὸς*—and the Word in Him were *ἓν καὶ ταῦτον*, as Marcellus thinks, then He who was generated in the Holy Virgin, who was incarnate, made man, suffered, and died for our sins, He was the Supreme God, which when Sabellius ventured to assert, the Church of God reckoned him among atheists and blasphemers.'

The same distinction is also observed in the following passage, c. 23:—

> 'As a king is one, but his image is carried everywhere, and yet no sane

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[1] Eccles. Theol. b. i. c. 2, pp. 61, 62.

[2] Ibid. b. i. c. 7, p. 65 B.

[3] S. Basil states and refutes this opinion at great length in the commencement of his work De Spiritu Sancto. He ascribes it to Aëtius, but wrongly, as this passage of Eusebius' would seem to show. His argument may be thus stated in brief:—

The heretics urge that these prepositions are different in themselves, and therefore, that the natures of the Father and Son which they signify must be different also. But, he replies, they are often used without distinction of the three Persons of the Holy Trinity; and S. Paul here uses them to distinguish hypostases, not to introduce diversity of nature—they are all used by him of the Son alone, Romans xi. 36; and he concludes, that being thus used of one and the same person, they have all like force.—De Spiritu Sancto, vol. iii. pp. 1—8. A more complete and triumphant confutation of Eusebius' doctrine could not be imagined.

person would say that there were two kings, but one, even he who is worshipped through his image; so, as I have often said, the Church has received the worship of one God, and worships Him through the Son, as through that image.'

The Arians, as we are informed by S. Athanasius, and as is well known, distinguished between the use and omission of the article.[1] Thus on 1 Corinthians i. 24, *Χριστὸν Θεοῦ δύναμιν καὶ Θεοῦ σοφίαν,* they concluded from its omission before the predicate that Christ was not the proper power and wisdom of God, but was created by it.—(S. Athanasius, Councils of Arim. and Seluc. Oxford translation, vol. viii. p. 101, and vol. xix. p. 332.) S. Justin Martyr, indeed, in his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, speaks of Christ as *Θεὸν προυπάρχοντα καὶ κατὰ τὴν βούλην τοῦ Θεοῦ σαρκοποιήθεντα* (p. 314). But he is so far from building on this distinction anything of a Ditheistic superstructure, that he is careful, both in that piece and in his Apologies, to imply that the Godhead of the Father and the Son is one and the same—which Eusebius does not.

Again, on S. John i. 1, *Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος,* Eusebius considers the omission of the article before the predicate to signify that our Lord was not the supreme God, or *ὁ Θεὸς,*[2] but His image and likeness only, and nothing more; in opposition to Marcellus, who considered, and truly so, that our Saviour is naturally one and the same God, as He of whom the article is used. Eusebius writes thus:—

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[1] This distinction was true in itself, but wrongly applied by the Arians: thus, on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, the Catholic Fathers observed it against the Macedonians. Of the East, S. Athanasius writes thus to Serapion, Letter i. § 4,—' Say if you anywhere find the Holy Ghost called merely Spirit—*πνεῦμα ἁπλῶς*—without the addition of either *τοῦ Θεοῦ,* or *τοῦ Πατρὸς,* or *τοῦ Χριστοῦ καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ* . . . or with the article, that so He may not be termed merely Spirit, *Πνεῦμα,* but *the* Spirit, *τὸ Πνεῦμα* . . . or Paraclete, or Spirit of truth, *i. e.* the Spirit of the Son, who says, "I am the truth" . . . and thus the Holy Ghost is never found without the article or the aforesaid addition of title. So, in Galatians iii. 2. . . . of what Spirit were they partakers, but that which was given to those who believe and were regenerated through the laver of the new birth.'—§ 5, 6, 7 are filled with examples of this assertion from all parts of Scripture. So, of the West, S. Jerome in his translation of the work of his master, Didymus of Alexandria, De Spiritu Sancto, says, ' S. Paul mentions the Holy Ghost with the article, as if bearing witness that He is solitarium et unum, when he does not say simply *Πνεῦμα ἅγιον,* or Spiritus Sanctus, but with the article, *τὸ Πνεῦμα,* Hic Spiritus—and he says that Isaiah prophesied through *τὸ Πνεῦμα ἅγιον,* per hunc Spiritum . . .' Again—' The Holy Ghost is almost always named with the article, as Romans viii. 16, and John vi. 63. . . . as also in many other places of Holy Scripture: and if He be perhaps mentioned once or twice without the article it is with some addition, as showing His greatness; sometimes He is mentioned without it, when not Ipse per se, but His participation is spoken of, as in 2 Kings ii. 15, and Galatians v. 16, Spiritu—*πνεύματι*—ambulate.'—Vol. iv. part i. pp. 495, 504. Benedictine Edition, Paris. See Bishop Middleton on S. Matthew i. 18.

[2] Bp. Middleton, on S. John i. 1, refers to Origen as making the same distinction; but the meaning of the latter cannot have been to teach what was afterwards called Arianism, inasmuch as he mentions among 'false and godless doctrines,' on the one hand, denial of the Son's *ἰδιότης* or personality, as being *ἑτέραν παρὰ τὴν τοῦ Πατρὸς,* 'and the making Him God and Son therefore only in name;' and, on the other, 'the denying His Godhead, and the asserting, indeed, His *ἰδιότης,* and that His essence, *οὐσια,* is *κατὰ περιγράφην,* other than His Father's.' Origen, therefore, would teach that the Son has His Godhead from the Father, as the

> ‘S. John teaches us most plainly that there is first to be considered the supreme God of all things; He is the Father of the Word, and with Him was the Word; then after Him we are not to be ignorant that even the Word, His only-begotten Son, was not the supreme God—*ὁ ἐπὶ παντῶν Θεὸς*—but still was God, *Θεὸς ἦν*; for the conjunction “and”’ (in “and the Word was God”) ‘connects the Godhead of the Son with the Father, that we might see the supreme God, with Whom was the Word, and God the Word—*Θεὸν αὕτον τὸν λόγον*—as the image of *the* God, *τοῦ Θεοῦ*, not in soulless matter, *ὕλη*, but as in a living Son, and one made as like as possible to the archetypal Godhead of the Father.’[1]

Lastly, on verse 17 of the same chapter, he infers, from the application of the same preposition—*διὰ*—both to Moses and to Christ, that they were alike *mere* instruments in the introduction of the covenants of the law and grace. (Eccles. Theol. b. ii. c. 14, p. 122.) It is little, after this, that, on Proverbs viii. 22, he plainly terms Christ a creature, (Eccles. Theol. b. iii. c. 2, p. 150 D,) in which place we cannot but recognise, as Petavius says, the Arian dogma, that Christ was created indeed, but differed from *other* creatures in being created by God *ἄμεσως* . . . . to be his instrument in the work of creation—a dogma which is professed by Acacius, the successor of Eusebius in the see of Cæsarea, and the representative of his teaching, and which is stated with all its consequences, and fully refuted by S. Athanasius, “De Synodâ Nicænâ.”

We will now turn to the Eclogæ Propheticæ, and when we have looked through them, we doubt if our readers will require any further proof as to what was the real faith of their author. We would first premise, however, that when we made acquaintance with this work, through the selections which Dr. Lee has given from it in his dissertation and notes to the Theophanīa, we conceived that it would fully vindicate Eusebius' orthodoxy in all time to come, and we thought that the question had been much affected, and his memory much wronged, by its suppression for so long a period;—but when we took it up for ourselves, we were speedily compelled to adopt a very different conclusion. Well might Lambecius say of it, that it is ‘Arian-

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source of it, but that that Godhead in itself, thus derived, is not inferior to the Father's, which of course is the Catholic doctrine. At the same time, Bp. Middleton, both here and on S. Luke i. 15, establishes, as we think, that this distinction of *Θεὸς*, with and without the article, is unwarranted. That Eusebius' doctrine, at least, is not that of the Church at large on the passage in question, but is diametrically opposed to it, may be seen from S. Athanasius, Orations ii. and iv. against the Arians, Oxford translation, vol. xix. pp. 325, 512. S. Hilary de Trinitate, b. vii. § 9, 11. Theophylact in loco, and others.

[1] Eccles. Theol ii. c. 17, p. 127.

ismo infectus;' and we now conceive it to be the most purely Arian of any work of early theology extant,[1] (except only, perhaps, the same author's books against Marcellus.) It seems, indeed, impossible to draw any essential distinction between the doctrines contained in it, and many of those in the letters of Arius, or the fragment that remains to us of his Thalia; but of this our readers shall judge for themselves.

And firstly, Dr. Lee informs us (Dissertation, p. 34, and note p. 342), that because in this work Eusebius applies the 'four-lettered name' to Christ, he cannot be justly accused of Arianism; but when drawing this conclusion, the learned doctor must surely have overlooked the express qualification with which that admission is made. Thus, having said that 'the name in question, which is improperly rendered by Κύριος, 'is in no case applied by Scripture to any angelic power, but to 'God alone, wherever ὁ Θεὸς, or the Lord, ὁ Κύριος, who is He 'that is meant by this expression, is recorded to have held personal intercourse with men;' Eusebius adds—'whether it is 'referred to the ingenerate nature of the God of all things, or 'to His word; whom, as being the *second* cause, and God, and 'Lord (Κύριον—Θεὸν anarthrous), Holy Scripture is accustomed 'to address by the title that is expressed by this, the name 'which the Hebrews mention not.'—P. 5.

In fact, this distinction between 'a first and second God' forms the key to Eusebius' mode of interpretation of all these Divine appearances; it being his great object to prove, that though it was not an angel, but God, who was pleased thus to manifest Himself, it was not 'the first' or 'supreme' God, but 'the second after Him,' viz. His only-begotten Son the Word; 'for it would be,' he argues, 'to do dishonour to the former, to 'think that He who is infinite, immutable, and invisible, should 'confine Himself, personally or topically.' Thus, in the first book, p. 8, on the Divine appearance vouchsafed to Abraham, he says: 'It is worth knowing whether, in these passages, it is 'an angel who is shown to have made these declarations to 'Abraham, or God Himself, or some third person beside them—'the Word of God—whom, *after* the most supreme Father and 'God of all things, it is the custom of Holy Scripture to call 'Lord and God.' And at p. 11, also cited by Dr. Lee for its use of the 'four-lettered' name, he asks, how those of the circumcision, and such as do not admit that there pre-existed a *second* Godhead of the Son, after the ingenerate nature, can refer these visions to the *supreme* God, who is immutable, and who, as filling all space, cannot be thought to have been confined to some small portions of it, or to have been seen by Abraham and the prophets. And on Genesis xviii. 19, (p. 12): ‘ Doubtless the Lord Himself, ὁ Κύριος, speaks here of ‘ another Lord; how therefore is it possible to conceive the ‘ supreme God to have spoken thus?’ He decides, p. 12, that it is not spoken of any angel; but if neither of such, nor of the supreme God, ‘ one only solution remains, if we would keep ‘ immutability and invisibility for the Ingenerate Essence; viz. ‘ that we should refer the words recorded as from God to His ‘ Word; for on Him alone, *after* the God of all things, do we ‘ find even the four-lettered title bestowed, since to Him, as the ‘ only-begotten and heir of the Father, even this Divine concep‘ tion is adapted.’

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[1] In other passages, again, it may be said to throw more light *à priori* on the first principles of *Semi-Arianism* than any other work of the time that we have, as the books against Marcellus show most plainly its ultimate tendency. Each, too, affords, in its degree, a remarkable illustration of the temper and character of the author.

In fact, almost every page of the first book of this work presents us with fresh instances of the same doctrine. On S. John xx. 17 (p. 14), Eusebius says: ‘ Our Saviour here teaches us’ (not of another *person*, but) ‘ of another *Lord*, the Father.’

At p. 16 he speaks of Christ as by Himself ὁ Κύριος καὶ ὁ Θεὸς τὰ δευτερεῖα τῆς πατρίκης ἐπέχων Θεότητος: and on 2 Tim. i. 16, he informs us that S. Paul refers to the Ingenerate and Father of all the power and authority over all things, and over the Son himself, giving to Him τὰ δευτερεῖα μετὰ τὸν Πατέρα τῆς κατὰ πάντων τῶν γεγενημένων ἄρχης τε καὶ δεσποτείας—and see pp. 20, 21.

At p. 32, on Exod. xxxiii. 1, we find:—

> ‘The command given by God to Moses, must not be referred to any angel, but to God alone, and to the Lord, who is throughout the whole history spoken of *διὰ τοῦ τετραγράμμου*; but yet it is neither holy nor possible to suppose that the God and Maker of all things so far condescended, as to take His station *ἐπὶ σωματικοῦ ὄρους*, and to lead the people as a teacher, . . . but we should refer it to the Divine Word, the minister of the Father's will, who (p. 33) teaches the people the rites of the worship due to His own supreme Father and God of all things.’

The last instance that we will offer on this branch of the subject shall be the following; of all, perhaps, the most plain and decided: on Exod. xxxiii. (p. 44):—

> ‘It was not,’ he says, ‘an angel, but the Lord, described *διὰ τοῦ τετραγράμμου*,[1] who spake face to face with Moses . . . who also taught Moses , . . to know the only true God, and God the Word, whom He sent, who is in the second place after the Father, as both God and Lord; . . . and He gave him this first and most necessary knowledge, that he might not transfer his conceptions of the supreme God to the Word who was speaking with him, through excess of the glory of what he saw; and He then teaches that the Father is the first and only true God. . . . This we have said, *τοῖς βουλομένοις*, that without doubt it was neither the God, *τῶν ὅλον*, nor any angelic

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[1] Besides the passages cited by Dr. Lee, this term is used of Christ in pp. 42, 43; but with the same distinction as above.

power who spoke to Moses, but the Divine Word Himself, whom we have rightly believed to be, after the Father and Lord of all things, the *Second* God and Lord of all, as also, indeed, the Evangelist S. John more clearly teaches us, c. i. 1.'

And the same canon of interpretation is applied to the prophetical books: thus, in the introduction to his extracts from the Proverbs, we are informed, p. 98, that—

> 'Wisdom, a Divine being with a nature every way virtuous, is the same as the Second cause of all things after the first God, and as God the Word, who was in the beginning with God, τῷ Θεῷ, and who governed and economized all things, even those on earth, through the preventing providence of God, and who was also created before all essences and hypostases, being the beginning of the ways of the whole creation.' [Christ spoke to Job of Himself.] (p. 108.) 'But it is not to be thought spoken τοῦ Θεοῦ τῶν ὅλων, because it is not becoming—εὔσεβες—to refer it to Him who comprehends all things; the God of all; but it may be spoken becomingly and without violence of the Word of God, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'

On Isa. xix. 1, (p. 188) :—

> 'It is neither credible nor holy, in my opinion, to refer this to the Ingenerate nature τοῦ τῶν ὅλων Θεοῦ, as if he were to be borne on a cloud, and to stay in a bodily Egypt (ἐν τῇ σωματικῇ Αἰγύπτῳ), so that it should be thought to be spoken of the Word τοῦ Θεοῦ, ... who was carried into Egypt in His infancy.'

Lastly, on chapter xlviii. 12 of the same prophet (p. 206) :—

> 'The Word τοῦ Θεοῦ *after* the Ingenerate ἄρχη of all generate things is called πρῶτος Θεός. Him the Father sent, and with Him the Holy Ghost also, to economize the salvation of men, and to Him He spoke in the κοσμοποιΐα, "Let us make man," and that plainly as one commanding and directing another.'

We shall return to this shortly.

The comparison of this last passage with others, (as in the books against Marcellus,) in which the author condemns the idea of a second God, will perhaps show that by force and necessity of his system, if his belief may be so termed, what he protests against in words he is compelled to admit in fact; for, a distinction once made between the Essence (as well as the Persons) of the Father and Son, and a Ditheism must follow as an inevitable consequence: not perhaps of necessity the original Eastern or Pythagorean[1] Ditheism of two co-ordinate Deities,[2] but rather a Gnostic one, which acknowledged a supreme God, and a Second inferior to Him.[3] In this, as was constantly urged by the Fathers of the Church, resulted the belief, not of Eusebius alone, but of all those who eschewed Psilanthropism, indeed, but, confounding the Catholics with the followers of Sabellius, refused to admit one and the same Godhead of the Father and the Son, lest, acknowledging the Incarnation and death of the latter, they might appear to be convicted of Patripassianism.

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[1] Archelai et Manetis Disputatio; Reliquiæ Sacræ, vol. iv. p. 267, c. 51, 1818.

[2] Hyde, de Religione Persarum, c. i. p. 26, tells us that the doctrine of two co-ordinate principles was originally an innovation, and was held by heretical divisions of the magi, the orthodox being 'Unum æternum .... alterum creatum.'

[3] Tillemont on Cerinthians, at the beginning.

In dismissing the Eclogæ Propheticæ, we would merely observe further, that it was written, as appears from the mention of a persecution then raging, p. 26, before the Council of Nice: and if so, it will not be difficult, we presume, even from the few extracts we have given, to answer Dr. Lee's question (Theophanīa, Preliminary Dissertation, p. xlv. note 3, and p. 342), 'What are we to think of the assertion of Athanasius, that, 'up to the time of the Council of Nice, Eusebius held the opinions of Arius [denying the Divinity of the Son?[1]]' That eminent Saint and Confessor, to whom, under God, and after the Apostles, we owe the Christian faith, is neither mistaking nor misrepresenting, but is asserting a simple matter of fact—the full truth of which the publication of the work in question has established in a most remarkable manner.

The Theophanīa, from its more miscellaneous character, does not present so many decided statements; yet there is in it sufficient to show that the opinions of the author are the same in this as in others of his works. Thus we find him, p. 10, distinguishing essentially the Word of God from the supreme God.

> 'Others,' he says, 'name this same being Universal nature; others, the Universal soul; others, Fate; and others say that He is the God who is beyond all. But I know not how they confound together the things that are so greatly and widely different; and (thus) cast down to the earth, and mix up, that Governor of all, that Power of (eternal) existence which is above all, with bodies (and) with perishable matter; affirm that He is the medium both of irrational and rational animals, and is comprehended both in those that are mortal, and immortal. But these things they (do).'—§ 20. b. i. Dr. Lee's translation.

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[1] The words in brackets are Dr. Lee's, there being nothing in the original to answer to them, or on which to found their assertion. Dr. Lee gives only part of the passage of S. Athanasius, taken from the Letter to the Bishops of Africa, and in his citation he falls into one or two inaccuracies. Thus he refers for it to Valesius' Life of Eusebius, where it is not found, being among that author's collection of 'Testimonies of the Ancients against Eusebius;' secondly, as noticed above, it says nothing about 'the Divinity of the Son,' but it is in vindication of the particular term 'of one substance.' The passage in full, which is much more strict and precise than Dr. Lee's words would lead us to suppose, is as follows. 'The Bishops of old, nearly 130 years ago, both those of the great Rome and of our own city' (he refers to the Dionysii), 'wrote and condemned those who call the Son a creature, and not of one substance with the Father; and Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, knowing this, at one time united with the Arian heresy, and afterwards subscribed the Council of Nice, assuring the people of his diocese that he had known, even among the ancients, some learned and illustrious Bishops and writers apply the term "of one substance" to the Godhead of the Father and the Son.'—*Letter to the Africans.* Benedictine Edition of S. Athanasius' Works, vol. i. § 6.

At p. 89 he speaks on the same subject, as we have seen, that he so continually does in the Eclogæ Propheticæ:—

> 'Plato alone of all the Greeks, (as) it seems to me, adhered more eminently to (the true) philosophy; and held correctly respecting that good being who is the First and cause of all; and became truly wise respecting the Second (cause) who is the Creator of all.'[1]

And, whatever may be the case with this work, it is plain that the principle which Dr. Lee is pleased to lay down in his note on the passage, to account for the doctrine contained in it, cannot be applied to the Eclogæ Propheticæ, or to the books against Marcellus; for in neither of these is he 'arguing 'with the philosophers of his day,' and therefore 'naturally 'enough seizing upon those things which they appeared to 'hold in common with himself.' We should have thought, too, that the doctrine of a 'second cause' and 'second God' and 'second Lord' was one which an orthodox Christian Bishop would not even have *appeared* to hold in common with the philosophers, for a moment; at least, as Eusebius holds it.

Dr. Lee, indeed, it must be owned, does not appear to think that the professing this Ditheistic doctrine should necessarily include Eusebius among the Arians; to which we can only say, that as there are but two bodies of men, so far as we are aware, who have professed this opinion, either by implication or avowedly, the followers of Arius and those of Manes, it is plain that if Eusebius be taken from the one class, it can only be to place him in the other. If he be acquitted of Arianism he must necessarily be condemned of Manicheism; and it will not greatly improve his position, we imagine, to adopt the latter alternative. To rank him among the orthodox Christians is impossible, for of these not one could be found who would not have loudly and indignantly repudiated this his characteristic dogma; his choice, therefore, so far, lies between heresy and heathenism.

Sure we are (as far as his writings can be taken as an index of his mind), that he will never consent to resign this opinion; for he maintains it with as much boldness and tenacity as if it formed a fundamental tenet both of the Scriptures and of the belief of the Fathers of the Church before his time, instead of being, as it is, diametrically opposed to both. And he does so, we must be allowed to say,—his books against Marcellus are our warrant for the assertion,—with all the bitterness and intolerance of a modern liberal, who, unable to maintain the goodness of his cause, and falling into frequent self-contradictions in his endeavour to uphold error, has no better way of silencing an opponent than by attacking him in a strain of personal abuse and invective. Nor does this most fatal error stop with itself; it will be found to pervade and distort our author's whole belief; and so indeed it must be: for how is it possible that a creed can be really Christian which is built upon an assumed distinction between the Nature of the Father and the Son?—whether the latter be considered, with the Gnostics, an Æon; with the Semi-Arians, an inferior God; or with the Ebionites, the Cerinthians, the Theodotians, the Paulianists, the Arians, and the followers of the modern Socinus, a mere man. If it be made to bear at first sight some slight resemblance to Christian doctrine in outline, a very little examination will suffice to show that in almost every peculiar point of detail they differ most widely. To give a few instances of this in the case of Eusebius.

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[1] See, too, the Eccles. Hist. i. 2—'The Word . . . the Second cause of the Universe next to the Father;' and x. 4—'The Saviour, the Lord Jesus, the Second cause of our blessings;' both near the beginning of the chapters.

The doctrine of the Scriptures, as authoritatively declared at Nice and Constantinople, is, as is known to all, that Jesus Christ our Lord is the one God and Maker of all things: *i.e.* in His Divine Essence He is, equally with the Father, the Efficient Cause; personally, as the Son, he is the Instrumental Cause, of the creation.[1] The former assertion is implied in the declaration that He is of one substance and glory with the Father; and the latter is plainly stated in the words *δι' οὗ τὰ πάντα ἐγένετο*, 'by whom all things were made.' Now here Eusebius will be found to err in a very remarkable manner: denying Christ to be by nature of the same dignity as the Father, he is compelled to deny that He is, in any true sense, His co-operator; and, *e.g.* in the work of creation he limits His part solely to that which is peculiar to Him as the Son: making Him a mere instrument in His hands, or an agent, or servant, acting in obedience to His commands; whilst, as we shall shortly see, he excludes the Holy Ghost from all share in Their actions whatever. So that with him the term ὁ Θεὸς is the peculiar title of the Father, Κύριος or ὁ Κύριος that of the Son, and *κτίσμα*, or rather *κτίσμα κτίσματος*—for by his expression of a 'Second God' he explains himself to mean, in fact, merely a creature—that of the Holy Spirit.

Not so, but far otherwise, spoke the Catholic Fathers of his age:—

> 'When the Son works, the Father is the worker,' says S. Athanasius, 'and the Son coming to the saints, the Father is He who cometh in the Son, as He has promised when He says, "I and my Father will come, and will make our abode with him." . . . Therefore . . . when the Father gives grace and peace, the Son also gives it, as S. Paul signifies in every epistle,

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[1] See Suicer, Symbolum Nicænum, p. 180.

writing, "Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ." . . . For if there were no unity, nor the Word the proper offspring of the Father's substance, as the radiance of the light, but the Son were divided in nature from the Father, it were sufficient that the Father alone should give, since none of generate things is a partner with his Maker in His givings; but, as it is, such a mode of giving shows the oneness of the Father and the Son.'[1]

So S. Ambrose—

'Ubi operatio aliqua divina, aut Patris, aut Filii, aut Spiritûs designatur, non solum ad sanctum Spiritum, sed etiam ad Patrem refertur et Filium: nec solum ad Patrem, sed etiam ad Filium refertur et Spiritum.'[2]

Again—

'Si . . . una pax, una gratia, una caritas, una communicatio est Patris, et Filii, et Spiritûs sancti; una certe operatio est; et ubi una operatio est, utique non potest virtus esse divisa, et discreta substantia. Nam quomodo operationis ejusdem gratia conveniret?'[3]

And so S. Basil throughout the 16th chapter of his work on the same subject, and S. Jerome's translation of Didymus—

'In omnibus . . . approbatur eandem operationem esse Patris, et Filii, et Spiritûs sancti.'—Vol. iv. p. 505.

At p. 514 he adds—

'In eâdem operatione unam esse substantiam; et reciprocè eorum quæ *ὁμοούσια* sunt, operationem quoquè non esse diversam.'[4]

Again, on the doctrine of the Divine Unity Eusebius is, we might say of course, equally in error. He does not, it is true, deny it, but he utterly destroys its force by laying the stress of it, not with Scripture and the Church, (from S. John x. 30, 'I and my Father are one, *ἓν*,') in the sameness of essence of the three Persons of the Holy Trinity; nor on that of Their harmony of will, with the Arians; but, with a view peculiar to himself, he places it in Their communion of glory—thus, in point of fact, not only destroying it altogether, but producing a positive schism between those Divine Beings, the Personal union of Whom is so close and perfect, as to transcend all attempts of man alike to conceive or to express it. His words are these:—

'The Father has given to Him' (the Son) 'of His peculiar glory; and He, likewise, has given it to His own, in imitation of Him, John xvii. 22. . . . Thus, therefore, the Father and Son are one, according to the communion of that glory which the latter has given to His disciples, and dignified them with partaking of the same *ἑνώσις*.'[5]

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[1] S. Athanasius. 3d Oration against the Arians, § 11. We have adopted Mr. Newman's rendering, Oxford translation, vol. xix. pp. 416, 417.

[2] De Spiritu Sancto, b. i. c. 3, § 40.

[3] Ibid. b. i. c. 12, § 131. See also chaps. 13, 14; b. ii. c. 2, § 25, c. 13, § 154; b. iii. c. 9, § 58, &c.

[4] Theodoret on Romans i. 1. *'Αφώρισε . . . αὐτον καὶ ὁ Πατὴρ καὶ ὁ Υἱὸς καὶ τὸ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα, κ.τ.λ.*—And Dialogue 4. De Spiritu Sancto, vol. v. part i. pp. 1053—1056.

[5] Eccles. Theol. b. iii. c. 19, p. 193.

Lastly, there is one main doctrine of the Holy Trinity, necessary at once, if we may so speak, to its consistency, and significant of the close incomprehensible union of the Divine Persons who compose It. We speak of the doctrine revealed to us by S. John, chap. i. 18, *ὁ μονογενὴς Υἱὸς, ὁ ὢν εἰς τὸν κόλπον τοῦ Πατρὸς*, (and conf. iii. 13,) which is termed by the Church *περιχώρησις*, or *circumincessio*, of which so clear a description is thus given by Bishop Bull :—

> ' Ita . . . unum sunt Pater et Filius, ut in Patre sit Filius, et in Filio Pater; neque alter ab altero separari possit. Quem unionis modum Græcè *περιχώρησιν*, Latini vero, qui de schola sunt, theologi, circumincessionem, alii circuminsessionem appellant.' [1]

He afterwards truly adds—

> ' Illud imprimis considerandum est, hanc divinarum Personarum *περιχώρησιν* revera maximum esse mysterium, quod religiosè adorare potius, quàm curiosiùs rimari debemus. Nulla similitudo usquequaque apta ad illam illustrandum excogitari potest; nulla ipsam oratio dignè satis explicare valet; siquidem unio est, quæ supra omnes alias uniones eminet.' [2]

On this mysterious, but sublime truth, Eusebius, as an inevitable consequence of his essential distinction between the nature of the Father and the Son, also greatly errs. It is true that in the Theophanīa (p. 179) he speaks of the Son as ' with the Father, and in Him,' but when he comes to explain the manner of that mutual *ἑνότης*, we find him plainly mistaking, lowering, and at last entirely destroying it. Thus, in the Eclogæ Propheticæ he falls into what may be termed a kind of Nestorian doctrine, saying, '*Εν ᾧ (Χριστῷ) ἐτῦγχανεν οἰκῶν Θεὸς ὁ Πατὴρ, κατὰ τὸ 'Εγὼ ἐν τῷ Πατρὶ καὶ ὁ Πατὴρ ἐν ἐμοὶ* :' and in the Eccles. Theol. b. i. c. 20, § 5, he says—

> ' Christ pre-existed, not as Marcellus supposes, in the mind of the Father, but in his bosom; for as our Saviour has promised that we should rest in the bosoms of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, so the Son also rests in the bosom of the Father.' [3]

But perhaps the most extraordinary passage to be met with in Eusebius, or any writer who has found supporters of his orthodoxy, is the following; in which, having before confessed Arianism, he now, by anticipation, falls into its lawful, nay, inevitable consequence, Macedonianism. On Ephes. iv. 6, 'One God and Father of all,' he says:—

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[1] Defence, sect. 4, c. 4, § 9.

[2] Ibid. § 14, and see Mr. Newman's Arians, c. 2, sect. 3, p. 189.

[3] And see b. iii. c. 19, p. 193, where on S. John xvii. 21, he again destroys the peculiar union of the Son with the Father, by extending it to the disciples also. The unity of the Father with the Son ' is not, as Marcellus thinks, of the Word made one with God, and joined to Him in essence. . . . The Father is so in the Son, as He wills also to be in us.' See on the other hand, S. Theophylact (for instance,) on the same passage, for the Church's doctrine : ' " That they may be all one," that is, that they may have peace and harmony, and "in us," that they may keep the faith in us without division.'

> 'He alone would receive the title of one God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the only-begotten Son is God, who is in the bosom of the Father; but the Paraclete Spirit is neither God nor Son, (οὔτε Θεὸς οὔτε Υἱὸς,) since He has not, like the Son, received his generation from the Father, but He is one of those things that were made by the instrumentality of the Son, (διὰ τοῦ Υἱοῦ,) "for all things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made."'—*John* i. 3.

Eusebius wholly omits the remainder of the sentence; he should have added the words, 'that was made.'—*Eccles. Theol.* b. iii. c. 6, p. 175.

Here our extracts from the writings of Eusebius shall close. It may perhaps be urged in his defence, that in using such language of our blessed Lord as we have shown that he does, he is only following the stream of ante-Nicene statements. It may be said, for instance, that the Fathers of that period have spoken of a generation of Christ immediately preceding the creation; and have, in short, distinguished, if not in Eusebius' actual terms, between the supreme God and the Son.

This, if asserted with proper qualifications, cannot be denied; but neither can it be admitted as any excuse for Eusebius. With regard to the doctrine of the generation immediately before the creation, and the five ante-Nicene Fathers who were its chief maintainers, it can only be necessary to say at present, that the subject has been treated fully, and their orthodoxy substantially vindicated, by Bishop Bull, in the fifth and three following chapters of the third section of his 'Defence;' to which may be added, Mr. Newman's note on the Nicene Anathema, *πρὶν γεννηθῆναι οὐκ ἦν.*—Oxford translation, vol. viii. p. 272.

Again, on the Divine nature of our Lord, the expressions of the Fathers of the time in question may be in a measure similar to those employed by Eusebius. Thus, S. Irenæus may speak of the Father as commanding the Son at the creation;[1] and S. Clement of Alexandria, as Dr. Lee has pointed out,[2] may speak of the Son as the 'second cause;' but, before we condemn the one or acquit the other, we shall do well to throw a few considerations of the following kind into the scale.

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[1] Bull's Defence, sect. ii. chap. 5, § 6. What Bull here alleges in favour of S. Irenæus, ('Scilicet Deus verbo suo creationem mundi præcepit *non* ut Dominus servo: Filium enim Dei disertè ibidem eximit Irenæus ex eorum numero, quæ constituta, facta, et subjecta sunt : sed ut Pater Filio, ejusdem cum Ipso increatæ naturæ, divini imperii, ac potestatis, consorti,') cannot be urged for Eusebius: for first, he *does* make the Father command the Son as a servant, such as Moses was; and secondly, he does *not* except Him from the number of things created, as we have shown.

[2] Theophania, b. ii. p. 90, note 10, ad finem.

Eusebius is never found to use, indeed he carefully excludes from his pages, any language on this subject, higher than that of semi-Arianism. There is in him no dwelling, as, on the one hand, on a personal subordination; so, on the other, on an essential equality. He has nothing, for instance, at all resembling the doxology with which S. Clement closes his Pedagogue: no *moral* confession, if we may be allowed the expression, that Father and Son are one God. Could we discover, indeed, the slightest trace of this line of truth in his writings, we should be able, at least, to suspend our judgment in his case; but it is the total want of any thing of the kind that weighs him down, and that even more than his positive assertions on the other side; assertions which, in the above case, we should be able to understand in his favour, but which, as it is, we have no alternative but to interpret according to the heresy in question.

On the other hand, the ante-Nicene Fathers are careful, whenever they approach this subject, to confess it to be the truth, and that both avowedly, as in their writings to Christians, and by implication, as in those to the enemies of the faith; but they do not, and indeed, from the nature of the case, they cannot hold precisely the same language as was held by the Church of Eusebius' time and afterwards; for at first against the Jews, and afterwards against Sabellius, they had to insist chiefly on the Personality of our Saviour; and this, of course, involved, to avoid any appearance of Ditheism, their strong assertion of His subordination, as the Son, to His Father; and secondly, as the expression *ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων* was little, if at all, known, the antagonistic term *ὁμοούσιος* was scarcely used, (especially after the Council of Antioch against Paul of Samosata had made it one of doubt and suspicion,) and the peculiar point of truth which it expresses was, of course, in abeyance.

If this in the main be not so, then is Eusebius, and not S. Athanasius, the true exponent of the voice of the Church. Semi-Arianism must be received, and, it is useless to deny it, Christianity, with its introduction, falls to the ground. But this question has been met and set at rest for ever by Bishop Bull, in that work which, as a whole, may well be termed *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ*, his 'Defence of the Nicene Faith;' his summary of the doctrine of S. Clement of Alexandria being equally applicable to that of the Fathers of the period, as a whole. 'Clemens . . . uno quasi ictu, omnes Arii prorsus jugulat blasphemias, dum Filium Dei docet esse infinitum circulum, omnes virtutes ac potestates Divinitatis in se uno complectentem, immensum, ac denique æternum; qui existendi neque initium neque finem habeat.' Or, as he had before said, and even more particularly to the point in question, 'Clementem nequa-

‘ quam voluisse substantiam Filii Paterna inferiorem esse, ‘ certum est.’—*Defence*, sect. ii. c. 6, § 6, 7.

We will now say a few words, and but a few, on what has been advanced by some of those who have entered the lists in his defence, and then conclude. From these we would select Bishop Bull, and Drs. Cave and Lee, the two former being by no means unqualified defenders of him, (nor making him any *pattern* of doctrine.) Dr. Cave, at the end of his ‘ Historia Literaria,’ has given two articles on the subject, a dissertation and a letter: in the first, and chief of these, he lays down five theses, from which to show that the opinions of Eusebius are identical with those of the Church, and opposed to the tenets of the Arians; but of these some are contradicted or explained away by Eusebius himself, and others may be held by an Arian of the class to which we conceive him to belong; and the chief value of Cave's work, therefore, consists in showing how very near to perfect orthodoxy one of his school may appear to come: confessing everything indeed, but the single term *ὁμοούσιος*, all-important as that is. In his Life of Eusebius, Cave finally concludes that he cannot possibly be heretical, because he confessed of Christ, the term *αὐτόθεος*, ‘ God of ‘ Himself, than which nothing’ (to use his own words) ‘ can ‘ be said more expressly to assert his self-subsisting inde- ‘ pendent Deity; it being a word which, I am sure, no Arian ‘ in the world can use,’ &c.

But to this we must reply, firstly, that the mere assertion of no author, however learned or impartial, can be received as a final decision of such a question; and, secondly, a term as strong and plain even as this of *αὐτόθεος* certainly is, and which may, no doubt, be considered, *à priori*, as a sufficient voucher for the orthodoxy of him who makes it, may be qualified or contradicted by others of an opposite tendency; and it is not a little remarkable that in his Eccles. Theol., which contains terms synonymous with the above—*αὐτοζώη*, *αὐτόλογος*, and others—are actually to be found assertions as plainly Arian. Book iii. chap. 2, p. 150, on Proverbs viii. 13, he says, as we have seen, ‘ He is not to be thought created of nothing, like *τοῖς* ΛΟΙΠΟΙΣ *κτίσμασι*:’ whilst it must also have escaped Dr. Cave's remembrance, that S. Epiphanius, in his Heresy, No. 72, which is that of Marcellus of Ancyra, shows Acacius, Eusebius' successor in the see of Cæsarea, whom no one has ever thought to be orthodox, using, both for himself and Asterius, the infamous Arian sophist, whose cause he undertakes, if not the same terms, yet others, if possible, even more emphatic; and, what is most extraordinary, joining them at the same time to a plain Arianism. ‘ We call him,’ he says, ‘ image of essence, will, power, and glory, not

‘ soulless and dead, but endowed with essence, will, power, and ‘ glory; for power begets not weakness, but *αὐτοδύναμις*; and ‘ glory begets not ingloriousness, but *αὐτόδοξα*; and will begets ‘ not want of will, but *αὐτοβούλη*; and essence begets not ‘ *τὸ ὁμοούσιον*, but *αὐτοουσία*.’ (§ 7, pp. 839, 840.) Dr. Cave's error consists in his thinking that when he has vindicated his author from holding opinions similar to those of the school of Aëtius and Eunomius, he has done all that is needful for the entire clearing of his reputation. Thus much, indeed, may easily be achieved, but to disprove the *real* charge against him—that of opposing the Homoüsian doctrine of the Council of Nice, and seeking to establish another in its place, is beyond the power of any one.

Secondly, as regards Bishop Bull, we would only say, that, to us, his own works would seem to show that he has spoken in favour of Eusebius (Defence, sect. iii. chap. 9, § 11) rather from the dictates of charity than as a critic; sure we are that his own doctrines, on many important points, such as the *μοναρχία*, *περιχώρησις*, and others, are so very different to those of Eusebius, that the idea of any real agreement between them cannot be at all entertained.

And of Dr. Lee's labours the result, to us, is not more satisfactory. Indeed, the general impression left on our minds by his preliminary remarks and notes, certainly is, that he considers the difference between the Catholics and the Arians, at least the less heretical branches of the latter, to be by no means so great as to call for, or justify, much controversy.[1] He gives us a passage from S. Cyril of Alexandria, (Prelim. Dissert. p. xxxvii.) in which it is asserted that the philosophers acknowledged a Trinity of Divine subsistences, and that they only wanted the doctrine expressed by the term ‘of one substance,’ to make their belief perfect, (which doctrine consequently distinguishes, in S. Cyril's opinion, the Christian faith from heathen philosophy;) yet Dr. Lee tells us, in words which at once disarm all criticism, that the term *ὁμοούσιος* ‘added nothing ‘ of real moment’ to Eusebius' creed at Nice, ‘as it respected ‘ either the mind of our author or the notions of the Arians!’ and that ‘although added with the greatest propriety to a formula intended for common use, and therefore well calculated ‘ to guard general *readers* from mistakes into which they ‘ might otherwise fall, it really added nothing of which a

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[1] If this be so—if any type of doctrine short of the Catholic one be decided to be in all respects *sufficiently* orthodox (in which case any of the Homœan or Homoüsian creeds may be received as a full and perfect exponent and guardian of the truth)—it must appear inevitable that the doctrine of the Creed of Nice is *too much so*: for it is not as if by possessing the former we could escape the latter.

'philosophical mind[1] could stand in need; *the being begotten of 'God, God of God, Life of Life* (the italics are Dr. Lee's), and 'the like, implying to the fullest extent all that the additional 'terms conveyed, as far as the question with the Arians was 'concerned.'[2] (Prelim Dissert. p. xlvii.) And he seems, from a comparison of p. xlvi. of his Dissertation with the note at pp. liv. lv., rather to *infer* that Eusebius must have confessed and really held the Catholic doctrine, than to prove that he did so.

To conclude. When it is remembered how exactly Eusebius' actions harmonize with his writings—that he was one of the three Bishops of Palestine who at the very outset received and supported Arius against his Bishop[3]—that he was numbered by that heresiarch himself as one of his chief friends and supporters[4]—that he is expressly mentioned amongst those who concerted the atrocious and too successful conspiracy against Eustathius, the Catholic Bishop of Antioch[5]—that he was of the number of the enemies of S. Athanasius, who, at the so-called Council of Tyre, were, for their falsehoods and subornations, covered with such well-merited shame and confusion of face[6]—that he formally consented, at Jerusalem, to receive Arius into communion[7]—that when but six Bishops could be found to proceed to Constantinople to procure, by fresh calumnies and falsehoods, the condemnation and banishment of S. Athanasius, he was one of them.[8] When, on the one hand, we find him so ruthlessly and determinedly persecuting that great champion of the Catholic faith, against whom it was impossible that he could have had any personal quarrel; and, on the other, heaping on the most open and avowed leaders of Arianism the highest flatteries, and dedicating his works exclusively to them,[9] surely we cannot doubt that if there be a favourer of Arian doctrine any where to be met with in all history, it is Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea; and therefore, whilst we acknowledge his claims as a historian and chronicler, and by no means dispute his mere learning and industry, we are more than justified in saying that, as a teacher of Christian doctrine, or a pattern of Christian life and morals, we cannot consent to receive him—we are bound to reject him—with respect, indeed, for his antiquity and sacred office, but without hesitation, firmly, and decidedly.

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[1] It must not be forgotten that it was because they relied so much on their philosophy—so called—that the Arians at Nice, and afterwards, rejected the term in question.

[2] Dr. Lee is clearly mistaken in this supposition: many Arians who confessed 'God of God,' would not confess 'of one substance,' for the obvious reason that the latter would compel them to confess one and the same Godhead of Father and Son, which the former need not.

[3] Sozomen, i. 15. Cave's Life of Eusebius.

[4] Theodoret, History, b. i. c. 4.

[5] Ibid. i. 20.

[6] Ibid. i. 28. Socrates, i. 28, &c. Sozomen, ii. 25.

[7] Socrates, i. 33.

[8] Eusebius' Life of Constantine, iv. 46. Cave's Life of Eusebius.

[9] In his first book against Marcellus, Eusebius blames that Bishop for 'opposing the holy ministers of God, and these not ordinary ones, but such as were eminently distinguished for the grace of God, and a divine or philosophic life.' Their names are subsequently mentioned. Paulinus of Tyre, 'a man thrice-blessed;' Narcissus; Eusebius of Nicomedia, 'the great;' and, joined with them, though not actually sharing their praises, Asterius the sophist. Whilst he dedicates the 'Ecclesiastical Theology' to Flaccillus; his History to Paulinus, mentioned above; and his 'Preparation' to Theodotus of Laodicea. They were all, it is needless to say, especially Paulinus and Eusebius, in the very front ranks of Arianism: and it may not be amiss, as serving to show, in some manner, with whom, in this great controversy,

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his sympathies lay, to trace briefly the outlines of their history. PAULINUS and THEODOTUS, with Eusebius of Cæsarea himself, are mentioned by Arius in his letter to Eusebius of Nicomedia, as among his friends and partisans; and the former was one of the three Bishops (Eusebius of Cæsarea and Patrophilus of Scythopolis being the other two) who permitted Arius to hold schismatical meetings in Palestine, after his synodal condemnation and consequent degradation by Alexander. On the success of the conspiracy against Eustathius of Antioch, on Eusebius' declining to occupy the See, Paulinus, 'his dear friend,' as Cave expresses it, consented to do so instead, and ages more faithful than our own have seen, in his almost immediate death, a mark of the Divine vengeance for the double offence that he thus committed. Philostorgius informs us that he was the master of Aëtius, the well-known founder of the Anomæan school. NARCISSUS, who, with Paulinus, is marked by S. Athanasius as having held Arian opinions before the Council of Nice, took an active part in the Arian Councils of Jerusalem, A.D. 335, and Antioch, A.D. 341; and was one of those who were sent with a semi-Arian creed to Constans, Emperor of the West, in the following year. He was deposed by the Council of Sardica, A.D. 347; yet we find him, in conjunction with Patrophilus and other Arians, ordaining George, the schismatical Bishop of Alexandria, A.D. 356. Of FLACCILLUS we know little, but that he was one of the succession of intrusive Bishops of Antioch, and that he was present at the Arian Councils of Tyre, Jerusalem, and Antioch—at the first of which the two Eusebii, Theognis, Maris, and the other false accusers of S. Athanasius, met so signal and so well-deserved a defeat. ASTERIUS was a pupil of Lucian of Antioch, and had sacrificed in the Diocletian persecution. Philostorgius, (book ii. § 15,) S. Athanasius informs us further, that the Arians employed him to make books for them, which were confuted both by that Saint himself and by Marcellus of Ancyra. (Tillemont, Arians, sect. 23, and Socrates, i. 36.) The actions of EUSEBIUS OF NICOMEDIA, the chief patron of the whole heresy, from whom, indeed, it is often named, and the protector, and even master, of Arius himself, are, we suppose, too well known to require notice at our hands.

ART. III.—1. *Historical Researches into the Politics, Intercourse and Trade of the Carthaginians, Æthiopians, and Egyptians. By* A. H. L. HEEREN. Translated from the German. Oxford.

2. *History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest of the Arabs,* A.D. 640. *By* SAMUEL SHARPE. London.

THE first of these volumes sheds a copious and valuable light on the history of a state interesting to modern scholars from its long and giant struggle with the colossal force of Rome; the ruling principles of whose government, both in its home and foreign policy, survive to us in the record of events that convulsed the ancient world; while its social state and domestic usages, its literature, manners, and private life, lie enshrouded in a mist, dark as the clouds through which obscurely loom the legendary traditions of the early history of Rome. The genius of Athens still irradiates the paths of philosophy and art, and constitutes a glorious element in the intellect of the human race; the influence of Roman law is still visibly impressed upon the civil codes of modern Europe; but Carthage has left to posterity no such brilliant inheritance. Still are her annals far from unfruitful of political instruction to the historical student. In her we see the embodiment and representative of national principles directly antagonistic to those of her great rival. An empire of immense wealth, based upon commercial monopoly, and supported by hireling valour; a dominion, the final cause of which was almost solely the accumulation of treasure; not, as with the Roman, the pride of a boundless sovereignty, and the diffusion of a common nationality.

The Carthaginian devotion to commerce as the main element of their national prosperity, naturally resulted at once from the origin of the state—the daughter of the Merchant Queen; and from the geographical position of their city on the shores of that vast continent over which the main channels of ancient commerce flowed. For the trade of Greece and Italy, (if we may pause on the threshold of our subject, briefly to review the relations of trade in the two master states of antiquity,) down to the time of the Roman Empire, seems to have been restricted almost entirely to the interchange of necessaries. At Athens, the highest classes, even in the age of Pericles, were mainly devoted to agricultural pursuits; and Thucydides records the impatience with which they submitted to a compulsory city life during the Peloponnesian war, as a characteristic trait of their rural tastes. Accordingly, we find their principal merchants and manufacturers among the resident aliens; and the general freedom of industry which the latter class enjoyed, was perhaps a result of the low estimate in which their occupation was held, and of the little jealousy which its emoluments encountered from the genuine Athenians. Retail trade in particular was accounted the reverse of honourable; a prejudice undoubtedly founded on a false principle of political economy, deliberately countenanced both by Aristotle[1] and Cicero, and betrayed in those casual allusions of Athenian literature, which are far deeper indications of national sentiment than the grave condemnation of a philosophical treatise. We may search in vain for any recognition of commercial wealth as the sinews of the national revenue; and the general relation of public and private prosperity, a relation most accurately defined in periods of high commercial advancement and activity, is very vaguely conceived in their literature, and asserted in their practice. The mental and physical powers of the sons of Athens (*παρὰ δύναμιν τολμηταὶ καὶ παρὰ γνώμην κινδυνευταὶ*) were constantly overstrained, partly in great and noble exertions, partly in vain and profligate waste; and their financial embarrassments found a precarious relief, not so much in taxation on the profits of domestic industry, as in foreign subsidies, indiscriminate plunder, and unwarrantable captures of neutral and even friendly vessels, extortionate exactions from subject confederates, and forced and voluntary contributions levied on Athenian citizens.

More conclusive evidence of the ruinous tendency of these measures, and of the low ebb to which commerce had retreated, need scarcely be looked for than in the statements of Isocrates,[2] that, after the ruin with which Athenian extortion had overwhelmed the allies, peace, trade, and agriculture, and an increase of merchants and resident aliens, were the only remedies; and in the dangerous proposals of Xenophon,[2] for the social and political elevation of the only class devoted to the pursuits of trade.

And this aversion to mercantile habits was in strict sympathy with the sentiments of the most eminent legislators and philosophers of antiquity. Aristotle,[1] in his ideal sketch of a perfect state, considering the advantages and disadvantages of a maritime situation, weighs the facilities it affords for aggression and defence, and the advantages of commerce in the more varied and abundant supply of the comforts and luxuries of life, against the prejudice to which civil order is liable from excessive populousness (a vice in his opinion inseparable from great commercial states), the violation of the due proportion of the several grades of society by the predominance of the mercantile class, and of political and religious unity by the promiscuous influx of foreigners, with foreign rites, foreign morality, and foreign institutions. Political greatness he had measured not absolutely, by the amount of population in the mass, but relatively, by the proportion of the more to the less honourable classes; 'for a great state and a populous state,' he says, 'are 'not the same; and that state cannot be great where the 'artizans are numerous, and the citizens who bear arms but few.' And he consents to a maritime site only on the condition, that the heterogeneous crowds that fill the ports shall be debarred from intercourse with the citizens by intervening walls and separate habitations. Commerce, he adds, must be limited to the supply of the state's necessities; to encourage it beyond this limit for the sake of revenue, or to build a harbour capacious enough to render the city a general emporium, is a proof of sordid avarice, and a prostitution of the higher to the lower ends of political society.

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[1] A. Pol. v. Cicero (De Officiis) calls them 'sordidi; nihil enim proficiunt, nisi admodum mentiuntur.'

[2] Boëchk's Public Econ. of Athens, book iv. ch. xxi.

In the miniature republics of antiquity, consisting frequently of a single city with a few dependent towns, surrounded by a mere slip of territory compared to the ample dimensions of modern European kingdoms—the elements of the body politic, the influences determinative of national character, must evidently have been of a far less complex nature than those we are compelled to sift in the investigation of political problems of our own day. With a far smaller number of counteracting agencies, any single element of the constitution would have far more powerfully effected the equipoise of the state, than it could be allowed to do amid the vast and tangled array of interests and professions, that constitute the anomalous and complicated system of our own age and country. We need not therefore ridicule Aristotle's apprehension of the mischievous effects of the predominance of the commercial classes; an apprehension deeply grounded in the constitution and tendencies of the mercantile and agricultural bodies respectively; and probably kindred in conception to a well-known passage of our own

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[1] A. Pol. lib. vii.

Coleridge, where, defining the constitution of a state by the equilibrium of the two main antagonistic powers, or opposite interests, those of permanence and progression, he identifies the agricultural with the former, the mercantile with the latter, of these principles.

Cicero, in a passage of much interest, discusses this same question of the desirability of a maritime site, with a view to national permanence and strength. After mentioning the comparative exposure of cities founded on the coast to the danger of sudden surprises, he proceeds as follows:—

> 'Maritime cities are also liable to a corruption of public morality; for they are infected with new languages and doctrines, and not only foreign merchandise, but foreign notions also are imported, so that nothing in ancestral institutions can remain inviolate. The inhabitants of these cities do not remain long at home, but are hurried afar on the wings of hope and expectation, and even when their bodies are at home, yet their minds are abroad and wandering. And, indeed, no other cause conduced in so great a degree to the final ruin of Carthage and of Corinth, after they had long been undermined, than this wandering and dispersion of their citizens, when they had abandoned agriculture and the exercise of arms for the love of commerce and of navigation. What shall I say [he adds] of the isles of Greece, which, surrounded by the waves are almost afloat themselves, together with the institutions and morality of the states?'[1]

That deep and extensive demoralization was the natural fruit of the revolutions caused by foreign intermixture in national institutions and religion, no one, we believe, will doubt, who considers the intimate connexion of public and private morality among the ancients with their religious worship and civil institutions. The fall introduced an element of disharmony into all the relations of man, whether to his Creator or to his fellow-creatures. A consequence of this disharmony was the breach of the natural law of universal love and sympathy, the providential remedy for which we may recognise in that partial law of association, which, while it intensified patriotism and the feeling of a common life in the members of individual states, intensified also the vital distinctions, whether of religion, race, or law. Thus each nation had its peculiar deities: and these differed not more widely in their names than in their attributes. So that, according to the conceptions which each nation had framed for itself of the Divine nature, they had in the objects of their adoration a moral image of purity or the reverse, upon the model of which each citizen might mould his own habits of life, and ideas of right and wrong. A correct estimate of the reality and width of such differences, and of the magnitude of the results they involved; a contrast of the comparative purity of the early Roman theology with the Oriental worship recorded in Herodotus, with the Bacchanalia, and the licentiousness of the votaries of Isis in the later days of the empire: will show how utterly alien from the narrowness of mere sectarian bigotry was that most rigid principle of Roman policy, the exclusion of foreign worship, and the maintenance in its full integrity of an hereditary national religion: a principle that breathes no less in the appeal of Camillus to the public watchwords, the 'Æqualia Urbi Sacra,' 'traditasque per manus religiones,' than in the prohibitory statutes of the old republican legislation, 'Peregrinos Deos ne colunto,' 'Nulla Vitiorum sacra solennia sunto:' in the jealousy shown in combining its strict assertion with the toleration requisite in a conquering state, by enrolling the deities of the vanquished, by a formal act of the senate, in the Roman Pantheon: and in the long-continued efforts of the senate to check the popular fancy for new objects of religious worship, and to retain, amid the arbitrary innovations of imperial caprice, the departing image of religious unity. We may doubt, indeed, whether the state of Roman society in the days of Juvenal, when the tide of popular licentiousness had long overswept the barriers of ancestral practice and tradition; or that of Alexandria under the Ptolemies, would furnish the more melancholy testimony to the demoralization arising from the promiscuous fusion of Western and Oriental ideas, of creeds and principles the most varied and repugnant.

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[1] De Rep. ii. 4.

Second only to the influence of religion upon the morality of the ancients, was that exercised by the positive laws and civil institutions of particular states. 'Law,' says Pindar, 'is the sovereign of all men;' and in the distinctive features of the Spartan character,—in their low estimate of marriage, in their exaltation of social above domestic ties, and of the warrior caste above all civil grades, in the higher authority and loftier obligations of positive law than of conscience,—it is impossible not to recognise the lasting impression stamped upon the national character by the laws of Lycurgus; an impression the more deep and pervading from the searching intrusiveness of those laws into the privacy of domestic life:—

> 'Particular races [says Dr. Arnold,[1]] had particular customs which affected the relations of domestic and of public life. Amongst some polygamy was allowed, amongst others forbidden; some held infanticide to be an atrocious crime, others ordained it in certain cases by law. Practices and

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[1] Preface to Thucyd. vol. iii.

professions regarded as infamous by some, were freely tolerated or honoured amongst others; the laws of property and of inheritance were completely various. It is not then to be wondered at that Thucydides, when speaking of a city founded jointly by Dorians and Ionians, should have thought it right to add that "the prevailing institutions of the place were the Ionian;" for, according as they were derived from one or the other of the two races, the whole character of the people would be different. And therefore the mixture of persons of the same race in the same commonwealth, unless one race had a complete ascendency, tended to confuse all the relations of life, and all men's notions of right and wrong; or, by compelling them to tolerate in so near a relation as that of fellow-citizens, differences upon the main points of human life, led to a general carelessness and scepticism, and encouraged the notion that right and wrong have no real existence, but are the mere creatures of human opinion. But the interests of ambition and avarice are ever impatient of moral barriers; when a conquering prince or people had formed a vast dominion out of a number of different nations, the several customs and religions of each were either to be extirpated, or melted into one mass, in which each learnt to tolerate those of its neighbours, and to despise its own. And the same blending of races, and consequent confusion and degeneracy of manners, was favoured by commercial policy; which, regarding men solely in the relation of buyers and sellers, considered other points as comparatively unimportant, and in order to win customers, would readily sacrifice or endanger the purity of moral or religious institutions. So that in the ancient world, civilization which grew chiefly out of conquest or commerce, went almost hand in hand with demoralization.'

Carthage was one of the numerous colonies scattered by the Phœnicians on the northern coast of Africa, from the lesser Syrtes to the shores of the great ocean, beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The origin of these settlements may be found in the civil broils and dissensions of the Mother State, in the alluring fertility of the soil, and its commodious position for the maintenance of a communication with the mines of Spain.

'History,' says Heeren, 'has not preserved to us the means by which Carthage first raised herself so much above the other Phœnician colonies. It certainly might have been effected by a conflux of favourable circumstances; but the excellent situation of the city, which at the same time afforded it every convenience for navigation, and protected it from foreign attack, was certainly one of the principal. Carthage was built in the interior of a large bay, formed by the projection of Cape Bon in the East, and Cape Zebid in the West, now called the Gulf of Tunis. At the bottom of this bay is a peninsula which was formerly connected with the mainland by an isthmus about three miles broad. Upon this peninsula was Carthage built, about midway between Utica and Tunis, both of which might have been seen from the walls of the city, as the former was only nine, and the latter only six miles distant. A very narrow piece of land, projecting westward into the sea, formed a double harbour for the vessels of commerce and war, and also separated the lake behind from the Mediterranean. On the side towards the sea it was only protected by a single wall; while upon the isthmus, upon the contrary, it was guarded from foreign attack by the citadel Byrsa, and a threefold wall, thirty yards high and thirty feet broad. There was thus an outer and an inner harbour, so arranged that vessels were obliged to sail through the first to arrive at the other. An entrance, seventy feet wide, which might be barred with a chain, led to the outer, appropriated solely to merchant vessels, which could here safely ride at anchor. On one side of this a broad bank or quay, ran along, upon which the merchandise was unladen, and delivered to purchasers; and a gate opened from it into the city without passing the inner harbour. This latter was separated from the outer one by a double wall, and was destined to receive only vessels of war. In its centre arose a lofty island, from which the open sea could be plainly seen. The station of the commander of the fleet was upon this isle, where signals were made and watches kept, and from which could be seen all that was going on at sea without those at sea being able to look into the interior of the harbour. The island as well as the harbour was strongly fortified, and surrounded with high banks, along which the docks, or dépôts for the war galleys, two hundred and twenty in number, were situated. Above these, in an equal number of divisions, were the magazines, containing everything necessary for the outfit of the ships. At the entrance of each dock stood two Ionic columns, which as they were ranged around the island and the harbour, gave the whole the appearance of a magnificent portico.'

Necessity enjoined upon the Tyrian colonists, at the outset of their national existence, conciliation as their policy towards the native tribes. They came, not as conquerors, but as peaceful settlers, who bought the land for their city, and its territory, for a yearly ground-rent or tribute; but with the growing strength of the city were developed views of conquest and commercial aggrandizement, which could only be carried out by the subjugation and civilization of the native tribes. Her policy towards the original inhabitants was everywhere varied in adaptation to the physical peculiarities of the soil. From the greater to the lesser Syrtes there extended an expanse of sterile sand, intractable to agriculture, over which a Normal population roamed, attached to Carthage by a general sense of political dependence, a tie of allegiance far slenderer than that which bound to her the Libyan subjects of her own territory. Nevertheless, they constituted an important link in the Carthaginian system. Interposed between the Phœnician territory and the frontiers of Cyrene, they presented an effective barrier to the encroachments of that rival power; and also offered to Carthage an easy medium of commercial intercourse, by means of the caravan routes, with the tribes on the banks of the Niger, and with Upper Egypt and Ethiopia. The names and pastoral occupations of these tribes,—the Lotophagi, Psylli, Macœ, and Nasamônes,—are familiar to us in the narrative of Herodotus; they do not appear to have vanished from the earth, but merely to have been pressed back by the Bedouin Arabs, from whom they are distinguished by descent and manners, though intermixed with them by marriage. It is curious to observe how closely the narrative in Herodotus of the disaster which overwhelmed the Psylli, coincides with the accounts of modern travellers. 'The south wind,' says Herodotus, 'having dried 'up their water-springs, they came to the resolution of advancing further towards the south; but when they came to the 'sand, the south wind buried them.' 'The south wind,' says Della Cella, 'drives the sand out of the great desert like moving clouds, which bury whole caravans.'

But between the Syrtes and the walls of Carthage, the nature of the soil, and with it the occupation of its inhabitants, entirely alters. 'Immediately beyond the river Triton,' says Herodotus, 'we first find nations who cultivate their lands.' The Maxyes, and the other tribes which he mentions as nearest the river, had not long abandoned their Nomad life; and there were still many customs prevalent among them characteristic of their former state. 'They suffered the hair on the right side of their 'heads to grow, but shaved the left; they painted their bodies 'with red lead.' 'Both these,' adds Heeren, 'are still Nomad 'customs. That of painting the body is expressly mentioned by 'Herodotus, as existing among other Nomades; and the manner of cutting the hair was the mark by which the clans were 'distinguished from one another; according to the fashion in 'which it was done, or the side of the head which was cropped.'

A third tribe, that of the Gyzantes, or Byzantes, occupied the province of Byzacium, 1,000 stadia, or 227 miles in circumference; a tract of great fertility, and the most important granary of Carthage. It contributed to swell the muster-roll of the Carthaginian army; and in the unfortunate contest carried on by the republic against the mercenary troops after the first war with Rome, 70,000 of them were under arms at one time; and numbers equally considerable occur on other occasions, (p. 38.) Their subjugation had been effected under circumstances which left a lasting impression of hatred in the vanquished; and the Carthaginian system of administration, unlike the Roman, was carried out in the same purely commercial spirit which had originally dictated their conquest. They disdained to convert their subjects into friends, or to incorporate them into the body of their empire by a communion of language and institutions; and the alienation thus produced, combined with the oppressions of the provincial governors, who not unfrequently exacted half of their produce in the shape of tribute, made them regard the approach of every enemy as the signal of revolt. Those only who occupied the tract along the coast from the capital to Byzacium, had, from their very neighbourhood, intermingled with the Carthaginians; the tribes above-mentioned did not even know the Carthaginian tongue, but seem to have spoken many different languages among themselves, (p. 38.) They were governed by colonies composed of Carthaginian citizens, who served the double purpose of maintaining the authority of the state, and of relieving the destitution of the lower orders, and thinning a redundant population at home. 'In this way,' says Aristotle, 'Carthage preserves the love of her people. She 'sends out continually colonies of her citizens into the districts 'around her, and by this means makes them men of property.' To provide against extreme poverty in the people, he adds, should be a main object of the truly popular statesman (ὁ ἀληθῶς δημοτικὸς); and it is a proof of a mild and intelligent government, that it assists the poor by accustoming them to labour. But this policy, sound and equitable as it was, supposes a nation still sufficiently uncorrupted to enjoy agriculture; and Heeren remarks, that in the later history of Carthage we hear no more of such settlements. The effects of the discontinuance of this system were terribly felt in the later epochs of their annals, when an overflowing population, estimated at 700,000 at the lowest, even after the exhaustion of the Roman war in Africa, dependent upon sources which, after the interruption of their commerce by the maritime ascendancy of Rome, proved disastrously precarious, became the venal tool of every ambitious demagogue, impeded the machine of government, and thwarted the efforts of patriotism, as much as it incensed the rage of faction.

Very alien from the spirit of the Roman conquests was the Carthaginian career of aggrandization. Every shore, every region of the habitable world, where he could dart a spear, or wave a sword, was to the imperial Roman the legitimate prize of an ambition that knew no bounds—the 'imperium sine fine.' Curius embodied the spirit of his country in his noble reply to the Samnite deputies; that he thought it honourable not to be the master of gold, but to be the master of those who possessed it. Everywhere he consolidated conquest, and half reconciled the vanquished, by the impartial communication of the laws under which Latium had flourished; while the Carthaginians, mere political pedlars in comparison, scorned the loftier ends of empire, hesitated long upon the threshold of invasion, and before they resolved upon it, deliberately weighed the cost and gain of every acquisition; testing its desirability, not by the mere extent of country to be annexed to the invader's sceptre, but by the fertility of the soil, its mineral wealth, and its advantages as a station for trade. Behind her proper territory she saw spreading itself out the immeasurable Africa, alluring her to conquest, and seemingly waiting for a ruler. Yet she confined her own possessions to those limits, within which the nature of the soil rewarded agriculture, invited civilization, and made dominion valuable.

> 'Western Europe offered her the same temptation. But even the rich country of Spain, known to them so minutely, although they had several settlements therein, could not invite them to a regular conquest of it, until it offered them, in time of need, when their political power had lost its balance, a compensation for Sicily, during the last struggle with Rome.'—*Heeren*, p. 63.

While the promotion of agriculture was the object of their inland settlements, the extension of commerce was no less exclusively that of their foreign colonies. Their favourite aim, and one which they pursued with that consistency and unity of plan so often seen in the policy of hereditary governments, was to engross the trade of the Western Mediterranean; and they early discovered how important was the possession of its isles for making them masters of its commerce. 'Here,' says Heeren, 'no troublesome rivals were to be feared; or if any 'showed themselves they were easily restrained; here commercial activity, unperceived could exert itself; here no loss 'was to be apprehended in an age when there were no great 'maritime powers as rivals.' The earliest and most valuable of her foreign possessions was Sardinia; the resources of which (less familiar to the moderns than those of any country in Europe), were no less important to the Carthaginians than its position, which gave them a command of the Mediterranean; on the dominion of which almost their very existence depended. Its fertile plains and valleys grew corn as abundantly as those of Sicily; and it seems probable that mines were worked there, which yielded a rich produce of metals and of precious stones. Mineral wealth had always a peculiar charm for Phœnicians; and in the consciousness of its existence may have originated their jealous exclusion of Roman commerce with the island, and their interdicts against strangers sailing to its shores, under penalty of death by drowning. From Corsica, though at different periods under the dominion of Carthage, the republic never derived any considerable advantages; 'its soil was rugged 'and sterile, and its inhabitants savage; and Carthaginian 'policy was too profound to place much value upon a possession 'that would have been more expensive than useful.' But for the dominion of Sicily she struggled with a pertinacity fully justified by the character and position of that island relatively to the Carthaginian system—the importance of its possession for the dominion of the Mediterranean, the provisioning of her fleets, and for her trade in oil and wine—its moderate extent, and the ease with which, once conquered, it might have been retained. The remaining smaller islands in the western Mediterranean—the Balearic Isles, fertile in wine, oil, and fine wool; Gaulos, Cercina, and Melita, the last a principal mart for the Carthaginian manufactures, covered with large manufactories and buildings, and famous for the opulence of its inhabitants; the former, commodious maritime stations, were all taken possession of by the Carthaginians, and garrisoned for the most part with mercenary troops. But the character of their foreign policy is nowhere more conspicuous than in the wise moderation, which led them to prefer, in their early intercourse with Spain, a peaceful traffic to the splendour of a wide dominion. Instead of aiming at the subjugation of the country, they succeeded to the original settlements of the Phœnicians, Gades, Carteia, and Tartessus, where they opened a market for their own commodities, and extended their colonies into the interior more as merchants than as conquerors. Whether the silver mines were under their dominion or not, they derived from the readiness with which the nations bartered their produce for the wares of Carthage, all the advantages that dominion could have given; and for a moderate pay recruited their legions with the heavy-armed Spanish infantry, the best disciplined of their levies, and the sinews of their force in war.

Thus the wealth and dominion of Carthage rested almost solely on the basis of her foreign commerce; and the prosperity of that commerce depended upon the maintenance of that exclusive intercourse with foreign marts, which secured to her a ready and lucrative exchange of her own commodities, and enabled her to buy everything in the cheapest, and sell everything in the dearest market. With Tyrian wares, and the stuffs of Malta, she traded for the silver of Spain, and by supplying with salt the swarthy races on the banks of the Niger, she reaped in return a rich harvest of the gold dust of inner Africa; with these precious metals she purchased the services of her Nomad cavalry and Spanish mercenaries, and maintained them and her fleets with the crops gathered from the plains of Sardinia, Sicily, and Libya. Frail as was the tenure of that prosperity, which reposed upon a system so complicate, so interdependent, so liable to fatal derangement from external shocks; endangered further by the ill-cemented union, and disguised enmity of the Libyan agriculturists; yet the integrity of her system, and with it the dignity of the government, and the resources of the empire were sustained for a length of years, until the Roman conquest of Sicily, and the development of the naval supremacy of that republic, intercepted the fleets and commerce of Carthage, choked the vital springs of her prosperity, and paved the way for the march of Regulus to the walls of the city, through the defection of her Libyan subjects.

Meantime, however the Carthaginian character may have suffered by the desertion of agriculture for trade; husbandry, in the vicinity of the city, lost nothing by its abandonment to serfs and hirelings.

> 'All accounts,' [says Heeren,] 'agree in praising the high state of cultivation found in the neighbourhood of Carthage. The territory through which Agathocles led his army after their landing, was covered with gardens and large plantations, everywhere intersected by canals, with which they were plentifully watered: a continual succession of landed estates was there seen, adorned with elegant buildings, which betrayed the opulence of their owners. These dwellings were furnished with everything requisite for the enjoyment of man; the proprietors having accumulated immense stores during the long peace. The lands were planted with vines, with palms, and many other fruit-trees. On the hills were meadows filled with flocks and herds; and on the lower grounds ranged troops of brood mares. In short, the whole prospect displayed the opulence of the inhabitants: the highest rank of the Carthaginians had possessions here, and vied with one another in pomp and luxury.'

Fifty years later, when they were invaded by the Romans under Regulus, Polybius draws a similar picture of this district. A number of elegant villas were upon that occasion destroyed, an immense booty obtained in cattle, and above 20,000 slaves carried off. 'And in general,' says this writer in another place, 'the Carthaginians drew their private income from their own landed property; the public revenue from their provinces.' It is, moreover, a well-known fact, that the science of agriculture in its widest range, and in all its parts, was so well treated by them in their writings, that the Romans did not think them unworthy of translation into their own language.

Dr. Arnold's masterly summary of the main elements, and practical working of the Carthaginian constitution, may well supersede any attempt on our part to analyse or recapitulate the least able of Heeren's chapters. Space alone excludes us from entering at length into the very interesting chapter on the land trade of ancient Africa, in which the author, with much ingenuity and closeness of detail, identifies the caravan route described by Herodotus, with the inland traffic of Carthage, and the commercial intercourse carried on at the present day from Tripoli to the Niger, to Kashna and Bornou; and from Tombuctoo and Morocco to Cairo. We heartily recommend the chapter as a most valuable commentary upon Herodotus' narrative.

In a commercial state like Carthage, but a small proportion of the citizens could devote themselves to the profession of arms. Polybius complains that they neglected the land service, with the exception of the cavalry regiments, which were thronged by the nobility and the highest classes, who formed themselves into a separate corps, styled the Sacred Legion, a body-guard of the general; attracted by the splendour and expensiveness of this branch of the service, and by the outward marks of dignity with which it was invested. In an army of 70,000 men there were only 2,500 Carthaginians: so small was the proportion of Phœnician to mercenary arms. A Carthaginian army might have been even more interesting to an ethnologist than to a tactician.

> 'It was an assemblage of the most opposite races of the human species, from the most dissimilar parts of the globe. Hordes of half naked Gauls were ranged next to companies of white-clothed Iberians, and savage Ligurians next to the far-travelled Nasamônes and Lotophagi; Carthaginians and Phœnici-Africans formed the centre; while innumerable troops of Numidian horsemen, taken from all the tribes of the desert, swarmed around upon unsaddled horses, and formed the wings: the van was composed of the Balearic slingers; and a line of colossal elephants, with their Ethiopian guides, formed a chain of moving fortresses in front of the whole army. But the main strength of the Carthaginian array consisted in general of their light cavalry; of which they found an abundant supply in the Nomad races on both sides of their territory. Bands of Numidian horsemen fought on small horses, without saddles. A halter of twisted rushes served them for a bridle, and even for this they scarcely had occasion; so well were their steeds disciplined. The skin of a lion or tiger served both for their dress and their nightly couch; and when they fought on foot, a piece of elephant's hide was their shield. Their onset was rendered dreadful by the fleetness and cunning of their horses. Flight was no disgrace to soldiers who only fled to prepare for a new attack. They were to the Carthaginians what the Cossacks are to the Russians. The heavy cavalry consisted, in addition to the Carthaginians themselves, of Libyan, Spanish, and afterwards of Gallic horsemen. The triple walls of the city contained both quarters for the troops, and magazines for military stores. Each of these, on the inner side, had a double row of vaulted chambers. The lower ones contained stalls for 300 elephants, and repositories for their food. In the upper were formed stables for 4,000 horses, together with the necessary storehouses; and quarters for 20,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry. These troops were under the command of a particular governor of the city.'

Notwithstanding the advantages derived to Carthage from the mercenary character of her army—the advantages of enabling her citizens to devote themselves to the pursuits of trade, and to carry on war without any lavish expenditure of civic blood—it was not exempt from the radical vices inseparable from hireling troops; vices which became fatally conspicuous in her conflict with the iron discipline and stern patriotism of the Roman troops. Such forces can have no share in that high moral excitement which animates men fighting for their hearths and altars: their fidelity to the side they have espoused has always fluctuated with the rate of their pay; and the discontented stipendiaries revolted from the Phœnician standards at the approach of Regulus, and exhausted Carthage in a tedious and sanguinary conflict for their arrears. In the wars maintained by the Carthaginians against Syracuse, mercenaries were mostly opposed to mercenaries; and the overpowering genius of Hannibal counterbalanced, for a time, the disadvantage at which she entered on the lists with

Rome; but the inevitable issue of every protracted conflict between native valour and hireling troops declared itself, when the progress of the Roman arms cut off at the sources of their supply the Carthaginian recruits, and thus paralysed the sinews of the state;—when Scipio forbad them to enlist men in Europe, and Masinissa improved the Nomades of Africa into agriculturists.

But the proximate causes of the decline and fall of Carthage must undoubtedly be sought, not more in the constitution of her army, the factitious and unstable nature of the material sources of her prosperity, and the general character of her external relations—than in those internal revolutions—the growth of faction and the decay of patriotism, the corruption of the national character by the exorbitant influence of wealth in procuring office, the want of unity and consistency in the government—which was the natural fruit of the struggle between demagogues and the senate—revolutions which had, in the course of their development, strictly sympathised with the shocks sustained by her empire abroad. The existence of these elements of evil was first betrayed towards the close of the first war with Rome. The protracted struggle in which Carthage found herself involved with her revolted mercenaries, gave rise to a private feud between two great men—Hanno, surnamed the Great, and Hamilcar Barca. Hanno, previous to the war, had been governor of one of the African provinces; and, after its eruption, was declared general; but he signally disappointed the expectations which had been formed of him; and, although the blame of the conflict had been thrown by the magistrates upon Hamilcar Barca, owing to his lavish promises to the mercenaries in Sicily, the exigency of the crisis left them no alternative but that of appointing him to the command in conjunction with Hanno. But his glorious deeds exciting the jealousy of his colleague, the senate found it necessary to limit the command to one; and, fearful of giving offence, left the choice to the army, who decided in favour of Hamilcar. But the spirit of faction, lulled for the moment by a temporary reconciliation between these two great men, died only with the fall of Carthage. The enemies of Hamilcar attacked him formally, by commencing an impeachment. In this danger he sought the support of the people: flattered the lower orders; rallied round him a factious band of satellites; and threatened to become the Marius of Carthage.

The evils of this schism, in the formation of antagonist parties in the state—the senate and the optimate families on the one hand, and the people, among whom were the partizans of the Barcine family, on the other—might not have been incurable, had not the breach been gradually widened by the project of the conquest of Spain; undertaken by Hamilcar without the permission of the senate—a project which became hereditary in his family, and was pregnant with results at once subversive of the government at home, and prejudicial to its peace abroad. Hamilcar's private situation conspired with the situation of his country to render Spain an essential acquisition. With the twofold character of general and demagogue to sustain, great treasures as well as brilliant deeds were requisite to maintain his ascendency in his party. The republic had lost her most flourishing provinces, Sicily and Sardinia; a new maritime power, not having trade, but conquest, for its object, had displaced theirs, and established itself in the Mediterranean. Where could she find a richer compensation for these losses than in Spain—a country teeming with mineral wealth, and one with whom she had long maintained friendly connexions, by her commerce and her levies? But the prosecution of the conquest shook the state to its foundation. The vast treasures of that ancient Peru enabled their possessor to mount above the rabble, to buy himself a party in the senate, and thus to undermine, without formally overthrowing, the constitution of his country. Hamilcar, during the nine years he ruled in Spain, partly by enriching the state treasury, partly by attaching to himself the affections of his troops, ruled also the distant Carthage. Asdrubal and Hannibal, his successors in command, faithfully adhered to the principles of his system. On the accession of the latter, the opposite faction in Carthage, having been enabled to gain over the people, were desirous of bringing to an account those whom the bribes of Hannibal and Asdrubal had enriched; upon which the former, with the view of maintaining himself and his party, hastened to renew the war with Rome. The glorious days of Thrasymene and Cannæ surpassed the most ardent hopes of the Carthaginians; and the natural fruit of these victories would have been the restoration of an equitable peace with Rome; but the more the fame of the Barcine faction was exalted by the war, the less anxious were they for its conclusion: until Hannibal himself, upon his return to Africa, joined the party favourable to peace: which, at that time, in spite of the efforts of the democratic faction to frustrate the pending negociations, commanded the majority in the senate. From the history of this war, and a survey of the relations of the principal parties in the state, we may easily appreciate the remark of Polybius, that the Carthaginian government had degenerated, before the commencement of the second war with Rome, by an increase of the power of the people, and a decline of the authority of the senate.

Another, and, in the opinion of ancient authors, a main cause of her fall, was the decay of her naval forces during the course of the war; a decay conspicuous in the ease with which Scipio crossed over to Africa, without opposition from a single Carthaginian vessel. The Barcas, in the prosecution of their favourite design, had but little occasion for a navy; but the secondary rank to which it had been thus suffered to dwindle, proved disastrous to the state, when the seat of the war was transferred from the shores of Italy to the sands of Libya and the walls of Carthage.

But the triumph of faction over public spirit was a still deeper element in the national decline. A council, invested with high powers in political exigencies, availed themselves of these stormy days to assert a reign of terror. They tyrannized over the lives and properties of the citizens, and used their prerogative of appointing the officers of the treasury as a cover for the grossest peculation. Hannibal, indeed, abolished these abuses by a twofold reform; but in so doing he rekindled with redoubled animosity the rage of faction, and combined in an insane conspiracy to betray the only man who could have saved his country, all those who had hitherto securely fed upon the public money.

> 'In the decline of free states' [says Heeren] 'every misfortune becomes redoubled, as it scarcely ever fails to reanimate the fury of parties. Mortified pride seeks for revenge; and the guilt of unsuccessful war and humiliating peace, is hurled from one party to the other. Their mutual hate is not only increased, but surpasses their hate to the most haughty foe, and thus becomes explained the constantly recurring phenomenon, that it becomes easy to the latter in such states to form itself a party, which enables it to accomplish its designs. This melancholy phenomenon showed itself in Carthage, in its fullest extent after the second peace with Rome. A Roman party, first formed by the opponents of Hannibal, performed the office of continual spies for that republic. The expulsion of that great man, who in the afflictions of his country showed himself above all party spirit, was their work, and is the best proof of their strength and their blindness. Who was to fill the void caused by his absence? But the last peace with Rome contained, by the relation in which it placed Masinissa to Carthage, a condition, which seems not less to have contributed to the internal disorder. In him the public clearly saw a neighbour and overseer, who by the help of the Romans sought to aggrandize himself at its expense, and who at last snatched away the best portion of its territory, the rich district of Emporia. He also found means to buy himself a party in Carthage, which at last became so daring that they were driven from the city, and thereby led to that unfortunate war which ruined Carthage. The last struggle of the unfortunate republic was like the struggle of a giant in despair, who, certain of destruction, would not fall ingloriously. The close of this great tragedy confirms the observation that Rome trusted to herself and her sword—Carthage to her gold and her mercenaries. The greatness of Rome was founded upon a rock—that of Carthage upon sand and gold dust.'

The decline and fall of a great and powerful state may fill the mind with melancholy thoughts, like those of Sulpicius, when he saw the shores of Greece, on his voyage from Ægina to Megara, strewn with the ruins of once celebrated cities; but it cannot but suggest reflections on the laws which govern national duration, and on the bearing of those laws upon the policy which rests the prosperity of a state chiefly or exclusively on commerce. To discern in a pretended analogy between the stages of individual existence and the phases of national life, an irresistible tendency to decay—a confusion between the laws of human nature and the facts of history—is as alien from reason as it is at variance with a belief in the moral government of the world.[1] Political destinies are indeed regulated by laws as fixed and as eternal as those which influence the state, and constitute the responsibility, of the individual. Political fatalism is simply fatalism in men developed in a wider sphere. Between the moral life of the man and the moral life of the state, the analogy is complete; between the body politic, or the sum total of social organization, and the physical structure of the individual; it altogether fails. Christianity declares that no man can lose his soul—his moral character, or spiritual life—save by his own free agency; and condemns the delusion that affects to trace in the annals of nations a series of inevitable transitions from youth to maturity, from maturity to decay; careless of the mischievous sanction it lends to a downward course of national policy; regardless of the antidotes divinely destined to counteract the poisons, whether of barbarism, or of the most refined civilization.

Equally inconsonant with the experience of the past, and at variance with the actual state of humanity, would it be to deny, that, while particular conditions of individual life are undoubtedly beset with special perils; so also particular forms of political organization, particular sources of material prosperity, and particular phases of society, may, from their readier combination with internal elements of mischief, exercise a very positive influence on the national well-being. The *φθόνος θεῶν* of the ancient poets, in which they delighted to paint the Nemesis whose vengeance falls upon personal ambition, pomp, and pride; involves within the sphere of its retribution imperial grandeur, whether based upon commercial wealth, or military power. It is no trifling confirmation of these views, if, in the annals of states whose energies have been mainly or solely dedicated to commerce, we can succeed in tracing common elements of decline, varying in their intensity with the physical accidents of age and site, from which agricultural states, and the few whose practice has maintained a happy equilibrium between these two grand sources of political power, have been found comparatively exempt. Commerce, one of the noblest gifts of heaven to man, manifestly designed in the physical attributes and configuration of the globe—in the rivers and the seas, the channels wrought by nature for international communication—designed in a higher sense for the binding together the sympathies of humanity, and the spread of laws and of religion from their great centres; commerce, who has emancipated the surf from villenage, quickened the pulses of national energy, fortified the state with a powerful middle class, the enduring bulwark at once of royalty and of civil freedom; whenever she has tempted man to regard the advantages of wealth and empire, in their true nature exclusively instrumental, as ends instead of means, has infected and degraded her votaries with the fatal contagion of avarice and luxury, whose indulgence insures in the end a terrible reaction, choking up the very springs of trade, thus prematurely and selfishly exhausted, at their fountain head. The former of these vices has been usually the precursor and concomitant of the latter: its sinister influence was never more fatally displayed than in the colonial policy pursued by Carthage, and the 'mercantile system' of modern Europe: which, in the words of an eminent economist,[1] 'founded colonies that the mother country might 'enjoy the monopoly of their trade, and force them to resort 'only to her markets: made each nation regard the welfare 'of its neighbours as incompatible with its own: everywhere 'deluged the earth with blood, and depopulated and ruined some 'of those countries whose power and opulence it was supposed 'it would carry to the highest pitch.'

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[1] We must here acknowledge our obligations to the Rev. A. P. Stanley's Prize Essay.

The substitution of mercenary for native forces is undoubtedly one of the most mischievous fruits engendered by the luxury of a highly developed trade; it surrendered Athens to the arms of Philip: it was a treacherous staff in the hands of Carthage: it was at once a cause and a symptom of that degeneracy which laid the brilliant republics of mediæval Italy a prostrate and defenceless prey at the feet of barbarian invaders. Kindred fascinations withdrew the nobility of France from their rural castles to the precincts of courtly splendour and the refined atmosphere of a great capital; and their neglect and oppression of a once loyal peasantry rendered a revolution in the capital a revolution in the state.

The preponderance of that principle of progress and innovation, so powerful an element in commercial classes and in great cities, is apt, among its many insidious and pernicious agencies, to inspire a jealous distrust of constitutional restraints, and to degrade liberty, the vaunted fruit of a prosperous commerce, into anarchical licence and sedition. Dante compares the ceaseless alternations of government in his own Florence, with the tossings of the victim of delirium; and Hallam contrasts the precarious and evanescent liberty of the Italian republics, with the sound and wholesome freedom which was the slow but sterling growth of European feudalism. Great cities, the children of commerce, are indeed the centres of civilization, and 'the pulses of national life;' but they are also, when the equilibrium between the antagonist forces of the state has once been lost, the foci of democracy. It has ever been in the steady loyalty and tenacious adherence to custom, of the country, that government has found a counterpoise to the vehemence of urban faction. The counties of England rallied round the standard of Charles the First, while the parliamentary forces were recruited chiefly in the towns: a century later the mountain chivalry of Scotland nearly overthrew the Hanoverian family; the French throne, on the verge of its fall, found a prop in the loyalty of Brittany and La Vendée, who alone had a resident nobility, and a happy and contented peasantry.[1]

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[1] Storch: Cours d'Econ. Politique. Quoted by M'Culloch: Pol. Econ. p. 37.

It is pleasing to contemplate in the country life of the Romans, especially at the crisis when Latium was nerving her sons for the coming struggle with Carthage—the nursery of that iron strength that subdued the world. Rome was in those days thronged by no dense population of artisans; the men who fought her battles lived, for the most part, amidst scenes of Sabine simplicity, in the pursuit of agriculture, their country's chief resource, which they carried on in Tuscany, Umbria, Picenum, and the neighbourhood of Rome. At a later age, the Augustan poets dwelt with fond delight on the old Italian yeomanry, the *rusticorum mascula militum proles,* who, Horace reminds his degenerate Romans, exchanging their Sabine spades for the sword, dyed the seas with Punic blood, quenched the pride of Antiochus, felled the mighty Hannibal. Amid rural life, and the toils of husbandry, says Cicero, grew the courage and vigour of Valerius Corvus, the wisdom of Cincinnatus, Curius' noble patriotism, and splendid contempt of Samnite gold. Virgil's praises of the country life of his ancestors are no fond illusions of poetic fancy, that believes 'all times when old are good:' but the warm and heartfelt colourings of the moral imagination, which discerned therein the springs of public spirit, the nurse of chivalrous and manly sentiment, and the sinews of empire.

> 'Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
> Hanc Remus et frater; sic fortis Etruria crevit
> Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.'

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[1] Alison: Hist. of Europe, vol. i.

In the threatened substitution of servile labour for these hardy yeomen, the prescient eye of the Gracchi descried a pregnant source of Italian degradation; a century later, Livy laments the wide encroachments of foreign serfs upon the fertile tracts, once thickly dotted with the smiling cottages of the Latian peasantry, the nurseries of that native valour, that had defied the Gaul, the Greek, and the Carthaginian. In the days of Tiberius, the growth of Italian wheat had so declined, that the Emperor complained to the Senate that the daily supplies of the mistress of the world depended upon the casualties of winds and tempests; the policy of later generations abandoned Italy to the cultivation of slaves; thus the middle class was extinguished: and the old Romans were represented by a profligate nobility, and dense masses of 'the dregs of Romulus,' depending upon artizanship and largesses, and supported by the immense importations of wheat which the comparative cheapness of money at Rome elicited from Egypt. Barbarians gradually overran the Roman provinces; and before the foreign members of the empire had been all lopped off, the heart had ceased to beat.

Subordinate to the above-mentioned elements of evil in the train of deteriorating influences, should be remembered the instability of that material prosperity which is the fruit of commerce, compared with the undying native resources of agriculture. The maritime ascendancy of Rome cut off the springs of Carthaginian trade. The discovery of a passage round the Cape robbed Italy of the trade of the Indies: the wealth of the Hanse towns survives only in name: civil war and the tyranny of Spain chased away the great commerce of Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges. 'The ordinary revolutions of 'war and government,' says Adam Smith, 'easily dry up the 'sources of that wealth that arises from commerce only. That 'which arises from the more solid improvements of agriculture 'is much more durable, and cannot be destroyed but by those 'more violent convulsions occasioned by the depredations of hos'tile and barbarous nations, carried on for a century or two 'together; such as those which happened for some time before 'and after the fall of the Roman empire in the Western Pro'vinces of Europe.' (Vol. iii. c. iv. p. 137.)

England has been styled the modern Carthage; a prophecy in which little had been risked, were it not for the wide and powerful diffusion of Christian principles in the land. That religion, whose apostles could reanimate the corpse and recal from the grave, is potent to arrest the latest hour of national decline. Christianity has, indeed, introduced an entirely new element into modern civilization; an element so universal, so interpenetrating, so apt to revive when seemingly extinct, that it defies all calculation of the sphere and intensity of its influence, and forbids us to augur the decline of Christian kingdoms from the analogy of heathen states. The Carthaginian commercial policy may, indeed, have resembled the antiquated maxims of the 'mercantile system,' and the 'balance of trade,' rather than the doctrines at present in popular repute. But this is a very secondary point in the comparison. An accidental variation in the mere outward working of a system, cannot, if there be any faith in the received laws of induction, cancel the mischiefs more or less inherent in it. Can it be said that we are altogether free from the evils that ruined Carthage, when we are tempted, like her, to reduce our fleets and armies, on the plea of public economy, and the fiction of universal peace, at a moment when Europe is 'convulsed with the agonies of change?' when we have lowered our conceptions of the state to the level of an engine of social comforts, and can no longer tolerate in the regions of government the political axioms of Burke? when we are called upon to sever the last link in the connexion of a thousand years, the union of Church and State: hallowed by Christian devotion, rich in ancestral grandeur, fraught with a magnificent heritage of traditional associations and ideas?

But, unhappily, there are nearer and more immediate workings of the same spirit amongst us. Commerce filled up the enormous chasms which birth, in the feudal ages, created in society. But it has reared barriers quite as artificial, and far less dignified. Wealth has become the chief basis of social distinctions. It is impossible to deny that the institution of castes—the genius of feudalism—suits the dawn far better than the noon of civilization; absurd to forget the useful incentive added to invention, to the growth of art and science, and of national wealth, by the efficacy of industry to raise its votary to the highest honours. But the advantages, we fear, of this social revolution are outweighed by antagonist evils. The several ranks being mainly distinguished by their style and wealth, luxury becomes the ruling passion: what are the accidents are thought the essentials of life: avarice and oppression, enlisted in their pursuit, infest society. The tone of barter, and with it an utilitarian spirit, gradually leaven the popular mind: men are apt to be deaf to aught save immediate and tangible advantage; ancestral institutions are first disparaged and abused, then mutilated or suppressed, on the pretext that they have ceased to fulfil their true idea. The relations between man and man are changed: the olden sympathies of lord and vassal are apt to be coloured with the tinge of employer and employed: the only distinction being then a degrading one, every man seeks to avoid its humiliation, by forcing himself into a higher sphere. Chivalry gave to each a definite rank, which he could reverence in others and respect in himself. Hence was 'that generous loyalty to rank and sex, 'that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordi'nation of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, 'the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, 'the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and 'heroic enterprise! Without confounding ranks, it produced a 'noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations 'of social life. Without force or opposition, it subdued the 'fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit 'to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to 'submit to elegance, and gave a domination vanquisher of laws 'to be subdued by manners.'

Heeren's volume on Egypt, though antiquated, from the date of its publication, on some important points, contains a vast deal of detail on perhaps the most interesting era of Egyptian annals—the era prior to the Persian conquest—necessarily excluded from Mr. Sharpe's more recent work, by the wider range of his researches, which embrace the history of Egypt from the earliest times to the Arabian conquest in the 7th century. The merits of the latter author are those of the annalist rather than the historian. In numismatics, philology, and hieroglyphics, the collateral sciences so important for the study of Egyptian history, he is a proficient. His pages contain no profound maxims; no searching analysis of the elements of social and political revolutions; of the decay of national strength; or of the rise and fall of dynasties. Brilliant portraitures of character; graphic delineations of society; picturesque and vivid execution; are not his forte. He has given us an useful magazine of events that may be grouped and illustrated by a more tasteful hand. The later scenes of his history (greatly to his misfortune) bring him into contact with theological questions; and here his defects are not merely negative. He pronounces judgment on matters the most arduous and solemn, with a pert dogmatism, or a licentious levity, which in lighter subjects would be only ridiculous or offensive. What are we to think of the following extraordinary passage?—'Origen has been much blamed for his arguing 'against the eternity of future punishments, as when men 'had not yet thought of making their own punishments lead 'to the amendment of the criminal, they did not see that they 'wronged their heavenly Father by thinking that his punish'ments were meant for vengeance.' This we can only paraphrase thus:—When to the vindictive theory of punishment was superadded the theory of the criminal's amendment, the vindictive theory (the very one the most prominent in the

Scriptural descriptions of future retribution, *the wrath to come,* etc.,) must needs, *by implication,* be exploded as utterly inapplicable to the Almighty's dealings with men. Mr. Sharpe has once or twice (greatly at his own expense) attempted a laugh at Catholic notions and belief; but here we may safely leave him and his veracious logic to the ridicule of his audience. In his sketch of the Arian question, he displays with much ostentation a splendid philosophical indifference, though occasionally to be found on the heretics' side. His ideas of dogmatic theology may be easily conceived. Creeds he regards not as the bulwarks which entrenched and secured the pure profession of the Christian faith against the aggressions of heretics, latitudinarians, and Platonists; not as the vindications of Scriptural truth continuously elicited by the mind of the Church from the study of her sacred charter, her title-deeds of Holy Writ; as the symbols and visible bonds of Christian unity;—but as the watchwords of contending parties, the assertions of interested or fanatical ignorance, prejudicial to the vital essence of Christianity, and perilous to its dominion over the heart, (pp. 486, 493, *et seq.*) He settles, *en passant,* the disputed application of the solemn revelations of S. John, with a pretentious assurance and a *sang froid,* that would lead an uninitiated reader to conceive the passages had never been the subject of the most exciting controversy, or the theatre of the most diversified interpretation. We subjoin an illustration of his reverence for the sublime and awful Apocalypse:—'There seems no other ground for thinking Cerinthus' (a heretic so abominable to St John, that he is said to have leapt out of a bath which Cerinthus had just left) 'was the 'author of the Book of Revelation, *beyond the opinions taught in 'that curious Work!'*

Egyptian history naturally divides itself into three periods; severally representing distinct political principles, and special phases of civilization; each advancing a peculiar claim of its own to historical interest.

In the age of the Pharaohs agriculture was the basis of civilization, and the source of national wealth; the arrangement of society, under the influence of the system of castes, was mainly feudal; the functions of government were shared, and the absolutism of the monarch restrained, by the ascendancy of two powerful classes—the priesthood and the military aristocracy; the culture of art, science, and public economy, was confined to the priests; the religion of the people was exclusive: on its purity from foreign alloy, and on the result of an integral polity and religion, intense nationality, together with the union of the three principal orders, reposed the main pillars of the national strength. Birth was the ground of social distinctions, conservatism the principle, and permanence the attribute of the epoch.

The age of the Ptolemies was in every respect the antithesis of the above. It was an age of great commercial and scientific splendour, of monarchical absolutism, and centralization in the mode of government; of the most liberal toleration in religion. Wealth was the basis of social distinctions; literature and science were emancipated from the thraldom of the Egyptian church; the extremes of despotism and liberalism constituted the ruling genius; instability, and the loss of nationality, the attribute, of the era.

The third period represents the gradual decline, both in political weight and in agricultural fertility, of perhaps the most valuable province of the Roman empire. The causes of this decline must be shared between the previous exhaustion of the elements of national life, and the impolitic selfishness of its rulers, whose jealousy denied it the ordinary privileges of provincial government. Alexandria becomes invested with a novel interest in its relation to the Church. It witnessed—in the confluence of dissonant religions, and the fusion of their points of variance into a few common elements, and still more in the popular spread of Platonism—the easiest resolution of heathenism into Christianity. It found in the same Platonism the bitterest enemy to the religion of Christ; it witnessed the foundation of a catechetical school, an attempt to establish Christianity on the basis of sound and general mental culture; it discovered the partial evil of the system in the germ of many formidable heresies, and the unhappy temptation of the Christians to identify the grounds of their faith with the deductions of human reason; and its legacy of lasting good in the copious learning of Origen and Clemens. It witnessed, also, in the institution of monasticism, the influential exhibition of a powerful contrast between the enervating luxury of the dregs of Alexandrian civilization, and the austerity of Christian self-denial.

Space, and the preoccupation of the latter eras by Professor Sewell, must confine us almost solely to the epoch of the Pharaohs.

The physical attributes of Egypt were undoubtedly the mainspring of its strongly defined nationality and rapid civilization. The labours of husbandry are confined to sprinkling the seed and reaping the full-grown ear; no manure is needed, no sabbath year for the ground to lie fallow. The Nile retires in November, leaving the soil rich with its alluvial mud. Vegetation is rapid in the winter months, and Indian corn and rice succeeding the harvest of wheat, ripen during the autumnal inundation. Such is the warmth of the climate, that the necessary clothing and houses are easily supplied; for the same reason the consumption of animal food is small; and the crops of grain and the abundant fishery readily find food for double the population that the same space in Europe could sustain. Thus at once the physical wants of the people are but few, and their resources vast. Nor are other influences wanting to accelerate civilization. On the Nile, the great artery of the land, the north wind blows strongly against the stream for nine months in the year; vessels sail one way, and float down the other; the produce of the soil is thus readily exchanged for the wares of the manufactories abutting on the river, and an active home trade rapidly developed. For three months the whole country is overflowed; a few mounds, like islets in the ocean, rear their heads above the flood; round them the people clustered; towns were early formed; they became the centres of refinement and of power; and unfolded the principles of a common life: the division of labour, the recognition of property, the administration of justice, and the culture of religion and of law. The elements of a massive and enduring masonry were there:—'The hardest basalt, syenite, and porpyhry for obelisks and statues, 'limestone for buildings, and transparent alabaster for works of 'greater delicacy; and such is the dryness of the air, that works 'of art, though uncovered from the weather, seem to remain for 'ages untried by changes from hot to cold, or from wet to dry, 'and uninjured but by the hand of man.'[1] The physical qualities of Egypt conspired with the policy of her ruling caste strongly to define the character of the people. Timber was scarce; fleets and commerce impossible, until the stately pines of Lebanon surrendered to the arms of Hophra. Such was the origin of the popular aversion to sailors, (a superstition inculcated by the priests,) and of the fabled immolation of stranded mariners on the mythic altars of Busiris. The nature and situation of their country, a narrow slip of exuberant fertility between the ocean wastes of the desert, trodden by lawless hordes of wandering pastoral tribes, averse to fixed abodes, and intractable as subjects, forcibly recommended agriculture as the basis of Egyptian civilization. The aversion and hostility shown to the Israelites after the expulsion of the Hyksos (a pastoral race who had subjugated and domineered over Middle Egypt for about a century,) by the genuine Egyptians, to whom 'every shepherd was an abomination,' is a fact no less significant of their determination to enforce agriculture, than the friendly reception Joseph met with from the intrusive dynasty, is of the affinity of his people's occupation to those of the invaders, and of the cause of his expulsion on the return of the monarch who ruled in sympathy with the policy of the priests. The Egyptians, says Manetho, constantly confounded the Israelites with the usurping horde. They were warned by their priests to cleanse the country of these unclean persons, many of whom were lepers; and they sent them, to the number of 80,000, to live apart from the natives in the spot (Heliopolis or Goshen) which had first been allotted them. This was on the verge of the desert, and beyond the inundations of the Nile. They were thus compelled, as Scriptural authority relates, to water their land by means of pumps, canals, and artificial irrigation.

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[1] Sharpe, p. 3.

In illustration of the above-mentioned principle, we may add that in the division of the people into castes, while every other occupation had its own, the husbandmen alone had none; for their employment was, as far as possible, destined to be common to all classes in the land.

We quote at length some interesting illustrations of the impress of Egyptian upon Jewish laws and customs.

> 'How much the Jews were indebted to the Egyptians for their learning, philosophy, and letters, is one of the most interesting inquiries in ancient history. Moses had been brought up in the neighbourhood of Heliopolis, the chief seat of Egyptian philosophy, and carefully educated in all the learning of the Egyptians, under the tutorship, as tradition says, of Jannes and Jambres, while too many of the Israelites were given up to the idolatry and superstitions of the country. Hence many of the Egyptian customs, as seen by the historian Manetho, are clearly pointed at and forbidden by the laws of Moses, while others, which were free from blame, are even copied in the same laws; and much light may be thrown on the manners of each nation by comparing them together. The chief purpose for which the Jews were set apart from the other nations seems to have been to keep alive the great truth, that the Creator and Governor of the world is one—a truth assailed by the superstitious in all ages; and Moses proclaimed, that all the gods which the Egyptian priests wished the ignorant multitude to worship were false. The Egyptians worshipped the stars as emblems of the gods, the sun under the name of Rea, and the moon as Joh or Isis; but among the Jews, whoever worshipped any one of the heavenly bodies was to be stoned to death. The Egyptians worshipped statues of men, beasts, birds, and fishes; but the Jews were forbidden to bow down before any carved image. The Egyptian priests kept their heads shaved; while the Jewish priest was forbidden to make himself bald, or even to cut the corner of his beard. The people of Lower Egypt marked their bodies with pricks, in honour of their gods; but the Jews were forbidden to cut their flesh or make any mark upon it. The Egyptians buried food in the tombs with the bodies of their friends, and sent gifts of food to the temples for their use; but the Jews were forbidden to set apart any food for the dead. The Egyptians planted groves of trees within the courtyard of their temples, as the Alexandrian Jews did in later times; but the laws of Moses forbade the Jews to plant any trees near the altar of the Lord. The sacred bull Apis was chosen by the priests of Memphis for its black and white spots, and Mnevis, the sacred bull of Heliopolis, had nearly the same marks; but the Jews, in preparing their water of purification, were ordered to kill a red heifer without a spot.'—*Sharpe*, pp. 33—35.

Mr. Sharpe is very jealous of the reputation of the Egyptian priests for sorcery and magic; and he adduces Cuvier's authority in support of his opinion, that their imitation of the Mosaic miracles was a mere display of juggling trickery. They are stated to have thrown down their rods upon the ground, when they crawled about like serpents; and at the present day, says the naturalist, 'after three thousand years their successors are still 'performing the same curious trick; they take up in the hand a 'naja (a small viper), and pressing a finger on the nape of its 'neck put it into a catalepsy, which makes it motionless, and 'stiff like a rod; and when it regains its power of motion, the 'cheated bystanders fancy that the magician's rod has been 'changed into a serpent.' (P. 35.) It is not, however, so easy to account by a similar explanation for their seemingly successful rivalry of other miracles; and Mr. Trench remarks, that the true significance of the conflict is the opposition of the spiritual kingdoms of light and darkness,—a contrast forcibly intimated in the words of Scripture, 'Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods?' 'Against all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment: I am the Lord.' The same conclusion may be justly drawn from the passage (Deut. xiii. 1—5) where the ethical character of the miracle, and not merely the fact of its performance, is declared to be the test of its Divine authority; its mere exhibition, apart from its doctrinal character, or final cause, only places the agent in the alternative of being delegated by Heaven or by Hell. The penalty of death was attached by the Mosaic ordinance to the practice of sorcery and divination: Sir Walter Scott supposes, because, in a theocracy it was tantamount to the crime of treason; but this is no proof that it was not also punished in the light of a conscious alliance with the powers of darkness. *Lying wonders,* wrought with all the *deceivableness* of unrighteousness, are mentioned by the Apostle as among the severest trials of the elect; the anterior state, the moral sense, of every man, is to decide his admission or rejection of them. The Christian Church, says S. Gregory, does not so much deny as despise the miracles of heretics. Origen continually plies his Pagan opponents with the question,—Where has been the fruit, where the moral significance, the redemptive agency of those vain exhibitions of supernatural power described in the alleged miracles of Heathen saints and sages? In the spirit of the same idea Dr. Arnold writes:—'It has always 'seemed to me that the substance of a revelation is a most 'essential part of its evidence; and that miracles wrought in 'favour of what was foolish or wicked would only prove Manicheism. We are so perfectly ignorant of the unseen world, 'that the character of any supernatural power can only be 'judged by the moral character of the statements which it 'sanctions. Thus only can we tell whether it be a revelation 'from God or from the devil.' (*Apud Trench on the Miracles,* p. 27, note.)

With the reconstitution of the monarchy, after the expulsion of the Hyksos, the system of castes undoubtedly attained its maturity. It was conceived in the true spirit of the Eastern mind, which sees a religious destiny in the lot that assigns to one man the plough, to another the sceptre, at his birth,—a destiny which extends its influence to posterity, and defines, for ages, the gradations of the social scale by the measure of ancestral rank and occupation. Viewed as a political engine, it must, in the infancy of civilization, have acted as a powerful antidote to the roving impulses and dissociable tendencies of savage life; and, by rigorously restricting the culture of science within the pale of a privileged class, have ensured its integrity and its propagation; thus saving it from the chances of being frittered away by a premature dissemination among unripe recipients. In an economical point of view, it was a half unconscious adoption of the great principle of the division of labour, the unvarying fruits of which we cannot but recognise in the excellence of the monuments of handicraft that remain to us in their sepulchral paintings, wherein are represented the minutiæ of their household furniture; however questionable may seem the advantage of systematically restricting the son to the calling of his fathers.

> 'The land of the whole country was divided into three unequal portions. One belonged nominally to the king, and was held by tenants of the crown, who paid a low rent or land tax of one fifth of the crop. A second portion belonged to the hereditary priesthood, who held it free of rent, for their own maintenance, and for the expenses of the temples and of the religious services. The third portion was held by the military order, on the tenure of serving three years in the army when called out, which was probably to be only once in each man's life. In this way two millions and a half of acres, or a quarter of the cultivated land of the country, was held by four hundred and ten thousand soldiers, at six acres a man. The whole cultivated land of Egypt may have been about twelve millions of acres, or perhaps a third part of that of England and Wales; but as, from the climate and habits and vegetable diet of the people, life was supported more easily in Egypt than in other parts of the globe, we need not be startled at the population being stated at various times at three and at seven millions. Indeed, an actual standing army of forty thousand native soldiers, and forty thousand mercenaries, which we meet with in the later reigns of the Pharaohs, could hardly be supported by less than five millions of people.'—*Sharpe*, p. 80.

The priest caste unquestionably owed their political and social influence at once to their position as independent proprietors of land, and to the practical character of that science which they almost exclusively professed. With religion, the basis of their system, were interwoven law, astronomy, agriculture, mathematics, medicine. Not only did the authority of law, and the administration of justice depend upon religion for their sanction; but even the kings were burdened with a host of ceremonial observances, which, at the discretion of the priests, descended from the higher affairs of state to the regulation of sacrifices, of the royal table, and the most trivial minutiæ of every-day life. They exercised a more salutary influence in sharing the judicial functions with the monarch; the union of these with the executive in the person of the king was one of the earliest sources of despotism; and the limitation, by the provisions of a settled criminal code, of the royal prerogative in sentencing to punishment was a valuable barrier against tyranny. Astronomy they cultivated partly in connexion with astrology: partly as the science which taught them the settlement of the seasons and the regulation of the calendar. In either aspect, it was equally tractable to the exigencies, and conversant with the practice, of ordinary life. 'Upon the birth of a child,' says Heeren, 'its horoscope was immediately taken; it was then 'foretold what its fate would be; when and how it would die; 'and what would be its temper and disposition. No public 'affairs, nor even private undertakings, could be begun until 'the stars had first been consulted.' In its relation to agriculture, their study of the stars was less likely to be degraded by fraud and superstition; and, as the physical attributes of Egypt contributed to render it indispensable, equally adapted to deepen and extend the roots of their ascendancy among the lower orders. The peculiarities of Egyptian agriculture invested with more than ordinary consequence the science of astronomy; the fertility of the soil depended upon the overflow of the river: and it was essential for the sower to know beforehand the exact epochs of the inundation; in fact, the business of agriculture turned chiefly on a knowledge of the seasons, and a correct determination of the year; so that the caste which, in their proficiency in this science, held a key to the cultivation of the soil, at once improved husbandry and strengthened their own dominion, by the zealous culture of this branch of knowledge; a study which they consecrated, and interwove with the universal bond of religion, by enrolling the lustrous orbs that ruled the seasons and fertilized the earth, among the objects of popular worship; and by symbolizing, under the names of Isis and Osiris, various of the general influences and creative powers of nature.

The inundations of the Nile, frequently rendering new measurements of land necessary, gave rise to the study of geometry: an important and influential branch of sacerdotal science, as it made the priests indispensable arbiters in disputes concerning the boundaries of estates. Their medicine was curiously enough interwrought with their astrology: they believed the different parts of the body had a reference to some astronomical deity; and accordingly, to each divinity a particular member was dedicated. They were what are popularly termed quacks; their knowledge and their practice being limited to certain members and particular diseases; though their medical art consisted more in dietetics than in physic; a regimen probably founded upon local and atmospheric peculiarities; but which answered its intention, if we may trust Herodotus' assertion, that the Egyptians were, next to the Libyans, the most healthy of the nations he had seen.

It would be a difficult, but interesting speculation, to weigh the moral influences of a religion such as the Egyptian. On the threshold of such an inquiry, two questions naturally present themselves: In what proportions was truth intermingled and debased by fanaticism, licentiousness, and priestcraft? Did their system embrace any theory of a retribution after this life?

It seems incontestably clear—especially from the irreconcileable opposition of ideas implied in the notion of a transmigration of souls on the one hand, and the vulgar superstition of embalming the body on the other—that there were radically two religions, the popular and the priestly; which gradually interpenetrated and mutually influenced one another. Whatever explanation be espoused of the source of animal idolatry, it is evidently the device of a rude and barbarous age; a device, there seems every reason to believe, countenanced by the sacerdotal caste, at the outset of their career, as a condescension requisite to conciliate barbarism. But while they failed to dissociate the popular mind from this rude and savage adoration, they did much to exalt and to purify its influence; by adopting its objects at once as the vehicles of national history and tradition, and as the emblems of theological ideas: by hallowing them with the purer attributes, and more beneficent agencies, of the supernatural world; by investing them with a loftier significance, and a mysterious sanctity, which, while it shielded them from the profanation of the vulgar gaze, was studiously wrought into unison with the physical condition, and the moral and political exigencies of the land. But although, under these auspices, the people were gradually weaned from the contagion of barbarism, there was much in their social usages, even in the time of Herodotus, that clearly indicated the absence of refinement, and of a high standard of morality.

'Their priests and holy rites,' [says Heeren,] 'were, nearly without exception, made up of superstition and enthusiasm, in which they gave

> themselves up to savage pleasure, or extravagant penitence for their real or imaginary sins. The latter were much more frequent and excessive among the Egyptians than the former; few of their feasts were without penances; and most of their offerings to the gods were expiatory sacrifices. Others, on the contrary, were accompanied by violent expressions of joy, particularly their processions, which always bore the stamp of that rude age, wherein moral sentiments and refined notions of manners and decency were but slightly developed.'—Vol. ii. p. 186.

That the sacerdotal order employed, without scruple, the ordinary machinery of heathen priestcraft, is clear, from their patronage of astrology and of oracles, which had been transplanted from Meroe, the cradle of the Coptic religion, into Lower Egypt, and, in the age of Herodotus, existed in most of the principal cities.

But no article of the Egyptian creed exercised so powerful an influence, as their belief in an existence after death; a belief expressed in a twofold theory, representing on the one hand the philosophical system of the priests, the popular notion on the other. The former is that revealed by Herodotus in the following words:—

> 'According to the opinions of the Egyptians, Bacchus and Ceres are the rulers of the lower world. But the Egyptians are the first who have asserted that the soul of man is immortal; for, when the body perishes, it enters the body of a newly born animal; but when it has passed through all the land animals, sea animals, and fowls, it again returns to a human body. This transmigration is completely performed in three thousand years.'—Vol. ii. p. 123.

This was a coarse and sensual conception of immortality, which could never divest the soul of its earthly tenement, or part with the notion that the continuance of existence depended upon the preservation of the body. Hence the anxious care this people lavished on their sepulchres. Graves, like ours, where the corpse is subject to decay, were obviously unfit. Nor were the fertile plains of Egypt, confined in space, and subject to inundation, more convenient cemeteries. But the rocky slip, at the foot of the western mountain range, harmonised with the purpose, both in its physical qualities—its situation beyond the reach of the floods, and its range of subterranean caverns—and in the sombre ideas of which it was suggestive.

> 'It was at the entrance of the desert, where nature herself seemed to die; where all vegetation ceased, and measureless plains succeeded, whose boundaries the eye could not reach! What was more natural than that under such circumstances, the idea that an empire of the dead, a lower world, or Amenthes, should be formed? The Egyptians had divided the present life between the obligations of religion and the administration of secular affairs; and as the posthumous existence was regarded as a continuation of the present, we find the sepulchral vaults diversified partly with hieroglyphics, emblematic of religious subjects, partly with scenes descriptive of agriculture, art, fishing, and the varied occupations of domestic life.'—Vol. ii. pp. 193, 195.

This idea became the nucleus of others, which, inconsonant with the crude infancy of the popular belief, invested the abodes of the dead with the attributes of a regular empire, assigning to the lower world its ruling deities, its inhabitants, even its animals. As the lineaments of the picture were gradually filled up, the notion of a retribution according to the merits of this life was gradually taken in; the calm tranquillity of the realms below was the reward only of the virtuous; and a 'tribunal of death,' as it was termed, assembled, ere the funeral solemnities began, to examine into the conduct of the deceased, and to determine upon his claims to a place in the Elysium of Egypt. A further development of this idea ensued, when the popular faith had given to the infernal world a ruler and a judge, in the transference of this institution to the jurisdiction of the shades below.

> 'A tribunal of the dead, of this kind, is portrayed upon the upper end of a papyrus roll, which was found in the coffin of a mummy, and brought by the French expedition into Europe. Osiris is here discovered sitting as a judge, with his usual attributes; before him is a lotus flower, as an emblem of the present life, and a lion, probably as keeper of the lower world. A small human figure is being weighed in a large scale, by two genii with animals' heads; one with that of a dog, as symbolical of great sensuality; the other with that of a sparrow-hawk, the usual symbol of the divine nature. Both lay hold of the scales, and seem to address Osiris. Hermes, with the Isis head, stands before the latter, with writing tablets in his hand, wherein he notes the faults and virtues of the deceased.'—*Heeren*, vol. ii. p. 199.

The prosperity of Egypt had depended upon the union of the two most powerful castes, the warriors and the priests, and upon the purity and integrity of the national polity and religion. Both these bulwarks had been sapped; the former by the alienation of the warrior tribe, the latter by the commercial policy of Amasis, under whose liberal sceptre Phœnicians, Carians, and Ionians, found a ready toleration; ere yet this glorious land became the slave and plaything of the Persian tyrant. The feudal age of Egypt had passed away:—

> 'It was no longer a kingdom of Coptic warriors, who from their fortresses in the Thebaid, held the wealthy traders and husbandmen of the Delta in subjection as vassals.'—*Sharpe*, p. 59.

The admission of aliens, and the adoption of mercenary troops, shocked the religion, fomented the jealousy, and estranged the allegiance of the native classes. The fatal elements of national disunion recoiled upon their author at the hour of his utmost need; and the fall of Egypt may be cited among the numerous historical experiences that attest how slight a claim has the highest development of physical resources to be regarded as the index of political permanence and power.

We are indebted to Mr. Sharpe for a quotation from Manetho, which goes far to explain the prevalent tradition, that Hellas derived her learning and religion from Egyptian colonies. There seems to have been, from the earliest times, an important settlement of Greek traders at Naucratis and Sais, in the Delta, who had always carried on the chief part of the Egyptian trade in the Mediterranean. The overthrow of this little State probably took place in the reign of Amummai Amemneb. The exiled community may have carried to the shores of Greece much that was valuable in the arts of Egypt; and their descendants, through the misty veil of tradition, traced the origin of their cities, rites, and temples, not to their own colonists, but to the swarthy Copts, who had driven them from their shores. Herodotus, indeed, lends his sanction to this popular belief. But we need not be surprised at this; before his visit to the Nile, the Greek mercenaries had been established in the Delta; temples to the gods of Hellas rose close to the walls of the Egyptian palace; and this easy toleration of an alien creed may have flattered an analogy almost baseless. Not less wide is the discrepancy between the popular religions of Egypt and of Greece, than between the general complexion of the European and the Oriental mind. The lively susceptibility, the joyous temperament, of the Greek; his love of beauty of form, and idolatry of *human* excellence, led him to deify his own passions, image, aspirations; his festivals were enlivened with mirth, unclouded by penitence or gloom; while the Egyptian ἦθος was serious, their solemnities saddened with melancholy, and their ritual grotesque. Strange animals they invested with the attributes of divinity; and even laid down their lives in their defence, with a devotion little known to the votaries of Jupiter and Venus; their religion was one of exclusion and intolerance, while the Greek delighted to identify and embody the rites of aliens with his own; their only poem, the dirge of Maneros, was a melancholy strain, which they reiterated from year to year.

As dissonant from the Greek were the habits and customs of Egyptian life, as the character of their religious creed.

> 'They wrote from right to left. They ate their dinner in the streets. The women went to market on business; the men sat at home at the loom. Daughters were forced to maintain their parents; sons were released from that duty. Women wore only one garment, while men wore two. The priests were shaven, while other men wore beards. Whoever killed a sacred animal intentionally was put to death; indeed, whoever killed a hawk or an ibis, even by accident, was condemned to die. Whenever a house was on fire the chief care of the neighbours was to save the cats; the men and women might be burnt in the ruins, but the cats were to be saved at all risks. When a cat died a natural death, every inmate of the house shaved his eyebrows; and when a dog died, they shaved all over. The dead cats were carried to the sacred tombs at Bubastis, where they were embalmed, and then buried.'—(*Herod. apud Sharpe*, p. 98.)

On the other hand, between the philosophical religion of Plato, and the abstruse principles of the Egyptian hierarchy, there was an intimate relation. The Eastern mind, amid all its diversities of site and race, seems ever to have been the repository of fragments of the great Charter of Truth, of which Israel was the Palladium, and the chosen shrine. Thus the Persian doctrine, ultimately assuming the form of Manicheism, recognised the balanced sovereignty of a good and evil spirit; who, by their divided sway, constituted the moral contrasts of humanity. The sages of the Nile early asserted the unity of the One Supreme Invisible Ruler, the Creator of all things visible; they held Him to exist in a threefold relation—for three was their symbol of perfection and divinity. The Unity of divine Providence was a primary article in the creed of Plato: even the doctrine of the Trinity was mysteriously shadowed forth in his writings; and the Alexandrian Christians, though with more zeal than wisdom, appealed to this profession of the great Athenian, in their defence of Revelation. The notion of the transmigration of souls, and that of a future retribution, bear a palpable affinity to the Egyptian belief; and the arcana of Ceres may perhaps have been modelled by some Grecian sage in imitation of the mysteries of Isis. A partial resemblance may be traced between the ideas of the priests and the sublime Truths vouchsafed to the Hebrew tribe; and Plato's abode at Heliopolis may have drawn him within the sphere of some floating elements of Judaism, diffused there by the exiled band of Israelites, who had, in spite of the warnings of Jeremiah, sought in the land of Mizraim a shelter from the arms of Babylon.

Even the Christianity of the Greek and Egyptian converts of Alexandria sympathised with the national difference of temperament, which represented, in their ultimate development, the opposite tendencies of scepticism and fanatical superstition. The susceptible imagination of the Greek, his vigorous and active mind, distinguished him as the champion of Reason on the controversial arena; under his auspices, the groundwork of Christian wisdom was laid in the cultivation of pagan learning. In the exposition of Scripture he ranged through the most diversified sources of interpretation, and sought in the fitful and varying lights of allegory, the latent sense and mystical intimations of historical statements: while the sombre mind of the Egyptian impelled him rather to eremitical seclusion, and monastic gloom; his love of antiquity, interwove with his Christianity the associations of primæval belief and tradition: he bowed to the word of Inspiration with the childlike reverence of unquestioning, unlearned faith; and chose asceticism and ignorance in preference to the temptations of knowledge and society.

Art. IV. — *Sketches of Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. By the Rev.* J. A. Spencer. London: Murray.

There is one striking and important feature in our social system, most especially distinguishing England from other nations, which has always appeared to us to be strangely overlooked by modern travellers in their comments on the various points of contrast—it is the misuse, or, we should rather say, the neglect, in this country, of that powerful instrument whereby, in all lands, the great mass of the population will most chiefly be influenced; viz. the *outward teaching* of habitual customs and observances. If, however, we are compelled to adjudge England as deficient in this respect, it is by no means because we view the question through the medium of that unnatural prejudice, that mistaken enthusiasm, which has rendered it the fashion of late years to depreciate indiscriminately our national peculiarities, and to exalt the faults and follies of our foreign neighbours into virtues of a species certainly unknown to primitive Christianity. So far from that, not only are we convinced that this deficiency is but the natural result of the calm, reserved, undemonstrative character of the British people, but we maintain, further, that no man ever made his pilgrimage to foreign lands in an honest spirit of inquiry, and with an unbiassed and untainted mind, without returning with the additional impartiality of experience; for, in spite of the alluring aspect of many things which in other countries will peculiarly attract the devotional and earnest mind, he cannot fail to perceive, if he looks at all below the surface, that in England the elements of all that is good and great are working far more powerfully; that truth and sincerity, elsewhere too much a barren name, do here beat in the very life-pulses of the people; and most of all, that notwithstanding the sad strife and divisions which so afflict our Church, yet nowhere are the holy feet of Faith more firmly planted than within her Sacred Fold. Still, whilst we admit that these are incontrovertible facts, and motives of deep thankfulness to us all, we must repeat, that England has a great lesson to learn from southern Europe, in the effective use of those outward forms by which such great truths may be conveyed to the minds of the people; and, although we have readily allowed that she falls short of more skilful nations in this mode of instruction, in a great measure, on account of the peculiar organization of her people,—yet, in this age of progress, it seems permitted to us to hope that by giving a few instances of her special deficiencies, the minds of some might be stirred up to seek and find a remedy.

Her primary error in this respect seems to be, that she does not duly appreciate the value and power of the instrument which thus lies inactive in her hands. She has no other idea of enlightening her people than by the deliberate process of instruction in schools and from the pulpit; and such means we know do not, and cannot, reach those pauper millions of her population who swarm in our great cities, plunged in actual heathenism; although even they, frightful as is their state of ignorance, might be influenced, we are convinced, by those visible representations of necessary truths, common to other countries, just as children in earliest infancy are taught by the picture we place before them.

We conceive that this is plainly proved by the experience of foreign lands. Although we have a manifest superiority in the far higher tone of religion which prevails among our educated classes, yet, who can deny, that to the peasantry of the South the Christian faith is a great and palpable fact, meeting them at every turn—now in the cross by the wayside, now in the procession, at whose passing all kneel in honour of the Lord incarnate—and accompanying every stage of their career, from the cradle to the grave, with appropriate signs and ceremonies, eloquent of the various truths of doctrine applicable to their entrance into the world, the vicissitudes of their abiding in it, and their exit from it?—whilst to that vast and most miserable class amongst ourselves, the starving, abject poor of London and the manufacturing towns, the holy truths of Revelation are but vague and distant things, hidden within the pages of books, which they too often cannot read, and seen and spoken of only behind the closed doors of the churches which they see no reason to frequent.

These general remarks apply most especially, we think, to one subject, upon which, if we are not wholly defective in this teaching of sight, we are, at any rate, very one-sided. We allude to the manner by which, in our ordinary funeral observances, we present the great mystery of Death under the aspect, too exclusively, of a simple cessation of life. Here is, in truth, a powerful agent, a mighty lever whereby the popular mind, lifted out of its habitual coldness and torpor, might be constrained to face and realize the eternity of existence whither we are hastening! Were the simple burial customs of our country so adapted as to convey the knowledge of the doctrine of immortality to all who beheld a corpse carried to the grave, is there a nook or corner of the land where that visible teaching would not penetrate? Let our thousands of Clergy work from morn till midnight to convey it to their people, yet will there not remain district upon district peopled thickly with the wretched pariahs of our Church, which their utmost efforts will have no power to influence? But if the Teacher of whom we have spoken were sent abroad amongst them—if Death himself were compelled to bear with him the tidings of his own defeat, proclaiming wherever he went, that his sting has been taken from him; if he were made to appear to them as it were a very sacrament of immortality, himself the outward and visible sign of the hidden and eternal life into which we are born again through that baptism of agony;—to escape such solemn palpable teaching as this would be to all alike impossible. The child would learn the awful truth of his future existence from the corpse of the parent who living would never have taught it to him; and the dead infant, whose feeble lips had not yet power to frame the first faint stammering word, would preach with a terrible eloquence to the men grown old in sin, of the life and the judgment to come! No day nor hour would pass, but far and near, to rich and poor, that awful sermon would be delivered with an irresistible persuasion addressed to the actual eye and senses.

Nor are we supposing Utopian impossibilities; we are talking not of things which might be, but which *are*, elsewhere, and whose undeniable effects we have witnessed in nations of very varied character; we shall, we believe, sufficiently establish the truth of our assertion by simply detailing the practice of other countries, where, by their funeral observances, as by many similar channels of instruction, they do, unquestionably, convey the knowledge of doctrinal truths to the hearts of their people.

We shall first, however, examine briefly into the influence which the English custom of funeral observances must have upon the minds of the people, especially as contrasted with that which is elsewhere exercised by a different system.

There may be a serious evil even in a negative influence, such as we conceive to be the effect of our established burial ceremonies upon helpless and ignorant minds; for do not they in truth convey no other lesson save that man can invest even death with unnecessary gloom and ghastliness? Of course, we would not for one moment be supposed to include in this condemnation the holy office for the dead appointed by our Church; but that, with its wealth of consolation and its deep solemn truths, is yet addressed only to the mind and understanding, and it is but on the rare occasions when they attend a relative to the grave, that people so much as come within reach of this instruction; whereas every day of their lives some corpse is carried past them in that dark procession which speaks of the cessation of life simply, rather than of its continuance in another world. From the first moment of death, when the appalling change so mysterious to the untaught survivor has passed on the living man, do not our customs impart too much the impression that the last of life is over? that all is finished, consummated in a dark and dreary vacancy? that there is nothing more to wish, expect, or pray for? We avoid going too much into detail, for fear of giving pain on a subject which cannot fail, alas! to touch some half-closed wound in every living heart; yet all will readily admit that there is a total absence of that practical symbolism which elsewhere renders the last ministrations to the dead (in themselves so mournful) the very means of breathing hope and comfort to the survivors who perform them. We may instance the ghastly flannel shroud which, unlike the clothing of their past life, nor yet typifying the white robes which they shall wear in the brighter land, who have made them pure in the blood of the Lamb, seems a sort of convict's dress specially prepared for those who are marked out for the grave's deep banishment; and the black frightful coffin, without sign or symbol save the one inscription, stating on what day the helpless tenant *died*, as though in that one word were summed up all that could be said of him, and now we had nought to do but thrust him from our thoughts, utterly, as if for him should dawn no resurrection morning. But, most of all, how dismal, how paralysing the effect produced by the journeying of a corpse to its grave through the streets of our great cities, within the hearse, whose appalling insignia of skeletons and death's heads appear to grin defiance at all who would seek to hope for that dead man aught beyond the horrors of decay, and unaccompanied by the least effort at those symbolical representations which have power to convey such deep truths to the soul!

And then, when all is over, do we not outwardly at least consign our dead to a silent oblivion, established by invariable rule, without one attempt to hold communion with them in the Glorious Sacrament, or to meet them (on days especially appointed) in the common fold of the Holy Church Catholic, where the spirits struggling still amid the dust of earth, and those already resting by the still waters and the pastures green, may yet together dwell, and hold sweet converse in most blessed fellowship? Custom abstains from pronouncing the name of the dead, lest the sound renew what is called *unavailing* sorrow; and who indeed could gather from the words or deeds of survivors, that their lost one still lives, for ever lives, in very deed and truth, hidden only from their eyes by the dim veil of the flesh, but joined (how closely!) to them in the indissoluble and ineffable union of that regenerate life, into which all were born alike in the holy waters of baptism?

It may be thought that this description of our English burial customs is overstrained and exaggerated, but we can only vouch for its being an exact transcript of the feelings excited in the mind of one long accustomed to the poetical and eloquent ceremonies of Eastern lands, on first witnessing a funeral and its attendant observances in this country. But we may now turn to a brighter side of the picture, and give some account of the mode by which other nations, amid all their corruptions of doctrine and popular superstitions, have rendered the sepulture of the dead in truth a very sacrament of hope.

And first, what is the one great doctrine we would have this mighty teacher, Death, to convey throughout his universal empire? Surely he should be to all men the eloquent witness of the 'Love which is strong as death;' yea, how far stronger!—the Incarnate Love which hath conquered this terrible one, and subdued him that as a devouring lion fed with everlasting hunger on the generations of men, to lie a very lamb beneath his feet! no more the king of terrors and the destroying enemy, but himself the slave and labourer of that Mercy which doth bless in *life* eternal—constrained, by the very power which seems to annihilate and kill, to fit the children of the kingdom for an existence which is never-ending joy, and with his own hand to lead them through the tomb where he hath no power to hold them, as through an open portal, to the glory of the never-fading day. Even as of old the captives were compelled to tell out the great deeds of their conquerors, so should this vanquished and stingless Death for ever proclaim aloud the victory of the resurrection. As the herald of immortality should he appear before men—as the MESSENGER sent by the Lord of life, to gather with gentle pity into his merciful arms the poor wanderers exiled into this sad world of weeping, and safely lead them homeward to their Father's house!

What is the strange and dark enigma that age after age hath tortured and bewildered mankind? Is it not the battle which has been going on unchanged and unabated since first the mother of Abel looked down upon his lifeless form, between the strong human love and stronger death? a fearful mystery truly to all but the eye of faith, the meeting day by day and hour by hour of those two antagonists in the heart of man! By every dying bed of all the millions that have passed away, those two have wrestled. And strange to all, save those for whom life's mysteries have been clear in the light of His deep love, it seems, that the power of affection should have been implanted in man's breast only to have its object torn from it. They were not responsible for loving. The sweet necessity was strong as that which they call fate, and when their inmost affections were twined around the human object, then did this mysterious power come suddenly to wrench it from them. What impiety of rebellious sorrow has arisen from the perpetual recurrence of this great struggle, before the darkened souls of those who have failed to hear in Holy Revelation the voice of the God of all consolation!

But how gloriously might Death himself stand forth to solve the mournful mystery—to show them that so far from being at enmity with that sweet human love, these two are in truth familiar friends, performing hand in hand the one work of mercy appointed by their common Lord! For inasmuch as our whole life (immortal as we are), and only joy, can be in Love—the Love Eternal and Divine,—and yet our wayward souls, intoxicated with earth, would rather feed on ashes than turn to that Pure Spring, the source and stay of our existence; this blessed human love was sent from heaven to be to men the type and shadow of that which is undying; and when it hath so allured them by its sweetness that they can have no rest or joy save in its presence here, then comes the obedient death to steal it from their arms, and lead it back unto its native heaven; because as it soars upward, leaving this world most dark and cheerless, it wins the yearning spirits it has blest on earth to follow after it, drawing them away from all life's vanity to that Presence which is love, and light, and joy, into which, still clinging to the departed one, with it they pass into the Bosom of the Father, and there find entire rest and satisfaction.

Very different indeed from the black, dismal processions that crawl daily along our streets in silence and gloom, is the passing of a Christian corpse to burial through the busy, crowded cities of the East.

Long before it appears in sight, there comes floating through the clear air, soft and wild as the music of a dream, the low faint murmur of a mournful harmony. It is a strain peculiar as it is melodious, most strangely sweet and sad, and so utterly unlike all other melodies, that none ever yet heard it, and failed to recognise the glorious old death-chant which for so many centuries has been the lullaby with which the Eastern Christians have sung their dead to sleep. It is a noble song of victory—the victory of the Cross over death and hell—the triumph of the Holy One who was dead and is alive over the corruption He was never suffered to behold. It is ancient beyond all surmise of man, a whisper which has echoed down through the crash and turmoil of the passing centuries, from those first days of purity when the one Church Catholic was still unrent by the sore divisions of these last afflicted times. Age after age, while the great empires have been swept away, leaving behind a scarce-remembered name, and generations successively have rushed past the dark brink that binds our mortal view, unchanging, over the individual dead these time-honoured words have uttered one sacred unfailing promise, as earnest to an ever-living hope. And as the well-known strain of wailing sweetness penetrates among the busy crowds, each one desists with eager haste from his employment, to listen to the good tidings it conveys. Clear and distinct that anthem of the resurrection is intoned by the deep voices of the priests, in words so simple and yet so powerful that the most ignorant amongst the people cannot fail to gather and to understand the wondrous meaning; while answering back in tones more pure and thrilling still, the sweet voices of the youthful neophytes take up the chorus, of which the burden is ever how man through death attains to life eternal!

Then far and near, wherever those words of promise, like an angel's voice, are heard, each individual bows his head, and signs himself on breast and brow with the holy Cross, which alone can be his passport to the land of deathless joy, whilst with earnest supplication, as the truth of eternity is thus palpably brought before him, he utters the appointed ejaculation, 'Kyrie eleïson, Christe eleïson, Kyrie eleïson hymas.'

So universally are these observances inculcated on all who witness the journeying homeward of a corpse, that the very little infants are seen with their tiny hands striving to make the sacred sign, as yet so far beyond their comprehension, and murmuring with their stammering lips the early-taught petition.

Then all reverently stand aside, with head uncovered, as the funeral appears in the distance. The conveying of the body to the church, which is the first part of the ceremonial, is most often performed at sunset; for they love that the pale glory of the dying day should rest upon the face where the light of life hath faded; and thus it mostly happens that the last sunbeam flashes with its expiring radiance full upon the lofty cross that first meets the eye as the procession comes in sight. It is borne several paces in advance, carried upright by a young child, the youngest of the neophytes,—for the Eastern Church, with a touching humility, ever appointed in all her offices that none shall be permitted to the high office of cross-bearer, save only those little ones of whom is the kingdom of heaven; their innocent hands alone shall presume to touch that sacred token —holier in their innocence, as they believe, than even those of the anointed priest; for they think that those tender lambs, newly washed in the baptismal waters, have more than any others been made kings and priests unto God and His Father. Three young children, then, walk solemnly in front, the one clasping the great cross within his folded arms, and bending down his head behind it with humble reverence, so that at a distance it seems self-impelled through the air, whilst on either side of him his two companions bear the symbols of the Holy Trinity, which are painted in signs easily understood, on circular panels, elevated on long poles. The three neophytes, according to invariable rule, have their heads uncovered, so that their long flowing hair falls on their shoulders, and veils the downcast eyes they never raise. It is a touching thing to see them thus on the threshold of life marshalling with such reverence and solemnity an elder brother to the tomb.

Immediately behind them walk the priests, who, from the first moment that the mortal breath departed, have come forward as guardians of that heir of immortality, and have allowed no hand but theirs, the anointed of the Lord, to minister unto his last necessity. So soon as by the mighty barrier of death he was exiled from his family, from the love of friends, and the sweet charities of home, then has the Church opened wide her arms to receive him, and gathered him, like a jealous mother, to her own loving care.

Scarce is the last agony over when the salutation of peace is heard upon the threshold, and the servant of the Church appears to watch over her departed child; most often it is the priest himself who has received the dying breath, and given the last absolution, but at least he has been there to anoint the absolved penitent with holy oil, and celebrate on his behalf the eucharistic sacrifice. And now the dead body, made sacred by these rites, has become exclusively the Church's care, and from the moment that the priest appears in presence of the corpse, the friends retire to perform the only work which yet remains for them, in prayer and intercession. He enters, the neophyte preceding him ever with the cross, and standing, while he signs the corpse with the threefold sign, he utters a prayer so beautiful, that we are tempted to transcribe it:—

Μετὰ πνευμάτων δικαίων τετελειωμένων τὴν ψυχὴν τοῦ δούλου σοῦ σωτὲρ ἀνάπαυσον φυλάττων αὐτὴν εἰς τὴν μακάριαν ζωὴν τὴν παρὰ σοῦ φιλάνθρωπε.

And ever as he speaks, he fills the room with clouds of fragrant incense, ascending up like the supplications of the saints that wait in their white robes till their brethren shall be fulfilled; but not long does he linger there, nor allow this member of the great family of Christ, who now by death has entered into visible communion with the Church triumphant, to remain among these strangers of the earth. When himself has closed the eyes, and sealed them with the sign of the Son of Man, until that day when opening at His call they shall behold Christ glorious in the heavens, he bids the people raise his sleeping charge, and bear it forth to the church, the antechamber of that grave which is the door of heaven. Thus, not above an hour or two after the moment of death, the corpse is carried to that holy place which is now alone his home on earth, and then it is that, by the sure tokens of the sweet death-chant and the coming of the cross, the dwellers of the eastern city know that one is passing from among them to his rest. Yet, truly, to their eyes it still must seem rather a march triumphant than a funeral train, for there is no gloom, no dismal pomp, no black pall, hiding as it were some sight of shame, but only that music glad with holy hope, and the breath of flowers mingling with the sweeter incense, and—ever caught up from voice to voice—the deep exulting cry,—'Thou art the Resurrection, thou, O Christ.'

There are never less than three or four priests accompanying each funeral, for among the Eastern Christians the distinctions of rank and station cease with this mortal life. These holy men walk abreast, heralding the corpse, and wearing the flowing priestly robes, which they never quit on any occasion—with one hand swinging to and fro the silver censer, and with the other holding the book from which they chant the blessed words of promise; then treading closely in their steps, even as it is meet all men should follow the leading of anointed guides, the bearers of the dead advance; they wear no mourning dress, for they conceive not that it is a day of mourning, but rather one of triumph, and they carry between them, by the aid of two long poles, an open bier, covered only with a fair white cloth.

And there reposing calmly, with the sunlight on his brow, the departed lies in holy rest, and ready to meet the gaze of all. Never would they hide from eyes of men that countenance serene, but rather bid all come to look with thankful hearts upon the face of the dead; for they count him in all things a conqueror—vanquisher over the mortal existence with all its powers of agony, and over the last enemy which shall be destroyed with all its nameless dread. From the death-struggle and the life-struggle comes he forth alike triumphant: the first shall appal, the last shall torture him no more. Therefore they place upon his brow the conqueror's crown, and robe him in the fairest dress he ever wore on gala days; for what high festival in all his past career was like to this? what was that hour of deep rejoicing, when at the altar his young bride took him by the hand, to walk with him the pilgrimage of earth, compared to the far brighter moment when Death clasped him still more tenderly, to lead him forth unto the bliss of life eternal? So shall no mournful shroud be put upon him, but the gayest dress, in token of festivity, with the laurel wreath of victory. His arms are crossed upon his breast in mute submissive faith, and clasped within them is the representation of our Lord upon the cross. As he is borne along, all press with eager haste to look upon the countenance of him who truly is even as they represent him, "Victor atque victima, atque ideo victor quia victima," and generally they follow him upon his road, gazing still, fascinated by the aspect of his rest. All who desire it may accompany their departed brother to the church, where the corpse is reverently placed immediately before the holy doors, the feet turned eastward, and the cross held upright, ever placed there carefully before the fixed calm eyes, as though the intensity of their gaze upon the holy symbol had set them in that rigid stillness. The deacon then lights the appointed number of tapers at the head and foot of the bier, whilst every individual present receives one in his hand; so that although the sunshine streams through the open door and windows, the church is yet full of another softer radiance, in token that the Church of Christ hath truly light within her, which is not that of mortal day. The priests then range themselves around the corpse, and if there be a bishop present, as often happens, he stands at the head, his hand upraised in the appointed form, so that the Church's blessing overshadows still that sacred dead, who seems to lie so meek and tranquil, because of the holy power thus shed upon him. The service then commences with the chanting of the psalm *Qui habitat* and others, followed by prayers most beautiful and full of consolation, ranging ever round the one sublime hope of the rising of the flesh in glory, as though the Church conceived that the very sight of that corpse could awake no other thought; and ever at the close of each the priest pauses for a moment, while the voices of the deacons and the neophytes take up again the glad exulting cry, 'Thou art the Resurrection.'

The lesson is then read, beginning with the words *οὐ θέλω δὴ ὑμᾶς ἀγνοεῖν ἀδελφοὶ, περὶ τῶν κεκοιμημένων*, and terminating, *καὶ οὕτω πάντοτε σὺν Κυρίῳ ἐσόμεθα.* When it is over, there is an interval of silence, although the deep abstraction of all present shows that the voice of the soul is not hushed; and then, at a signal from the priest, the friends of the departed come forward one by one, to press the final kiss upon his lips, uttering at the same moment a stated prayer, that the whole body of His Church may soon be made partakers of His glorious resurrection. And there is a deep wisdom in thus connecting the last expression of mortal tenderness with the aspiration after that Holier Love in which all shall be one hereafter. The calm farewell thus ended, they retire from before the altar — the words yet lingering on their lips which speak of a blessed meeting with him they now are quitting, where they shall part no more; the priest advances in front of the corpse, and delivers an oration; that taken from the *λόγος παραινετικὸς* of S. John Chrysostom, which is chiefly used by the Eastern Church on solemn occasions, and is beautifully appropriate.

As the last words die away in the solemn tones of the priest, there is a pause, and then, mingling in one deep voice of triumph, once more the cry arises from every individual present, so oft repeated as though they could not cease to tell their joy —'Thou art the resurrection; thou, O Christ.'

This for the present terminates the ceremony. The priest makes the sign of the cross, first over the dead, then over the living, thus uniting them in the common hope; and so departs from the church, followed by the whole concourse of the people, leaving the corpse alone, lying beneath the altar—like the souls that were bid to rest a little season—the lights burning round it solemnly, and the incense still hanging over it like a cloud of fragrance. Thus the dead rests for the night, surrounded, as the ancient faith declares, with the holy angels, who linger for ever round the altar. At sunrise the priests return for their charge, and the train goes forth in the same order as before. The cemeteries never surround the church, but are always at a considerable distance from the town. They are invariably placed in the most beautiful situations, wherever there is a rushing stream or a grove of trees, and every effort is made to render the place of holy rest lovely and attractive to the living, so that in their hours of recreation they seek no other pleasure grounds than these; and still, however great the distance from the church to the grave-yard, the priests cease not to chant the hymn of immortality, and over the burning plains which often they traverse, the sweet strain floats away in distant echoes, making the desert joyful with hope.

Not the least powerful effect resulting from the system of funeral observances in the East, is the impression it produces on the minds of children. It is well known, how in this country, among the lower orders especially, the last preparations are so conducted as to render the grave a thought of fear and horror to the infant mind; and often, with a wanton cruelty, the coffin, 'the black box,' or the shroud is used as a bugbear to threaten them into obedience. It is different in the East, in consequence of the very different aspect which death is made to present. The rejoicing train goes by with its music and its flowers, and often, running eagerly to meet the Christian corpse that is a brother unto them, as they know well, with clinging arms will they embrace the feet of the priest, their common 'father,' and pray him to pause a moment while they kiss the closed eyes of that sleeping friend, the serenity of whose rest has allured their own unruffled spirit; nor is the request ever once refused, for the holiness of children is so truly a principle recognised in the East, that they are more privileged, as we have already said, in sacred things, than even to a certain degree the priests themselves.

This beautiful theory, though alone springing as it must from Catholic truth, has yet found its way amongst the Mahomedans also, who do most unquestionably derive all that is pure and right in their corrupt creed from the far-off reflection of Christianity, and they often give a practical illustration of their belief in this respect, which might convey to us a lesson of touching and deep meaning. When the deadly plague that ever lurks in the very atmosphere of their beautiful country has suddenly burst upon them with newly-wakened vigour, and sweeps over their cities, slaying its thousands and tens of thousands—then, abandoning all hope of aid from man, they betake them to the only means which they believe could avail for them before the throne of God. They assemble on some rising ground which overlooks the town, a company of little children, and instruct them there to kneel with hands and eyes uplifted, and earnestly to supplicate that the avenging wrath may pass from the devoted city; and when the little ones, obedient, have bowed themselves in prayer, then all retire from the spot, and leave them there alone, that no cry from lips less guileless, or groan from heart less innocent, may mingle with that mightiest voice of infant intercession! We have no question that the powerful means thus adopted for seeking the deliverance of the plague city originated in the customs of the early Christians, as the deep reverence for childhood which prompts the system is so universal a doctrine in the Eastern Church.

Thus the little children are never forbidden to follow the funeral to the grave; only they are early taught that all who walk with the dead must make their profession of faith and hope—in the sign of the holy cross—and utter the prayer which, if beyond their comprehension then, shall return upon them with the fulness of its meaning in their hour of need. In the larger cemeteries there is very often a small chapel especially consecrated for the "Missa pro defunctis;" but this is not celebrated until thirty days after the death—it is therefore to the spot of interment that the train proceeds at once, where the priest takes up his station at the head and the cross-bearer at the foot of the grave, and ever as they approach, louder and louder,—not from the neophytes alone, but from all present,—swells the cry proclaiming that He is the resurrection; but soon the voices are reverently hushed while many holy prayers are said, and at last the deacons, at a sign from the priest, lower the corpse into the grave, which is always very shallow; then, whilst still upon the face the last ray of earthly light is beaming, the last token is given of the human love which was the sunshine of his soul; the friend that in life lay nearest to that still heart—most often the cherished wife that was the faithful guardian of his happiness—draws near, and kneels down on the very brink of his new couch, and with a voice of passionate entreaty, into which is gathered all the deep longing of the widowed soul, she utters three times the word, 'Ella,' 'come,' and if he answer not,—if that most mournful appeal fails to win him from his silent rest,—then do they know that he is dead indeed, and far beyond all reach of that poor impotent affection. She withdraws, the chief of those who loved him on this earth, that the representative of love divine may take her place. The priest gently covers the quiet countenance with a white veil; next he pours into the grave a little of the wine that would hereafter have undergone the awful consecration, in type of that which he trusts the departed shall taste anew in the kingdom of his Father; and, finally, taking in his own anointed hands as much of earth as they can hold, he strews it on the dead body in *the form of a cross*, uttering aloud these words:—*Τοῦ Κυρίου ἡ γῆ καὶ τὸ πλήρωμα αὐτῆς ἡ οἰκουμένη καὶ πάντες οἱ κατοικοῦντες ἐν αὐτῇ.*

And truly replete with a glorious and solemn meaning is that sentence when uttered at such a moment; for if the earth be the Lord's and *the fulness thereof*, full even to repletion is it with the bodies of the dead, which thus are proclaimed to be HIS, which none shall ever pluck out of His hand, but which from their dwelling in the dust shall awake and sing, when the earth shall cast out the dead. Having spoken these words, the priest and deacons proceed to fill up the grave; some of the nearest relatives are alone allowed to assist in this sacred office, and that a *hired* hand should have a share in it is wholly inadmissible. As the form disappears under the earth, the friends press forward, and each one says, as he gives his last look, that which to his great and exceeding comfort his heart believes—'It is well with thee, my brother.' Again over the grave the holy sign is made, responded to by all around, and so they depart and leave him to his rest.

But this is only for a season. Most unlike the chill and systematic oblivion which seems to overspread the memory of those departed from amongst ourselves, every effort is made by the Eastern Christians to bind, as it were, the living spirit to themselves more closely still by holiest links; although he hath gone home a little while before them, his name is on their lips in every prayer, and anxiously do they await the day when the priest shall call them to meet him in the ineffable communion of the Body and Blood of the Lord Adorable.

This, the Feast of the Commemoration, takes place on the thirtieth day; the friends prepare a dish of boiled corn and other grain, a portion of which is sent by the priest to those he wishes to call to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist; the remainder is carried and laid on the grave for the use of the poor. After this first celebration, the Eucharistic Sacrifice is offered whenever the friends feel desirous to renew so blessed a remembrance of him, not lost, although to their eyes of flesh unseen,—and they love on such occasions to decorate the church with flowers, and to fill it with lights and all things which most betoken joy and gladness, so that many even of the little children who may never have seen the departed brother or friend, are thus led specially to connect death only with images of holy hope and rejoicing in the risen Lord; nor can they ever dread it as the enemy that shall shut them out from the love of those to whom their own hearts cling; for ever on the anniversary of the departure, the survivors fail not to repair to the grave where they have hid their treasures, and there kneeling down, they press a fond clinging kiss upon the earth that covers them, and whispering the well-remembered and beloved name, they bid him have patience yet a little till they come, and assure him, with many a soft endearing word, that he is not forgotten, but that faithfully they love him still.

These are the observances which attend every funeral among the members of the Eastern Church, however poor in this world's goods may have been the dead so rich in His own peace; but in the peculiar ceremonies appointed for those who have held high office in the Church, the same system is still carried out of realizing by every means the future hope of the good and faithful servants. The funerals of ecclesiastics alone differ in the slightest degree from the regular routine observed for high and low alike; nor does the variation consist in any pomp, but only in such tokens as shall mark their belief that the priestly office invests the man both for time and for eternity with a *sacramental sacredness* which shall in some manner—they presume not to question how—be recognised in the life to come.

Truly a most solemn and holy sight it is to see a Bishop of the Eastern Church going forth to burial. The Cross of course is then as ever the herald of the dead in hope, and the priests fail not to walk before him with their song of triumph; but they permit not the Lord's chosen labourer to lie down in idle rest, even when death has called him to repose; they constrain him still to toil at his Master's own most chosen work, the blessing of the faithful people, although his weary head might justly claim to be laid down at last upon the bier, where none have sought to rest in vain. Servant of Him who is a priest *for ever,* even in death must he perform the priestly functions; and therefore diligent still, as heretofore, the Eastern Bishop sits upright in his sacerdotal chair, which is supported by poles on the shoulders of the deacons; he wears the gorgeous robes appointed for his high office when ministering at the altar, and the long hair, which according to rule is never cut, flows down from beneath the jewelled mitre, and is carefully combed back from the still placid brow, that all may freely look on that revered countenance, and see how fair and sublime a thing is the holy peace of death. One hand, cold and rigid, holds a volume of the Sacred Scriptures, which lies open on his knees; the other is solemnly uplifted, in the act of giving the Apostolic benediction, the three fingers being raised in the peculiar manner which in that ceremony is used as a sign of the Most Holy Trinity. It is a touching sight to see how the people throng around to receive the precious blessing from that dead man's hand, who, faithful unto death, still seems to work in this his hour of legitimate repose, to convey to all these earth-bound struggling souls that peace which is the Master's dear bequest.

It may very easily be imagined how powerful an effect must be produced on the feelings of the people towards their *living priests,* by the lesson taught them in this ceremony, that inasmuch as the fruits of a sacrament must be eternal, so surely does the holy dignity conveyed in sacramental ordination invest the immortal spirit of the Lord's anointed throughout eternity; and therefore not alone in this world shall they have to answer for irreverence to one thus sacred, or for disobedience to words that fall from consecrated lips. And meanwhile the deep sacredness of this idea makes them look with a holy awe upon that stately corpse, and on every detail of his appearing among them. To them it seems, when they behold how his eyes, wide open, are fixed with a stony gaze on the pages of the Book of Life, as though he had found therein some awful secret which had paralysed him thus, and which he dared not unlock his pale lips to reveal; and even where the rough and uneven ground renders the steps of the bearers unsteady, they fancy, as they see how the dead man rocks to and fro in his chair, that he is moved by some mysterious and voiceless emotion. But still, unheeding the thronging around him of his children in Christ, untroubled at the dark and awful object of his journey, the Bishop seems to fulfil the solemn command which follows the anouncement of the mystery of the Resurrection, and stedfast and immovable indeed even after death to abound in the work of the Lord.

Nor, so far as we may judge, does the Eastern Bishop relax his zeal and labour till the day of the Lord's own coming, for they bear him not to lie at rest with men of less awful responsibility, in the shade of the cypress-trees, but they carry him to a vault beneath the church where living he has ministered, and now shall minister again; and there they place him, seated upright in his chair of state, still in performance of his priestly functions. For the successor of apostles there must never be a couch of rest within the dust, for he hath chosen to follow with an awful nearness the steps of Him who had not where to lay His head; and thus, therefore, do they leave him, always, it would seem, intently occupied, for when the closing door sends the damp air rushing through the vault, they can hear the pages of his book rustling as though he were rapidly turning over the leaves.

No other sepulture is given to the Bishops, and as the body is embalmed, it remains there entire and unchanged, so that whenever any pass within those vaults again, they find the faithful priests still silently at work, rigid-motionless, reading with deep attention,—blessing with uplifted hand; and so earnest and devout do they seem in the performance of this solemn act, that it is scarce possible not to have the impression that the souls of those whom they have blessed on earth are gathered at their knees even then to receive the benediction.

We would wish especially to notice one distinction (not confined to the East, however,) between the funeral observances of England and those of other countries,—it is the system prevalent with us, and which never can be sufficiently condemned, of marking, even at the very door of the grave, the earthly pomp and station of him for whom the worms await, and constraining all, under pain of supposed disrespect to their departed friends, to lavish in that ghastly mockery of magnificence around the dead, large sums of money, that might have rather bought the priceless blessings of the living poor. The intention of relatives is good: they mean it as a token of respect to the departed. But surely the idea is most mistaken. If ever there be a time when men should take refuge in a deep humility, it is when they have undergone that death, the wages of sin, after which shall come the judgment: and we may well imagine, when they have too sadly found how scanty is the treasure they have laid up in heaven, how themselves, so to speak, would almost struggle in their graves, that even with bended knees they might implore us rather to send those riches after them by poor men's hands, which we would use to deck their poor corrupting flesh; and how far more must they, in that awful realm where the last are first and the first last, shrink with a bitter horror from the unintentional cruelty which would surround them, even in corruption, with the glittering show of this world's honour, wherein, perhaps, they found the sin for which they suffer!

We are not generally disposed, and especially at this present time, to look very favourably on the customs and practices of Prussia; yet we cannot but commend to the imitation of other countries, the new police regulation now in vigour there for preventing undue expense at funerals. They are prohibited from burying within the walls of towns, but every church in Berlin has its especial graveyard beyond the city; there is but one establishment permitted to conduct the burial arrangements, and the expenditure is limited to a singularly small sum. It is precisely the same for rich and poor; no other distinction can be made, even for the highest in station, than by the number of friends who follow the corpse: the payments made to the undertaker and sexton are all regulated by a stated tariff; and they have also a burial-ground where the poor are respectably buried, without fee whatever. It is said that since the introduction of this system the prevalent feeling is rather to consider it honourable to lessen, than to increase the expense.

We have alluded to this merely to show that even the arrangements of the civil powers may be so adapted as to produce the desired effect; but how far holier, how much more befitting Christian men, that the Church herself should take such matters entirely into her own care, and, like a tender mother, allow no hands but hers to perform the last offices to her faithful children.

That such is the present custom in the East we have already shown, but we have likewise many proofs that not long since it was the universal system throughout Christendom. Amongst other observances peculiar to localities which give us indications of this, there are few which seem to us more beautiful or touching than the interments which were wont to take place in the 'Sacred Field' at Arles.

Some lingering tradition had invested the 'Champ des Morts' of this ancient city of France with a peculiar sanctity, heightened, no doubt, by the circumstance that there was a large monastery attached to it, and that the peculiar office of the monks abiding there was that most blessed one of ministering to the dead in Christ. For these reasons no distance was considered too great for the inhabitants of the southern provinces to convey their departed to that sacred spot; and yet the expense of the transit was often altogether beyond their means; a singular expedient, therefore, was universally adopted for the accomplishment of their purpose. The deep river that passes below the city of Arles flows far and wide through the sunny plains of France, and it was consequently a channel of conveyance attainable to all; the corpse, therefore, used to be brought to the water's edge, as near his own abode as might be, there he was placed by the priest in an open coffin, with a paper attached to his breast, giving his name and any particulars which might be thought necessary, whilst in his right-hand was placed a sum of money as an offering to be consecrated on the altar; tapers were then fixed round the coffin and lighted, and with many a prayer the dead body was launched by the priest on the bosom of the waters, whose strong and steady current bore him swiftly on, often for many miles, to Arles, in whose Sacred Field he was to find his rest.

Most beautiful, in truth, was that trusting love in their mother, the Church, which the survivors thus showed in sending out their beloved one to be received in her arms, nothing doubting that although they would never more so much as hear of that poor placid wanderer, yet surely and safely would she gather him into her bosom, and provide for his last necessity, with a care and tenderness they could not have surpassed. Nor were they ever betrayed in this their obedient humble confidence; night and day a guard of monks stood watching by the river-side, below the holy ground, to receive those lonely travellers that came to them thus mutely, imploring for their rest; and when the sacred lights, glancing on the stream as the coffin drifted on, announced their approach, the priests commenced chanting the funeral prayers, till the friendly waters bore it to their feet; then gently they drew on shore this pilgrim to the holy land of Death—they took from his cold hand the alms he offered silently, and placed them on the altar, and read the name inscribed upon his breast, that they might know how to make mention of him in their prayers. More of him they knew not, nor ever would know—his post, his toil, his earthly rank or station, whether he had been the lord over many vassals, or the beggar sitting at the rich man's door—it was enough for them that he was a son of the Church, and soldier of the Cross, a sharer in her common love, a brother born with them into the common hope; and tenderly therefore did they perform the last offices for him, and cradled him to slumber in the place of rest appointed by their universal mother.

Another striking specimen of treatment of the dead is in a certain old vaulted hall that is beneath the cloisters of an extensive monastery in one of the little islands of the South.

There death is present in strange and appalling guise; and the one work they have given him to do is to embody and delineate, as it were, in palpable shape before the eyes of men, the extreme awfulness of that last hour of life to which they are rushing on so heedlessly—the last of life, but the first of TRUTH—truth as it is in the sight of God himself, naked, piercing, sharp and keen as a two-edged sword, striking deep into the shivering soul, and convicting it of its own condition, as it is, and shall be to all eternity. Truly, could any man in vision undergo prophetically that one hour of dread awakening, when the shadows wherewith self-flattery hath clothed his sin shall flit away, and leave the black mass in its native hideousness, and the web of subtle close deceit the world hath woven round his soul shall disperse into the air like summer gossamer, he would need no other teaching to induce him, if need be, to drag himself over the path of his remaining pilgrimage even upon his very knees. Now the incarnation, so to speak, of this momentous final hour, as exemplified in various different cases, is here brought palpably before the living eye.

Standing upright in niches cut in the wall, forty monks are ranged around that solemn chamber, clothed in the complete costume of their order. At the first glance, they seem all to be engaged in prayer; and very still and quiet are they, with their heads, from which the dark cowl is thrown back, bent devoutly over their clasped hands. Alongside of each one is an inscription, giving the name and date of the death, and it really requires some such announcement to bring to the mind the full conviction that these are indeed all lifeless corpses; for except that each have the same uniform hue of livid paleness, and the same fixity in the position of the eyes, there is nothing in their outward appearance to indicate that they have not each one of them a living, throbbing heart within their bosoms; but on approaching nearer all delusion vanishes, and already the solemn work which those obedient corpses are appointed to perform takes its effect on the beholder; for vivid, startling, palpable on the countenance of every one of these dead men is the seal which the soul hath stamped thereon as it departed. All the faces wear the expression with which they died; different according to their various temperament, but fixed, immutable, unchangeably eloquent of the exact frame of mind in which they had separately met that awful hour. It even seems as though in this expressive look,—the last trace of spirit, petrified, as it were, upon the dead face,—we might read the record, not only of their dying moments, but also the concentrated history of their past lives; showing how the good man, humble and sincere, had departed in peace; and how the disappointed ambitious soul had clung to unholy hopes, which even years of salutary asceticism had failed to chasten.

The first of those eloquent teachers, the body of an old man, has a countenance which would tell its tale to the most careless observer. They who gaze on his serene and placid face must feel that death has been to him a glad release; in humble faith, in trembling hope, has he wished and waited for it; and when it came, he has resigned himself to its power, like a child that sinks to sleep upon its mother's breast. The strong lines round the shrivelled lips, the deeply-furrowed brow, the hollow eye, all tell of a weary conflict past—of tears that have been very bitter—of that long struggle with sorrow which can make existence a load right gladly laid aside: but there is a sublimity of repose upon that old man's face, which the mortal life we do so madly love could never have known. And the next—they who once have looked upon it, long vainly to forget again the awful face of the next in order. The fierce scowl on the forehead, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips convulsively drawn back, all speak an unwillingness to die, an utter dread of dissolution, which it is frightful to think of; because we feel that it is excess of sin which hath made him thus abhor the wages of it;—here are indeed again the traces of a conflict, but a conflict with death itself. It is easy to see how wildly he has struggled to retain his hold on life, and how, when the life escaped, it has written on his face the record of that last hour as one of most intense despair!

Assuredly this man must have been slave to the memory of some great crime, which made him so very a coward in presence of the mighty power; he has fought with him as with a foe, and he has been subdued; but the struggle has been a dire one, and it is rendered yet more striking by the mock resignation with which his hands are folded.

And again, the corpse that stands beside him teaches an awful lesson. It is so evident that he has expired as the beasts that perish; his heavy features are full of sottish indifference; he could not have foreseen that his hour was come; or if he did, he must have been one of those narrow grovelling minds, too completely filled with the daily occurrences of life to wake up and look beyond it—to question eternity. But by his side there stands one on whose face it were sweet to look for ever: unutterably beautiful are the dead who die in peace. And in the still eyes of this corpse, in the angelic smile that brightens even that livid mouth, there is a fervour of hope and faith not to be mistaken. He is very young, and it is a glad thought to know that he died when he did, so bright is the look of triumph. Sweetly, too, speaks the voice of mercy in the aspect of the pale corpse that stands beside him; for he seems to have gently fallen on sleep with that expression of utter weariness which is the very stamp of a broken heart. And thus face after face, stiffened into rigid obedience, are made to tell what shall be to each, according to their deserts, the last supreme hour of existence. None ever quitted that hall careless in his sin as he entered it.

We have given this, however, merely in illustration of the principle, and not from any peculiar favour to this individual custom. Far higher and holier, we conceive, is the example of the Eastern Church already given. We still maintain and affirm, that the one holy office which Death should perform in this world is, to sit robed in garments of celestial white at the door of man's Universal Tomb, in likeness of that glorious angel who once rolled back the stone from the gate of THE SEPULCHRE and sat thereon. And to all who come there seeking their beloved and weeping, as she came and wept who loved much, let this angelic Death, in tones as sweet as was the voice of that bright messenger, say gently—'Why seek ye here the living among 'the dead? HE is risen, and therefore all they that sleep in 'Jesus will God bring with Him!'

The Eastern Christians have, moreover, one vast advantage in the peculiar earnestness with which their Church ever seeks to bring before them the doctrine of the resurrection in other ways than by the aspect of Death himself. It would be difficult for the most ignorant, who has once witnessed the ceremonies of the holy Passiontide, not to derive some real apprehension of this, the stronghold of our faith. Let them go on the night of Easter Eve into that silent, dark, and most melancholy church, where the crowd of weeping fasting penitents are thronging round an awful bier—the bier whereon is laid the solemn representation of the tortured Form that in death endured the concentrated agony of the tremendous punishment due for a world's guilt; let them see this crowd bowing themselves upon the stones, amid the deep, mournful darkness, typifying that which once was over all the earth about the ninth hour of the day; and let them tremble, as every individual, sobbing, repentant, prostrate on the pavement, must tremble in presence of the awful thought embodied there, that Death, man's conqueror, holds down with his triumphant hands, all still and motionless, the sacred body of the one only Lord of life Himself. Let them reflect till their very souls shudder within them, as though their immortality was expiring, on the dreary, awful horror of the doom that must await the universal race of man, if for the Incarnate God the pains of death were never to be loosened more, if it were possible that HE should be holden of it!—and then let them hear, in the midst of the utter sinking of all life and hope which such a thought inspires, the one deep, thrilling note from the cannon's mouth which announces, as the dawn of Easter flashes in the sky, those tidings of eternal joy, that Christ is risen—Christ is risen from the Tomb! Glad and welcome truly as the voice of the archangel to the dead all weary of their graves, shall be to them the proclamation of this glorious truth, and forth shall spring their very soul in the responding cry,—'Yes, He is risen; Christ is risen!' and let them hear the rushing sound, as all around them from their knees the exulting multitude uprise, and with the voice full, trembling in joy, and hearts bursting in ecstasy, send out the same deep words of triumph, till the air echoes from earth to heaven with the one united shout! Let them behold the darkness (that so sombre reigned around a moment since) now flying for ever from before the face of the rising Sun of righteousness, as the radiance of a thousand tapers caught from the solitary light that marked the bier burst forth into universal brightness! Let them go forth from that illuminated church, and find throughout the whole rejoicing land that not a house or heart but is filled with light and music, symbolic of their hope and triumph,—and never, we affirm, shall the recollection of that Easter morning pass from their awakened mind, or the faith in a resurrection-day depart out of their enlightened soul, which it shall bless and hallow deeply!

In conclusion, we must briefly revert to an ever-recurring objection raised against that mode of instruction by outward observances which we have now been advocating. It is vehemently asserted by some, that the result of such a system of teaching is to delude the people into resting in a mere ceremonial religion, a fair outward framework without vitality within,—which supersedes and kills the inner life in the soul which it allures. This is a plausible statement. But let us recollect that inasmuch as it is the propensity of man's fallen nature to mar even the most holy things, and turn the best means of good into sources of moral poison—it becomes inevitable in legislating for the multitude that there should be in every system proposed a *possible tendency* to certain ill effects on which unholiness may fasten, and bring to full effect. Either way some risk must be incurred, and we can but seek to decide which is the lesser and which the greater evil.

In the present instance the distinction seems to us too plain to be mistaken. Be it remembered that the classes whom we would seek to influence by the force of outward custom, are our outcast and ignorant poor. Others more favoured, to whom the sources of Catholic truth are opened even to their very fountain-head and spring, may linger in the avenues of knowledge! but for the hapless people who sit in darkness among us—whether of the twain is preferable? that they should remain in a careless and torpid state because they have no man to tell them of these things, or that they should have a link, though not the best one abstractedly, between them and the truth. Admitting to the very uttermost the danger of a religion of form,—admitting that people would rely on the outward ceremonies too much, to the exclusion of efforts at inward purity and discipline of soul,—there will come an hour when, trembling on the brink of eternity, piercing through all the mists of earth to the Light of the Presence to which it is fast approaching, and appalled by its own immortality, the spirit must uprise to demand and seek the Truth it hath never known: then, in that supreme moment,—let us put the question fairly,—which of the two will have most chance of finding in his past experience some aliment whereon to build a faith, wherein to found his hope? He whose soul, wandering in darkness from the cradle to the grave, hath never encountered so much as a faint beam *reflected* from the great glory of the living truth; or he who in that last agony of search can fly back to grasp at the significant rites and customs that had no meaning for him in the days of his flesh, and fasten, with the keen avidity of his new perception, on the things unseen, of which they were the type and shadow.

ART. V.—*Anthologia Polyglotta: a Selection of Versions in various Languages, chiefly from the Greek Anthology. By* HENRY WELLESLEY, D.D. *Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford.* London: Murray. 1849.

IT requires but little penetration to see that this work is essentially a labour of love. Even without the knowledge which those who are acquainted with Oxford possess of Dr. Wellesley's various accomplishments,—his sympathy with artistic beauty in all its forms,—a chance observer would at once pronounce that the Editor is a man who has taken up his subject from the mere pleasure which a devotion to it inspires, and pursued it with a zeal which could hardly be supplied by any other motive short of a high sense of duty, such as one does not expect to find dictating in a question of *belles lettres.* This enthusiasm does not manifest itself, as is so often the case now-a-days, in elaborate attention to external decorations. Whether the reason is to be sought in the moderation of Dr. Wellesley himself or in the economy of the publisher, the book is much more simply got up than many of its class; for instance, than Milman's Horace, which we so lately noticed, or, to take a yet more cognate example, the Anthologia Oxoniensis. There are no vignettes, no ornamental page-borders; the appearance of the volume is graceful, but nothing more: and the beauty alike of originals and translations is left to be gathered from pages of plain printing, closer than it would have been had attractive typography been the only thing considered. But the internal requirements of the work have been much less sparingly consulted. The Editor has ransacked all sources from which help was likely to be derived; searched not merely previous collections of translations from the Greek epigrams, avowedly so entitled, but other and less obvious places; versions of classical authors, where here and there a flower from the Anthology is to be found incidentally introduced into the notes; nay, even the columns of bygone magazines, with their chaos of fugitive pieces, good, bad, and indifferent; and, moreover, which is the great feature of the publication after all, he has obtained the aid of some of the most distinguished versifiers, Latin or English, that his University has to boast. The result is a book which, whatever we may have to object against either its design or its execution, must secure many pleasing recollections to those who have been engaged in it, and afford much scope for agreeable relaxation to all who have a taste for the minor elegances, or as modern parlance would call them, the amenities of literature.

Still, it should be remembered that the praise of having performed a labour of love is not necessarily a very high one. Love, however elevating it may be in itself, (we speak as general moralists,) depends for a great part of its worth and dignity on the character of its object. *Ought,* we were told the other day on very competent authority, is a word peculiarly discordant in love; but though love when fully embraced supersedes law, and is in fact a law to itself, it is not so clear that law has nothing to do with its beginnings. Though it need not, and mostly will not, spring from a sense of duty, it may fairly be required to coincide with it. As we are not dealing with the matter in the gross, we will not stop to defend ourselves from a foreseen charge of having assumed in the very wording of our position the point at issue, but merely remark, that what is true of men and women, is true of things literary. A book is not to be commended merely because it is written or compiled *con amore.* Any merit in the subject may be enhanced indefinitely by a warm genial treatment: but the devotion of an author to his task does not in the least prove that he ought to have undertaken it at all. Thus, after cursorily satisfying ourselves as to the spirit in which the Anthologia Polyglotta is executed, we are driven back on the previous question, whether the idea of the work is a desirable one; whether the command of Oxford talent which it shows has been discreetly exercised, or no,—a profitable employment of labour, or a waste however insignificant. Some may think that it is ungracious to raise the question unless we mean to prejudge it; an imputation which we sincerely beg leave to deprecate. The utility of verse-composition has been so frequently disputed in these days that there can be no delicacy in discussing it, even though our mind were fully made up in its favour. Moreover, Dr. Wellesley himself seems to invite a fair consideration of it, as the first sentence of his Preface speaks of the aim as a laudable one, and almost immediately afterwards, the present Oxford educational crisis is hinted at as giving especial interest to publications of this kind.

A prejudice against an increased cultivation of ornamental scholarship is not necessarily utilitarian, in the low and vulgar sense of the word. Utility, indeed, as people are beginning to see, is a term of many shades of meaning: and there is no paralogism more frequently heard than that which uses it in one way in the premises and in another in the conclusion. *Usque ad nauseam* we are told that this is a utilitarian age, and so far rightly. It is true, too, that those who first introduced the expression as the watchword of their philosophy did almost as much as they could to discredit it. The simplest form which it takes, we suppose, is the *Cur quis non prandeat hoc est* of Persius's brute-creature of a soldier—the assertion that every path which does not converge more or less directly to a good dinner, as its focal point, is to be avoided by a prudent man. In the same spirit we still see prophets of a golden age of material prosperity, agreeing with Dr. Strauss that the genius of Christianity and the genius of railroads are convertible things. These, however, are not without their truth, as it may be safely asserted that the existence of physical evil is one great impediment to the removal of moral evil, though logic may not require, and religion absolutely forbid us to add, as a corollary, that the better men's bodies are the better their souls are likely to be. Ascending higher, we find that Utilitarianism is no reproach at all, but rather a positive praise. It resolves itself into a reaching after some end—such an end as that proposed by Bacon—the glory of God and the relief of man's estate. Nor can we see how, on a moral or religious hypothesis, any one can divest himself of a regard to this end, and wish to be looked upon solely as the artist or the litterateur. No doubt a difference is to be made in the degree in which reference is had consciously to the primary object according to the precise nature of the secondary one. The ludicrous pictures which common sense draws of the mind and manner of a man who should desire to feel himself, in the most trivial as well as in the gravest matters, to be acting on an immediate sense of duty, are at once confirmed, if not anticipated, by the moral sentiment of reality. S. Paul cannot have meant that the spirit in which we eat and drink should be precisely the same in degree as that in which we perform the most solemn acts, though it may be impossible to overrate the value of being reminded that no matter in any way connected with man can be simply and purely indifferent. So we may be glad to observe that an Oxford writer on Logic has omitted, in a second edition, a Southeyan address to his 'small book,' bidding it to go forth and do the work of the Church. Still, if we mistake not, the omission does not argue that he is one whit less sensible of the moral responsibility of publishing even a treatise on pure reasoning, but only that he has learnt not to waste expressions of enthusiasm which may be wanted on higher occasions. If he had judged that he could be more usefully employed than in elaborating a new theory of Judgments, he would doubtless have seen it right to relinquish the work; putting it forward, he has already professed his utilitarian purpose, and need not make any formal proclamation. In fact this temper of Utilitarianism is found precisely among those who are most ready to congratulate themselves upon their freedom from it. The mere literary man has the *cui bono* fever upon him in one of its worst forms. So far as it might lead him to ask himself how he can most benefit his fellows, he is happily free from it: so far as it brings every aspiration down to a low standard,—the standard of personal enjoyment,—beyond which it is not worth while to go,—he will hardly be able to plead exemption. The evil lies in a want of proper estimation of high ends; and the remedy is to be found not in ignoring ends altogether, and seeking in each pursuit no object beyond itself, but in clearly understanding their relative positions, the lower being in all cases looked upon as means to the higher.

There can be no doubt that the taste for verse composition which characterised the most distinguished men of Oxford some time back, is now very much on the wane. It is at least a couple of hundred years old—perhaps more, for we really cannot afford to examine the point minutely—as a reference to the names which adorn the Musæ Oxonienses will at once prove. The height of its prevalence was unquestionably during the last century; a fact which was to have been expected from the literary character of the period in other respects. Whatever may be the merit of the Latin verses produced in England from the times of the Civil War to the Restoration—and those who recollect Cowley, himself a *habitué* of Oxford, though educated at Cambridge, will not be disposed to undervalue it—the intellectual temper of the men who gave a tone to their generation was not exactly classical. Platonism and scholastic subtlety were in possession of the living poetry of the country; and productions in a dead language either partook of the same spirit, or existed as something external, and consequently unreal. But to the era of Anne and the Georges the cultivation of classical versifying was congenial and appropriate. The increased attention bestowed on style had at last been rewarded with success by the establishment of a more or less definite standard in verse and prose. Form and matter were brought into harmony by a process which strict analysis might, perhaps, resolve into a raising of the one and a lowering of the other. The weight and effect of the weapons might have been diminished; but at any rate men knew how to use them perfectly. It is just an atmosphere like this, serene and untroubled, if not quite transparent, which is most favourable to the growth of a merely imitative art. Addison is the type, and a very pleasing one in his way, of an eighteenth century litterateur; and he was a great proficient in Latin verses. Passing over

Johnson and others, towards the end of the period we find several of the rising neophytes of statesmanship renowned for their feats of versification at Eton and at Oxford. This fact may at first sight seem to offer some exception to the general remark which we have just ventured, inasmuch as the times then were stirring enough. Those, however, whose classical fame was highest, were men who, as *doctrinaires,* were not more revolutionary than Addison himself. The change of circumstances had not altered their temper, but only developed the element of pugnacity. They had been formed under the influences of the past; and these they now brought to bear upon the present, not by the attraction of sympathy, but with the force of strong opposition. Their violence was not positive, but negative, and would have ceased if the disturbing cause had been withdrawn. The wit of the Anti-Jacobin was the product not of the Pantisocratist schemes, but of the regime which preceded them, and was only influenced by them as generators of reaction. We do not find that Southey or Godwin found his natural vent in Latin poems and epigrams. As the antagonism declined, the versifying habit began to decline also. The Anti-Jacobins had stung their opponents effectually, but they left the sting in the wound, and the mere intellectual play of minds secure about first principles was not likely to be in vogue much longer. Since the beginning of the present century it has sunk, in Oxford at least, to a very moderate pitch. The great names of the Class list, and still more those which have been heard of in after life, have not, as a general rule, been associated with many trophies of successful composition. The Latin Prize Poems of late years, with one or two marked exceptions, are decidedly inferior to those which, in the absence of other honours, used to make a man's reputation. We hear of very few of those spontaneous exercises, whether serious pieces or *jeux d'esprit,* which are handed about from friend to friend in manuscript, or as privately printed, and known by rumour, even to strangers, as *the* clever thing of the day. In the awarding of Fellowships, this kind of ability is understood to be very slightly considered—a fact which is quite as much the effect of previous depreciation as the cause of its continuance. In short, the art is rather at a discount, as is admitted and deplored by its best friends, Dr. Wellesley among the number.

The question is, whether it is worth while to make any decided attempt to bring it up to a premium again by University regulations, by College countenance, or by the less obtrusive medium of works like the 'Anthologia Polyglotta.' If the end be desirable, it might be easy to prove that any or every of these methods would be praiseworthy and expedient. The very essence of education, in economical phraseology, implies some degree of protection. The *laissez faire* principle, thus applied, is merely that of allowing a garden to develop itself in weeds. Still, the natural value of a study, as shown by its congeniality to the mind of the pupil, does come in more or less to inform the judgment of the educating body as to what should be encouraged. They may form their conclusions from observation of the tastes of those who pass under their care, and also of the general tendencies of the day; and it will be their wisdom not to disregard either, or set an artificial value on any particular subject from reasons of their own, or, what is the same thing, extrinsic considerations. To us, we own, there is a strong argument in the fact that Latin verse composition *has* been reduced in importance. If we saw any matter of right or wrong involved, we should, of course, shrink from deferring unreservedly to the testimony of experience, and set ourselves about inquiring what causes which *ought* to be eliminated had led to the result. Again: not to trench on the inner circle of morals, if it appeared that any systematic and premeditated discouragement had been offered to the study, a case might be made out for an equally direct interference in its behalf; though, even then, we should take leave to suggest that it might have been expected to be sufficient for its own defence. But where a thing has yielded to the operation of ordinary causes, it is in vain to call in human aid to arrest a natural law. It should be recollected that the case is not one of those extraordinary emergencies where nature itself seems to be under a spell binding it to work evil rather than good, and man is compelled to exertion by the very hopelessness of the prospect. It is not as if education were subjected to a general blight, in which things of the most delicate organization die first. On the contrary, it is the exuberance of production all about, which has diminished the luxuriant growth of this peculiar species. Nor is it true merely that intellectual life in general is as strong as ever in the University. Were only that to be conceded, it might be urged that the study of language was a valuable one, and ought not, on account of its apparent unproductiveness, to be sacrificed to other pursuits which happen to yield a quicker return. But, as a matter of fact, scholarship in its fullest sense is flourishing, and likely to flourish. Philology and scientific grammar, embracing a range of thought unknown to the Cannings and Grenvilles, are making perceptible progress in Oxford, though their triumph is yet to come; nay even the practical aptitude of writing Latin prose is going on steadily and without a check. Verse composition is the only thing which has been definitely lowered in value; and it remains to be shown that it has not been merely finding its level. It may tell less and less in University scholarships, in proportion to a general knowledge of criticism and antiquities; but the scholarly training of Oxford may be better now, for all that, than it was fifty years ago. We are aware that we have not said all which may be strictly requisite to make out our plea as utilitarians. We have argued in favour of the principle generally, but we have brought little positive evidence in support of its application. We trust, however, that the deficiency will be overlooked, and that our readers will not object to supply it by discussing for themselves whether the making of Latin verses is not likely to be of less consequence in education than the cultivation of physical science, of history, of ethics, of comparative philology, and of the other branches of study which have contributed to overshadow it.

Nevertheless, if Dr. Wellesley will allow us to accept his gift for its own sake, and not as part of an educational course, we may find it in our hearts to thank him for it, in terms of something more than mere courtesy. It is by no means our wish that Latin verse should become one of the lost arts, or that Oxford should entirely lose the graceful charm for which it was formerly admired. On the contrary, our enjoyment of really excellent versification is, we trust, real and great. Nor would we check the ardour of any who may be led by the gentle attraction of the 'Anthologia Polyglotta' to employ their imitative faculties on classical themes. We confess, however, that even for the sake of verse-making itself, we should object to its becoming a fashion. Some of our public schools, as is well known, devote themselves to the production of a particular kind of composition as the best means of training their pupils: and the sister University, though with more comprehensiveness of range, at present follows their example. Whether the training be a good one we will not now inquire: we will only hope that it is, as certainly the work produced, independently of the possible good gained by producing it, is no very desirable acquisition. Every now and then an ode, an epigram, or a set of Iambics is turned out, which a man of classical taste may read with genuine pleasure; but such occasional brilliancy is but a poor compensation for the infinitude of mechanical mediocrity, very excellent in its way, which the system inflicts upon the world. We are entitled to speak of it as a public evil, not merely from the popularity which a large school, still more a great University, must enjoy, but because these verses not seldom find their way into print, occasionally even by authority, and more frequently into a circulation which, if not strictly public, is open to all who are supposed to be interested in classical doings. There is scarcely a fine piece in the English language, particularly in contemporary poetry (sure to be seized on first as making the most impression on translator and reader), which is free from the unpleasant association of an admirable version by a first-rate scholar. If these versions were less good, paradoxical as it may seem, they would be more tolerable. As it is, he that has written translations himself knows how easy it is to rise to a certain point which looks all but inconceivable to the uninitiated, but is in reality at an infinite distance below perfection. *Si paullum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.* We should be loth to believe that the incessant and systematic production of mediocrity by the many is the sole condition of drawing out the transcendent powers of the few. At any rate we will suggest, that even if one or two are prevented from discovering their own strength by the absence of a general training, there will be others, however small their number, who will give unmistakeable evidence of what is within them, all the more unequivocally because they cannot have been influenced by fashion. We are not now going to discuss ways and means; but surely verse composition might be left open to those who have a natural taste for it, without being made to take in all whose capability extends to that in the sense in which it might extend to any other subject. Meantime we will say, generally, that we quite recognise the value of a class of composers, whether the faculty in them be a special quality, or, as it was in Milton, part of the whole development of a strong and versatile nature; and any publication which tells us that there are still such in Oxford, even upon our principles, is sure to be hailed as a messenger of good news.

All this time we have been speaking of the 'Anthologia Polyglotta' in the abstract, and as it were hypothetically, till we have left ourselves comparatively little space for saying what the actual character of the book is. Its chief fault seems to us to be an offence against the position laid down in our last paragraph. It does not wage that internecine war with mediocrity which we have proclaimed to be a most necessary, though possibly a most arbitrary measure. There is not nearly enough selectness about it. It is professedly an Anthology of the Anthology—a selection, that is, out of the original Greek selection of epigrams and short poems. Had there been yet a third Florilegium made from the selected versions, the service rendered to the cause of elegant translation would have been greater than it is. Dr. Wellesley has too often been led astray by a wish to make his work complete. He appears to have thought himself bound to furnish, either from his own stock or from that of others, a Latin version of every epigram introduced.

Besides some minor celebrities of antiquity, he had, of course, Grotius, who is in general sufficiently classical, and Johnson, whose frequent inelegance is redeemed by his vigour; but these were only able to supply part of his exigencies. For the rest he has had to draw largely on his friends, not always with the best success. Fortunately the one who has been most often applied to, is the most distinguished scholar on the staff. Yet even *he*, though the life and soul of the volume, would have responded more genially had the calls on him been less incessant. It is not easy for the most felicitous versifier to be at all hours in a thoroughly classical frame of mind. He may have to write while in a state of impatience for his dinner, or of acquiescence after it—neither of them to be reckoned among the 'mollia tempora fandi' during which the Muse is most accessible. But he has to get through a certain number, and finds it better to begin at once, than to wait till he is completely in the vein. We are avowedly setting up a very high standard, and that in judging of compositions the merit of which we are hardly competent to decide upon at all. We feel, however, that verses which a man would welcome with unqualified delight from a pupil, and even from a friend and an equal, may fairly call for less approbation when presented by a superior. Of the English translations the same is to be said. They were more difficult to produce, and should, therefore, have been more fastidiously scrutinized. We have no thought of ranking the accomplished editor among that class which, as Hesiod says, does not know how much the half is greater than the whole; but we think that he would have given us a more attractive and more useful work, had he recollected that fragmentariness is no reproach, but an inevitable necessity, where the highest excellence is concerned.

We proceed to pick out a few specimens for more detailed criticism. Our best plan will be to despatch the Latin and English versions separately, (for we have no dealings with modern continental languages,) though there would have been some pleasure in examining, side by side, the different translations of each selected piece, and deciding which of the two foreign mediums has been the more successful in conveying the spirit of the original in the particular instance. After all, however, the requirements of Latin and English versification are so unlike, that it will be better to regard them as distinct wholes, each regulated by its own code of criticism, than to bring them into court alternately, and thus virtually to try both by the same laws. In both cases, our principle will be to choose the productions of new writers, not former favourites, and also such as are recommended by the merit of the original.

There is something deceptive in a Latin translation of a

Greek epigram. At first sight, it seems as if nothing could be easier; the elegiac measure, by far the most common in the Anthology, is as natural to one language as to the other; and the two, however much they may differ in other respects, are tolerably on a par with regard to closeness and compression, the peculiar advantages and disadvantages of each being pretty nearly compensated. But a little experience will show, that the Latin elegiac is unlike the Greek in structure—much in the same way that Pope's couplets are unlike Dryden's. The Ovidian measure is more artificial, a more complete piece of mechanism, with a regular rise and fall, a systematic antithesis of sense and sound. Thus it has not the freedom and variety of its predecessor, having voluntarily surrendered them in order to produce an effect which was supposed to be more pleasing. Consequently, it does not often happen that any metrical excellence in the one can be exactly represented in the other; we are driven back on the principle of analogy, and forced to content ourselves with requiring that each shall be good of its kind, occupying the same relative position with respect to its own language—an intelligible ground indeed, and one which those who have studied the subject of translation will be prepared to acquiesce in, but not quite all that the *primâ facie* resemblance of the two measures led us to expect. Further, the dissimilarity in structure not unfrequently leads, as we shall see, to a real difference in compass; Latin may in itself be as compressible as Greek, but the law of the Latin elegiac will not allow the sense to extend beyond the couplet, as a general rule; so that what a Greek would say in three lines, a Roman must put into four. These remarks premised, we turn at once to our specimens. The two first are singled out for especial praise.

FROM CRINAGORAS.—Εἴαρος ἤνθει μέν, κ. τ. λ.

'Vere rosæ quondam solitæ florere, rubentes
  Nunc hieme in mediâ pandimus ecce sinus.
Natalis tua lux nobis lætissima venit
  Scilicet: et prope nunc ipse Hymenæus adest.
Dulce foret solem æstivum Zephyrosque manere:
  Dulcius est frontem sic redimire tuam.'—P. 99.

FROM MELEAGER.—Ἀχήεις τέττιξ, κ. τ. λ.

'Huc age quæ poto canis ebria rore, Cicada,
  Arva replens numeris et loca sola tuis,
Et pere serrato summis in frondibus hærens,
  More lyræ, fusco corpore dulce sonas.
Eja novum quiddam silvestribus incipe Nymphis,
  Æmula Mænalii carmina funde Dei:
Sic ab amore vacans somnum resupinus inibo,
  Dum platani nimium distinet umbra jubar.'—P. 152.

Successful as both these versions are, the first of them supplies an instance of the dissimilarity which we have just been pointing out, though not so as to interfere with the general fidelity of the copy. The two concluding lines are exactly what a Latin elegiac couplet should be; indeed, the propriety of the antithesis is too obvious to need remark. Turning to the Greek, we find the same thought expressed, but without any attempt at a verbal balance.

> *Καλλίστης ὀφθῆναι ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι γυναικὸς*
> *λώϊον, ἢ μίμνειν ἠρινὸν ἠέλιον.*

The next instance which we give, is one in which the disparity amounts to a serious evil, compelling the translator to expand six lines into eight. The failure is the more provoking, as the original happens to be eminently beautiful.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.—*Εἶπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, κ. τ. λ.*

> 'Cum mihi te, Heraclite, aliquis narrâsset ademtum,
> Lacryma per memores fluxit oborta genus;
> Dum repeto, quoties solem sermone morati
> Condidimus, gratâ fatus uterque vice.
> Jampridem tamen, hospitii mihi fœdere quondam
> Juncte Halicarnasseu, tu cinis ipse jaces.
> Usque tuæ vivunt sed aëdones: hisque nec Orcus
> Omnia prædantes afferet ipse manus.'—P. 98.

We do not see how this could have been otherwise broken up; yet the weakness occasioned by the change is at once apparent. It was necessary to make two lines out of the Greek,

> *Εἶπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ*
> *ἤγαγεν,*

and the result is, that instead of the touching simplicity of the second clause, we have a whole pentameter, which might have been taken bodily from the Gradus. In the fourth line, 'gratâ fatus uterque vice,' is better and more scholarlike in itself, but it is a mere fill-up,—the only excuse being the word *ἀμφότεροι* in the Greek. The next couplet is worse than ever; six words are taken to express *ξεῖν' Ἁλικαρνησεῦ*, an address the naturalness of which is utterly ruined by periphrasis. While, however, we admit the epigram to be impracticable, we feel that something of the failure is owing to the translator, who here, as elsewhere, has shown that fluency and superior skill do not always go together. In the last distich there was no peculiar difficulty to contend with; he had only to give two lines of Latin for two of Greek; and the result is a couplet which is wholly destitute of the plaintive melody of the original, at the same time that it has no charm of its own.

The following example we would instance in illustration of our complaint of the sin of mediocrity :—

FROM EUENUS.—*Ἀτθὶ κόρα μελίθρεπτε, κ.τ.λ.*

'Attica, mellis amans, stridentem, virgo, cicadam
  Stridula fers pullis pabula parva tuis?
Garrula multiloquam, volucris super arva volantem,
  Hospitem in æstivis hospes et ipsa locis?
Non cito dimittes? nec fas tibi ferre nec æquum est:
  Non sunt in vates vatibus ora data.'—P. 284.

The only part of this which can be called successful, is the concluding couplet; and the reason is, that the original there is tolerably easy to render. The real gist of the epigram is in the two middle lines, as our readers will see by referring to the Greek.

τὸν λάλον ἁ λαλόεσσα, τὸν εὔπτερον ἁ πτερόεσσα,
  τὸν ξένον ἁ ξεína, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά.

Here, of course, it is the exact expression of the fourfold parallel, aided by a double homoioteleuton, which constitutes the art of the couplet; and the business of the translator was neither more nor less than to reproduce this. It will be urged, the task was exceedingly difficult. We have no objection to going further, and conceding that it was impossible. But what then? The right thing surely was not to attempt it. Nothing whatever is gained by such a trial of skill as is exhibited in the lines we quote. We take up a collection like Dr. Wellesley's, expecting to find something felicitous, and not merely a respectable failure, such as any competent scholar might realize after a few moments' thought. The best composer will sometimes find himself writing indifferent verses; but he will not be so likely to find himself publishing them.

We make no pretence to having examined these versions grammatically; one piece of incorrect Latinity has, however, struck us *en passant.*

'Heus! piger iste, modo in somnis sibi currere visus,
  Non iterum, ne iterum *curreret, it* cubitum.'—P. 382.

If the difficulties of translating Greek epigrams into Latin are greater than they appear, those of turning them into English are great both in appearance and in reality. There is not even the advantage of a seeming correspondence of form. In other cases, the resources of English versification may be sufficient to compensate for this cardinal defect; but hardly where the thing to be translated is an epigram. The body ought there to be rendered scrupulously as well as the soul. Thus, an English writer will generally have to ask himself, whether he is to sacrifice compression to ease, or ease to compression. Six lines of Greek can hardly be got, with any grace, into six of English; and eight of the latter, as we have seen in the case of Latin, will not have the same effect. Occasionally an attempt is made to evade the dilemma, by introducing a longer metre—that of fourteen syllables for example—but not with any very fortunate result.

The following lines are good in themselves, but too stiff for an epigram :

FROM POSIDIPPUS.—*Λύσιππε πλάστα, κ.τ.λ.*

'Lysippus, Sicyon's genius, master bold,
  The bronze looks very fire, thus cast by thee
In Alexander's form. Persians, behold,
  Your flight was blameless : herds the lion flee.'—P. 128.

In the next version so little room is allowed, that it is hardly possible to tell from the mere language, whether the tone is meant to be serious or comic. The style is almost that of Beppo or Don Juan.

UNCERTAIN.—*Aἶ αἶ τοῦτο κάκιστον, κ.τ.λ.*

'Alas! alas! the worst bereavement is
  A bridegroom, or a bride! but oh! the two—
Like good Lycænium and Eupolis,'

(words which, we may remark in passing, have a very different effect from the *Εὔπολιν ὡς ἀγαθήν τε Λυκαίνιον* of the Greek, of which they are, nevertheless, a verbal rendering,)

'Whom the first night the chamber falling slew—
No woe like that! Nicis, a son 'twas thus
You wept, and you a daughter, Eudicus!'—P. 158.

We now come to cite instances of the opposite fault—want of compression. It is, however, not our wish to be always fault-finding; so we will purposely fix on cases where a plea of justification can be set up. Diffuseness, we said just now, is fatal to an epigram, as one of these very epigrams teaches us.

Πάγκαλόν ἐστ' ἐπίγραμμα τὸ δίστιχον· ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃς
τοὺς τρεῖς, ῥαψῳδεῖς, κοὐκ ἐπίγραμμα λέγεις.

But this only applies to the epigram proper, the epigram in its restricted English sense. In the larger acceptation in which it must be understood in order to take in all the contents of this volume, that pointed out by its etymology 'a composition on a subject,' an epigram can exist without this sharp work. 'Rhapsodizing' is not, under such circumstances, an unpardonable offence. On the contrary, the principle of analogy seems rather to require that the English translator should break up the elegiac into lyrical stanzas, as being likely more fully to realize the poetical effect. Here are two pleasing English poems, which we are willing to accept in exchange for the eight or ten couplets of the original. The first is too free, sacrificing language as well as metre, and preserving nothing but the general sense; but it has much of the sweetness of its prototype. In the second, the correspondence is closer, while the command of English versification is at least equally great.

FROM SIMONIDES.—*Ἡμερὶ πανθέλκτειρα, κ. τ. λ.*

'Sweet, all-seducing, conquering Vine,
Rich queen of autumn's purple wealth,
Whose crisped tendrils round entwine
The kindly germs of life and health;

'Disdain not thou that humble mound;
Its pillar claims thy choicest care;
For he, who spread thy fame around,
Thy Teian poet, slumbers there.

'So shall the wild, the jovial bard,
Who quaff'd thy wine-cups foaming free,
Nor ever till the dawning spared
The chords attuned to love and thee,

'Contented in his narrow grave,
Beneath thy grateful shadow rest:
For him thy richest bough shall wave,
For him thy ripest grape be prest.

'And let the soft and mellow dews
The old man's dream of joy prolong,
Who breathed, when thou didst crown his muse,
A softer and a mellower song.'—P. 344.

UNCERTAIN.—*Οἶος ἔης φεύγων, κ.τ.λ.*

''Tis Lades, as with foot of wind
When o'er the course he flew,
And e'en swift Thymus left behind,
Each part to nature true.

'In Myron's bronze again he lives,
Again the eager soul
For Pisa's chaplet pants and strives,
And fires the glorious whole.

'Of hope each quivering muscle tells:
Mark but the straining hip,
The bosom that with ardour swells,
The hot breath on the lip!

'Its stand no more the metal keeps,
But bounding from its base
Forward to grasp the crown it leaps:
Art, thou hast won the race!'—P. 449.

There are, however, cases where such an apology, sufficient as we think it, is not required—cases where the compass of the original is preserved, without any loss of ease or facility. Two of these we subjoin, as good models of this kind of translation:—

FROM PALLADAS.—'Ανδροφόνῳ σαθρὸν, κ. τ. λ.

'A murderer, sleeping by a tottering wall,
Saw in a dream Serapis' awful face,
And "Ho! thou sleeper, rise!" he heard him call;
"Go, take thy slumber in some other place."
The murderer woke; departed: and behold,
Straight to the earth the tottering fabric roll'd.

'The wretch, next morning, offerings brought, as fain
To think himself to great Serapis dear:
But the God came by night and spoke again;
"Wretch! dost thou think the like of *thee* my care?
To avert a painless death I bade thee wake:
But learn that Heaven reserves thee for the stake.'—P. 229.

UNCERTAIN.—Πῖνε καὶ εὐφραίνου, κ. τ. λ.

'Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings
No mortal knoweth: wherefore toil or run?
Spend while thou may'st: eat—fix on present things
Thy hopes and wishes: life and death are one.
One moment: grasp life's goods: to thee they fall.
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.'—P. 249.

The least happy of the English versions are, we think, those where a comic vein is opened. They are mostly by one author; and he is too frequently slovenly and vulgar, when he means to be simple and familiar. The following is apparently intended for an airy love song:—

FROM PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.—'Ανέρα λυσσητῆρι, κ. τ. λ.

'They say that one who hath chanced to suffer
The venomous bite of a rabid hound,
Will see a creature of horrible feature
Imaged on all the waters round:
So me hath rabid Cupid bitten,
And smitten my soul with his raging bane;
And an image I trace on the river's face,
In the glistening wine, on the level main;
But the image which wakens my soul's distress
Is an image of exquisite loveliness.'—P. 40.

The selection from already published translations seems generally to have been made with judgment: nevertheless, we have occasionally missed a favourite which we should have expected to see inserted. Why, for instance, has Dr. Wellesley passed over Smith's (the translator of Thucydides) vigorous though too diffuse version of Geminus' well-known epitaph on Themistocles?—

'Be Greece the monument, and crown the height
With all the trophies of the naval fight:
Let Persia's Mars and Xerxes deck the base:
Such rites alone Themistocles may grace.
Then, like a column of majestic size,
His deeds inscribed, let Salamis arise.

Swell every part, and give the hero room,
For nothing small should scandalize the tomb.'

Or the translation of *χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρών, κ.τ.λ.*, (p. 440,) quoted by Coleridge, as capping the boasted brevity of the Greek—

'Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground:
Bill missing his gold used the rope which he found—'

which, though inferior to the point of the original, is nearer to it than Sir Alexander Croke's four lines, or the still longer poems of Wyat and Turbervile?

The sum of our remarks is, that though we question the purpose for which this volume has been compiled, we think it has a substantive and independent value of its own; and while inclined to doubt whether the collection is not too comprehensive, we cheerfully acknowledge the merits which would have led us to anticipate complete success on a smaller scale. The power of Oxford to foster elegant scholarship is sufficiently justified: and should Cambridge composers care to take up the gauntlet, they may find it hard to produce anything in which the inherent difficulties of the work undertaken are so well surmounted.

ART. VI.—1. *Canterbury Papers.* London: J. W. Parker. 1850.

2. *Hints on Church Colonization. By* JAMES CECIL WYNTER, M.A. *Rector of Gatton.* London: J. W. Parker. 1850.

THERE is nothing more remarkable than the manner in which particular questions fasten at particular times upon the public mind, and appear by some hidden sympathy to pervade and agitate the intelligence of the country, as we see a meadow stirred in its every part by the passage of an unseen and voiceless breeze. At this moment there can be no hesitation in affirming that the question of colonization is one of the engrossing topics of the day; and there certainly never arose a question more pregnant with important consequences; or to the decision of which it behoved this country more anxiously and more unremittingly to apply her best energies and her highest intellect.

To the mere newspaper reader it must be evident that a problem of vast interest is hastening to its solution; and that, in the course of the next few years, possibly months, will be settled the question of the future position in which England is to stand towards those vast dependencies which call her mother, which have been founded by her capital and enterprise, and which never can be lost but by her fault. The most careless perusal of the most ordinary sources of information suffices to show that our Colonies are, almost without an exception, assuming an attitude more or less menacing; that they are gradually awaking to a consciousness of their strength, and arriving at a determination to exert it; while politicians at home are busying themselves in attempts either to concede their demands, or, at all events, to stay their increasing appetite for free institutions.

We do not purpose to enter at large into the general subject of colonization, and still less to embark upon a political discussion. Our object is to offer a few remarks upon the question in its religious and social bearings; but it is obvious that, looking merely to these, it is impossible altogether to exclude the consideration of the political element. In proportion as the dissatisfaction of the Colonies increases, will increase the disinclination of Englishmen to emigrate, and there has never been a time at which it was more necessary to sustain and animate the spirit, which has ever made the Anglo-Saxon race the pioneers of civilization, and the foremost in what Lord Bacon calls the 'ancient, primitive, and heroical work' of colonization. There has never been a time at which we could less afford to lose the advantages offered by our Colonies, as an outlet for our population, as a vent for our energies, and as a safety-valve for that enterprising and restless spirit, which is ever boiling, pent up within the narrow limits which are placed around us by circumstances, and threatening in its upheavings to endanger the necessarily conventional fabric of society. There has never been a time at which the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, not only among the labouring classes, but among the higher orders of society, has been more apparent. Every where we see men struggling as it were for elbow room, conscious of powers and energies which only want a fitting field in which to exert themselves; but here, from the vast and increasing competition that exists, unable to find that field, and consuming their lives in that waiting upon fortune, which is not only more painful, but far less worthy of our nature, than a manly hand to hand encounter with Fate.

Nor are these, which have been happily termed 'the uneasy classes' of society, likely to decrease in numbers. On the contrary, every thing shows that the tendency of the age is to produce an increase in the intensity of the feeling, and in the numbers of those who are actuated by it. In the merest economic view of the question, it is plain that the means of subsistence are not likely to meet such a development as to lessen the proportion of those who are unable to see their way to a comfortable livelihood for themselves and their families. No new sources of wealth or of employment are likely to spring up among us to relieve their present cravings and their future fears. The spirit of the day points clearly towards an aggravation of the evil. It points not to a subdivision, but to a cumulation of employment; to the largest possible return of labour for the smallest pay; to the most accurate scrutiny into the adaptation of every man to his work, and of his work to his salary; and woe be to those who cannot show a perfect balance-sheet in these particulars. The fatal car will still move on its inexorable way, and no appeals to prescription or to compassion will stay the untiring wheels, though their progress should be over prostrate thousands.

As an instance of what we mean, we may point to the profession of the law, which for generations has afforded a portion of crumbs more or less scanty to an unlimited and apparently illimitable succession of hungry applicants. If we look to the tendency of the times, no man can doubt but that ere long this source of employment will be narrowed in a very perceptible degree. No one can see the growing feeling in favour of summary jurisdiction in criminal cases, as a means of lightening the pressure of the county rate, or the efforts which are made towards extending the jurisdiction of the County Courts, with a view to relieving the pockets of the suitors, without being convinced that ere long the Bar will cease to be a source of profitable employment in the same degree as heretofore. The present state and future prospects of the Church offer a wider and far sadder field for contemplation. It is not our business here to allude to the tide which has been gradually rising and swelling around the Church, or to the cloud which may yet dim and blacken her horizon; but this we may say, that, while at no time have shepherds been more needed within the fold, there has long existed a vague and shadowy apprehension of an evil day to come, which may well be expected to operate upon the minds of some, who in other days would have sought service beneath her banners. Can any one say that this dissatisfaction is likely to abate, or that recent events will tend to incline the religious and thoughtful to forbear from seeking freedom, and, if it may be, peace, abroad? It is useless to multiply instances of what we believe to be so clear, and we return to our proposition, that there has never been a time when we could less afford to lose the advantages of our Colonial empire. But to secure those advantages, the Colonies must be made attractive to Englishmen; and here, as we before said, the political element of the discussion largely enters, and the necessity for free institutions at once presents itself. As the able and accomplished Halifax said in arguing in favour of representative government for the state of Massachusetts—'It is vain to think that a population sprung from the English stock, and animated by English feelings, will long bear to be deprived of English institutions.'

We may go yet further, and we may say, that men who have passed a portion of their lives in the enjoyment of these institutions will not consent to be deprived of them, wherever their future lot may be cast. To whatever shores they may go, in search of the subsistence or the social appliances which they cannot obtain at home, they ought not to be satisfied with less than English liberty, English civilization, English observances, and an English tone of feeling.

In a review of the existing state of our Colonial dependencies, it must be admitted with shame and sorrow, that in none of them are these conditions fully realized, and that in many of them we may search in vain for any, the slightest, trace of these inestimable blessings. We say with shame, for upon the head of the parent state must mainly rest the responsibility of the moral condition of the offspring whom she has called into being. The influence of early associations may be distinctly traced throughout the whole career of the most successful Colonies which the world has seen; and on the other hand, daily experience proves that this proposition, when applied to the case of Colonies of a different stamp, is no less an awful truth, and an astounding reality.

We will point to the colonization of New England, of Maryland, of Pennsylvania, and of French Canada, as having from the outset possessed a predominating element of a religious and moral kind. The objects of the original Colonists were, in all these cases, to preserve religious freedom, and to secure to themselves and their posterity the power of enjoying congenial civil institutions. In the last instance, that of French Canada, the leaders of the Colony were religious men, possessing a definite principle of faith, which they endeavoured from the beginning to impress upon the rising settlement.

The result has been that which we should be prepared upon general principles to expect. All these Colonies, in a greater or a less degree, according to circumstances and the character of their respective forms of faith, acquired and preserved a high degree of civilization and of religious and moral development, and more or less nearly approached the type of a perfect Colony.

The more modern colonization of this country has been conducted upon a different principle, or rather we should say, upon no principle at all. The theory—if theory it can be called—has been entirely one of *emigration,* not of *colonization;* having reference solely to the relief of the mother-country, and in no respect regarding the future welfare or condition of the offspring. Our colonization has been either, in the expressive (and from its very expressiveness, hackneyed) phrase of the late lamented Charles Buller, a mere 'shovelling out of paupers,' to such a distance from our shores as to save our feelings the sight of their misery; or it has been a living entombment of convicts, where they might fester in their own corruption, without our sentiment being shocked at the spectacle of their crime.

Our Colonies have been made gigantic poor-houses, or enormous gaols. In the one case, as in Canada, they have been peopled with helpless wretches, famine and fever-stricken, reaching the inhospitable shore to which they were bound, only to find a death-bed and a crowded grave; in the other, in our convict settlements, they have been filled with the rakings of our prisons and the offscourings of our hulks, advancing in depravity, until they reach the culminating iniquity of Norfolk Island.

Of course this sweeping censure is not intended to apply to all our Colonies; but even in the best of them, those which have been founded by private enterprise, the state of society is not such as to induce any large number of Englishmen of attainments and position, men of a thoughtful and religious turn, to embark in them the fortunes of themselves and their children.

There is no doubt that many of these settlements have attained a high degree of material prosperity, and that individuals have in some of them succeeded in realizing large fortunes; but this is not the point at issue. The question is, whether the moral atmosphere be congenial to the cultivated minds of men and women of education and refinement; and we fear that the reply must be given in the negative.

In the struggle to escape from the ills which are found to wait upon an advanced stage of civilization, a new and fruitful train of evils is engendered; and a state of society is the result, which is anything but attractive to minds of the description of those to which we have just alluded. Freed from the trammels which are imposed by the conventionalities of society, a contempt arises for the delicacies, almost for the decencies of life. The higher energies of our nature are not drawn out, the finer sympathies of our being are not called into play. The material elements are unduly forced into action, while the moral and æsthetic faculties are neglected; and the result is, that a colonial temper is produced utterly at variance with the original and hereditary type, which has been consecrated to us for centuries, and reverenced by a succession of generations.

Communities will thus be formed, very probably flourishing and progressive, as far as mere worldly prosperity is concerned; but in the higher requirements of civilization, stationary, if not retrograde. They will be apt to forget the words of Lord Bacon, in the essay on plantations which we have before quoted, that 'the principal thing which has been the ruin of most plantations, has been the base and hasty desire of profit in the first years;' and will throw themselves recklessly and with transatlantic *sharpness* into the pursuit of wealth. Religion and education will cease to be necessary conditions of their existence; and they will probably exhibit in another hemisphere the worst and most degraded features of the parent stock, and give to the antipodes the spectacle of another England, with all its sleepless activity, its grasping avidity, its toiling, moiling, money-getting restlessness; but without any of those softening and humanizing influences, which, with all our faults, make the English character one which we pray may long be continued amongst us.

It must be clear, that with such a system of colonization as this we ought not to rest contented. Even if we wished to abandon our mission as the Christianizers and civilizers of the globe, we cannot do so. We have gone too far to recede from the contest. We cannot now check the increasing tide of our population, which demands at our hands room to labour and to live. We cannot put a bar to the inexhaustible spirit of enterprise, which is ever prompting adventurous men to fight the battle of life in a new and distant field. Countless thousands must still continue to leave the shores of England, and it is for us to decide whether we are to send them forth to lapse into barbarism,

> 'A savage race, that hoard, and sleep, and feed,'

or still worse, to become a prey to the lowering tendencies that attach to mere money-making and speculating communities.

Do what we will, our Colonies will be our representatives to the latest ages; and it is for us to act, so that we shall not be shamed by our posterity. Sismondi has well said,—'Une patrie, qui n'a pas d'hier, n'a pas de lendemain;' and it is our duty, no less than our interest, to endeavour, that those who leave our shores shall take with them their full inheritance of the national spirit, and of the memories and associations of the past, in the hope of securing for them a bright and glorious to-morrow. Communities will then be formed, who will reproduce in other regions the entire framework of the society of the fatherland. They will commence their existence rich in the experience of former ages, sharing the hereditary glories and cumulated knowledge of the past, carrying to distant climes the religion the civilization and the institutions of their home, and bound up with her in all the associations of a common faith, of common interests, and of a common sympathy.

It is evident that in this work the Church must bear her part; and that it is her duty to watch over this work of reproduction, and to endeavour, as far as in her lies, to turn to a good account this the great movement of the day.

It is true, and a melancholy confession it is to make, that in this, as in every other particular, the history of our Colonies affords a fearful witness against us. To whatever side we turn, we see a record of duties unperformed, and opportunities neglected; and sad indeed would be our prospects both at home and abroad, could we believe that in the annals of the past we were to read the history of the future.

Yet the experience of the last few years leads us to hope, that we have already begun to see the dawn of a brighter day, and that the Church is becoming more alive to the duties which devolve upon her in this sphere. We may trust that she is not insensible to the opening which is afforded to her for entering upon an era of renewed vigour; and of recovering, amid the primæval solitudes of a new world, at least a portion of that strength which has ere now been gathered in the deserts, and which has been well nigh lost amidst the blandishments of civilization, and the enervating influences of the world.

We can point to Bishops with their devoted staff of Missionary Clergy, engaged in works so arduous, and performing them with a self-devotion so admirable, as to appear almost miraculous in these soft and self-indulgent days.

This, however, is not the point. No instances of individual zeal, or of missionary enterprise, will redeem our colonization from the reproach to which it is exposed. They may make our emigration less appalling in its features, and in its results, but they do absolutely nothing towards the work of reproduction, which devolves upon us as one of the highest of our national duties, and as our most costly contribution to the destinies of the world.

Mr. Wynter's pamphlet upon Church Colonization comes at a very critical moment, when, as he well says, 'The vigilance of 'the Church is mainly directed inwards to itself, to the maintenance of its own position at home, . . . or to defence against 'foreign foes. And thus another sphere of action—its work in 'the distant Colonies—is in danger of being overlooked at the 'very moment when it requires the most thoughtful consideration.'

His brief sketch of our former dealings with the Colonies in this particular, and of the results which have as a natural consequence flowed from our neglect and want of system, deserves attention, and will well repay the time which may be bestowed upon it.

Now it is vain to hope any good from the negation of what is, unless we are prepared to assert and to affirm a higher principle, and to exhibit a plan of colonization based upon sounder views. Hence it is that we hail with satisfaction the idea of a Colony founded on the principles laid down in the works, whose names appear at the head of this article.

'The Canterbury papers are intended to supply the public 'with information as to the principles, objects, plans, and proceedings of the Canterbury Association for founding a Settlement in New Zealand.'

The object contemplated by the originators of this association is a return to a sounder system, and one more consonant with all that reason and experience combine to teach upon this subject. An endeavour is made to revive what may be termed the lost art of colonization; and it is impossible not to look with the greatest sympathy at the attempt, and watch with warm interest the progress that is made.

The outline of the plan is to be found in the first few pages of the pamphlet now before us; and it gives evidence of a thoughtful spirit, of a careful study of the subject in all its bearings, and of an earnest desire to utilise for the benefit of others the knowledge and experience which have been gained.

The intention of the founders of the settlement of Canterbury is, in their own words, 'To set an example of a colonial 'settlement in which, from the first, all the elements—including 'the very highest—of a good and right state of society shall find 'their proper place, and their active operation.'

We shall leave the following extracts to speak for themselves, and to give our readers a general idea of the means by which it is proposed to attain this most desirable end.

'We intend to form a Settlement, to be composed entirely of members of our own Church, accompanied by an adequate supply of clergy, with all the appliances requisite for carrying out her discipline and ordinances, and with full provision for extending them in proportion to the increase of population.

'As by preserving unity of religious creed the difficulties which surround the question of education are avoided, we shall be enabled to provide amply and satisfactorily for that object.

'The Committee of Management will have the power of refusing to allow any person of whom they may disapprove to become an original purchaser of land, and as that power will be carefully exercised, it is hoped that ineligible colonists may be almost entirely excluded, and that the new community will have at least a fair start in a healthy moral atmosphere.

'The purchasers of land will have the selection of labourers to be recommended for a free passage; such labourers to be also exclusively *boná fide* members of the English Church.

'By means of the municipal institutions lately granted to New Zealand, the colonists will have the power of managing their own local affairs, without interference.

'In order to provide funds for carrying out the objects of the Association, every purchaser of land will be required to contribute a sum proportioned to the extent of his purchase, and all such contributions will be expended through the instrumentality of the Committee of Management, according to the wishes and directions of the Colonists, from among whom those who are fit and able to take part in the proceedings of the Committee will be from time to time added to their number. The principal sources of expense will consist in religious and educational endowments, in the importation of labour, in surveys, and in those public works (such as roads, bridges, and buildings,) which may be absolutely necessary to the establishment and maintenance of the Settlement. These are things which every good Colonist must wish to see well done; but they are such as the isolated efforts of individuals cannot do, and therefore it is necessary to make a contribution to them a preliminary requisite to the purchase of land in the Settlement, which will benefit by their existence.

'Ten shillings per acre will be charged for the rural land; and every purchaser of land will contribute to the purposes above-mentioned in the following proportion:—1*l.* per acre to the Religious and Educational Fund; 1*l.* per acre to the Immigration Fund; 10*s.* per acre to the Fund for Miscellaneous Purposes, such as surveys, roads, bridges, &c.

'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has cordially adopted the views of the Association, and undertaken to become Trustee of the Religious and Educational Fund.

> 'Such are the main features of the plan; those who bring it before the public propose to themselves a high object, being nothing less than a reform in our system of colonization, which might almost appear to have been based on the assumption that Colonists have no intellects to be cultivated, no souls to be saved; and that by emigrating they lose their right to the feelings and aspirations, the habits and institutions of Englishmen. They believe that by a careful application of the means which they have devised, it will be found possible to preserve the blessings of religion and civilization, according to the forms, attachment to which have become a second nature in Englishmen, and at the same time to give a full development to the virtues which are exhibited, and the advantages which are enjoyed, by a young and prosperous people; and they confidently hope, that if the present undertaking be successful, its example will be quickly followed, and will produce, ultimately, the most important and beneficial consequences upon the Church, the Colonies, and the Empire.'

The idea thus placed before the public eye is certainly a tempting one, and to those who have not studied the subject in its historical completeness, and who have not drank at the old fountains of our colonizing lore, will present an almost startling aspect of novelty. It is nothing less than an attempt to reconstitute society with all its elements in completeness and perfection, in which all stations and all classes shall be represented in their due proportion; and to crown the whole, it is proposed that the new settlement shall start in the race, freed from every element of religious discord, and enjoying a unity of faith which has been long since lost, if indeed it ever has had a real existence amongst us since we have taken our place among the colonizing peoples of the world.

And yet in this there is nothing new, nothing which has not been ere now accomplished in ages less advanced in apparent civilization, and by nations infinitely less well provided with all needful appliances for the purpose than our own.

This point has been so closely reasoned, and so eloquently stated by Mr. Charles Buller, in his speech on systematic colonization, in 1843, that we make no scruple in borrowing his very words, in the hope that we may lead some, at least, of our readers to a study of that speech, which we venture to call the ablest that has ever been delivered upon the subject within the walls of either House of Parliament. He says, 'If you wish Colonies 'to be rendered generally useful to all classes in the mother-'country—if you wish them to be prosperous, to reflect back 'the civilization, and habits, and feeling of their parent stock, 'and to be and long to remain integral parts of your empire—'care should be taken that society should be carried out in 'something of the form in which it is seen at home,—that it 'should contain some at least of all the elements that go to 'make it up here, and that it should continue under those 'influences that are found effectual for keeping us together in 'harmony. On such principles alone have the foundations of 'successful Colonies been laid. Neither Phœnician, nor Greek, 'nor Roman, nor Spaniard—no, nor our own great forefathers—'when they laid the foundations of an European society on the 'continent, and in the islands of the western world, ever dreamed 'of colonizing with one class of society by itself, and that the 'most helpless for shifting by itself. The foremost men of the 'ancient republics led forth their Colonies; each expedition was 'in itself an epitome of the society which it left; the solemn 'rites of religion blessed its departure from its home; and it 'bore with it the images of its country's gods, to link it for 'ever by a common worship to its ancient home. The government of Spain sent its dignified clergy out with some of its 'first colonists. The noblest families in Spain sent their younger 'sons to settle in Hispaniola, and Mexico, and Peru. Raleigh 'quitted a brilliant court, and the highest spheres of political 'ambition, in order to lay the foundation of the Colony of 'Virginia; Lord Baltimore, and the best Catholic families, 'founded Maryland; Penn was a courtier before he became a 'colonist; a set of noble proprietors founded Carolina, and 'entrusted the framing of its constitution to John Locke; the 'highest hereditary rank in this country below the peerage was 'established in connexion with the settlement of Nova Scotia; 'and such gentlemen as Sir Harry Vane, Hampden, and 'Cromwell did not disdain the prospect of a colonial career. 'In all these cases the emigration was of every class. The mass, 'as does the mass everywhere, contributed its labour alone; but 'they were encouraged by the presence, guided by the counsels, 'and supported by the means of the wealthy and educated, 'whom they had been used to follow and honour in their own 'country.'

It remains for us to consider the details of the scheme which we have thus laid before our readers; and, first, we must express our satisfaction at the site which has been selected for the new Colony. We believe that New Zealand possesses peculiar advantages, some of which are detailed in the subsequent pages of the 'Canterbury Papers.'

The Island of New Zealand appears from a chain of consentient evidence to present an unusual amount of incentive to intending Emigrants, and to offer, perhaps, the fairest field in existence on which to try this interesting experiment. Testimonies are here gathered from a variety of sources to the equality of temperature, to the vigour of vegetation, to the purity of atmosphere, and to the salubrity of climate of these favoured isles. Their peculiar adaptation to English constitutions is universally admitted, and the park-like and picturesque appearance of the country, which gives an evidence of its fitness for grazing and agricultural pursuits, appears no less to commend it to English tastes and dispositions. When to these requisites for a successful transplantation of the English stock, we add the material adjuncts of extensive coal-fields, of a vast opening for the production of wool, and of an abundant supply of water and of timber, we think that enough has been said to warrant the assertion, that the site is one which may be safely recommended. New Zealand possesses many advantages in common with Australia, but it enjoys a happy immunity from drought and from wild animals, which are the principal causes of the expense of shepherding in Australia; and the district which has been selected as the site of the Colony of Canterbury, is almost, or altogether, without native population.

Mr. Crawford, long a resident in the Colony, in his evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1844, expresses an opinion that New Zealand is the most valuable Colony in that part of the world, and gives the following as the grounds of that opinion: that—

> From its soil and climate it will grow all European grain to perfection, and in many respects better than this country. It is in the centre of the whale fishery; it has immense forests of timber, which will be valuable as an article of trade with China, and probably South America before long; it is full of harbours, and it will have a great commerce, and a large maritime population; in fact, in such a way that it will be the Great Britain of that part of the world, including the vast archipelago of islands to the north, and will command the trade of that part of the world in future times; in the meantime, its exports of flax and other produce are likely to rise very considerably, and, before long, to make it valuable as a Colony.'

We have sometimes heard the distance of New Zealand from this country put forward as an objection to its selection as a new home, and to some timid minds there is no doubt that this has proved an obstacle of no ordinary character.

Many there are, no doubt, who are a long time in realizing to themselves the true objects which a self-expatriated Englishman should have in view, and some will never dare to look the subject fairly in the face. We, however, venture boldly to affirm that no man ever made a really good and valuable Colonist, who did not deliberately adopt the land of his choice as the future home of himself and his posterity to the latest generation. No vague idea should be suffered to float across the mind that emigration can be looked to as a short cut to a fortune, which can then be transported to and enjoyed in England. These fantastic dreams may look well in the pages of a fashionable novel, but, practically speaking, they are not only false but dangerous, as tending to cramp the energies, and give a false direction to the efforts of the emigrant. It is therefore that we look with the greater satisfaction, and with a more hopeful feeling to the fact, that the scene of this experiment will be laid at such a distance as to dim the wishful glance of retrospection, to still the rising yearning of the heart, and to drown the syren voice, which, in a nearer spot, might whisper a hope of future short-lived ease in England, rather than a life of energy and activity, bearing fruit for all time in the country of the adoption.

We give the following extract in consequence of its bearing upon this point. It is an important passage, inasmuch as it exemplifies the spirit of the Association, which, as it has been founded with no selfish views, and with no idea, or even possible chance, of profit accruing to any one of its members, is untinged by any admixture of the puffing and advertising spirit of the day. The passage which we now quote offers no prospect of speedy and extravagant profit, of an enormous interest on the capital invested, or of an exaggerated and fabulous prosperity; but it is on that very account the more calculated to inspire confidence, and affords a favourable contrast to the brilliant but empty and unsubstantial bubbles which have of late years been dancing and floating before the public eye:—

> ' It is conceived by the promoters of the settlement now contemplated, that the present time is one peculiarly fitted for bringing the plan before the public. Extraordinary changes are taking place in the political and social system of Europe; the future is dark and troubled; "men's hearts are failing them for fear;" and many persons who have been deterred hitherto by dread of change from entering upon the new career afforded by colonization, will now probably be impelled into it by the same motive acting in a different direction. There can be no doubt whatever that the "uneasy classes" in this country are very numerous. They belong to all ranks of society; but we have one, more particularly, in view; we allude to Clergymen and country gentlemen who began life, perhaps, with what was then a competency, but who have now to meet the demands produced by large and growing families, who foresee the necessity of descending to a lower station in life than that which they have hitherto occupied, and to whose children the crowd and pressure observable in every walk of life seem to close every reasonable chance of progress, or even subsistence. Such are especially the persons to whom a civilized and well-ordered Colony, such as we propose to found, cannot but appear a welcome refuge. There is in colonial life an absence of pretension, a universal plenty, a friendship of social intercourse, a continually increasing demand and reward for every kind of labour and exertion, which to those who have been suffering from the struggle between pride and penury, and whose minds are continually filled with anxiety about the future, is very pleasing and enjoyable. Supposing, even, that there be not opportunity for making large fortunes, the class of whom we speak do not aspire to make them; they would be satisfied with living in comfort and plenty, without care for what is to come, on a level, in point of income, with their friends and neighbours; looking upon each additional child as an additional blessing, instead of, as now, an additional burden; enjoying a quiet and happy life in a fine climate and a beautiful country, where want is unknown, and listening from afar, with

interest, indeed, but without anxiety, to the din of war, to the tumult of revolutions, to the clamour of pauperism, to the struggle of classes, which wear out body and soul in our crowded and feverish Europe.'

The plan, then, of the Association, as we understand it, is, that the whole of the land in the settlement shall be disposed of at one uniform rate per acre, the purchase-money being distributed in a fixed proportion among certain objects of primary and continuing necessity. Three pounds per acre has been fixed on as the price of the rural land, but of this sum one-sixth part only goes in payment for the land itself; the remainder will be expended in definite proportions for purposes either essential to making the land available for the objects of the purchaser, or for those religious and educational endowments which form the distinctive character of the scheme.

The land, which is bought at the price of ten shillings per acre, would be valueless, unless it had been accurately surveyed, and unless it had been opened up by roads, and, where necessary, rendered available by means of bridges. For these purposes a further sum of ten shillings per acre is charged.

The next point, which is essential towards enabling a Colonist to utilise his land, is a supply of labour. Without this a grant of land given him for nothing would be worse than useless to him; and how to secure this, and to retain it when secured, has been in all times one of the great problems to be solved by political economists whose minds have been directed towards Colonial matters.

There is no doubt that scarcity of labour in a Colony has its source in cheapness of land. A low price of land ministers to the desire for the possession of it, which is inherent in the human mind, and has a tendency to convert the labourer into a landowner more rapidly than is consistent with the prosperity of the Colony.

It is moreover evident that injustice will result from the adoption of the principle of a voluntary importation of labour; as the labourer will be tempted from the service of the capitalist, who has paid for his immigration, by the higher wages which an employer of labour who has not diminished his capital by a corresponding payment, can afford to give.

These two considerations have led to the adoption of the principle of an immigration fund, provided out of the original price of land; and in this way, while the labour is provided, a better guarantee is given for its retention than could be afforded under any other circumstances.

To enter more fully into this question would exceed our limits, and we therefore refer to the 45th and following letters of Mr. Wakefield's Essay on the Art of Colonization, for the most complete and masterly statement of the only tenable theory, that of *the sufficient price of land,* that has ever been published.

For the purpose of an immigration fund, with a view to this supply of labour, a sum of twenty shillings per acre will be appropriated.

There remains out of the 3*l.* per acre to be charged for rural land, a sum of 1*l.*, which will be devoted, in their due proportions, to the religious and educational endowments which are inherent in the very nature of the scheme, and essential to the idea of a Church Colony.

The completeness of the plan in this particular meets our warm approval. If the Canterbury Colony shall be permitted to plant itself in the way which is proposed, it will go out as no Colony has ever gone before, in the full completeness of Ecclesiastical organization,—a branch of the Church presided over by its appointed head,—and thereby possessing from the outset a character of order, of permanence, and of stability.

On each of these three points we think it well to allow the Association to speak for itself, and we therefore quote from the paper entitled, 'Preliminary Arrangements and Economy of the proposed Settlement,' those portions which respectively bear upon them.

'*Preliminary Survey and Roads.*

'A contribution of 10*s.* per acre will be required from every purchaser of rural land, to form a fund to defray the expenses of the preliminary trigonometrical survey of the territory: of the subsequent surveys of each section as it may be selected; of commencing the formation of the principal roads, marked on the general chart; of the few temporary buildings required; of the Association in England; and of the necessary staff in the Colony.

'This forms no part of the actual price of the land, which, as above stated, is 10*s.* per acre. The purchaser from government in America, or the other British colonies, neither pays for, nor has, any of these advantages. There the government land is divided, more or less accurately, into sections, according to the regulations as to not only figure, but size, which may from time to time be prescribed by the government. Every intending purchaser must choose one of these sections, however wide it may be, of the particular lot of land which he may wish to obtain. But an accurate preliminary trigonometrical survey of the whole territory, that invaluable guide to the selection of the best lines of road, and the best lots of land, has never been attempted in any new settlement heretofore; although in such a case, every operation of human industry being yet unattempted, its utility would be very much greater than in an old country, where it reveals so much that has been misdirected and misplaced. Even in Europe, the inhabitants of few territories have the advantage of such a survey as the purchasers in this district will possess. In the British islands a similar one is not yet completed.

'The gain to the settlers in the diminished cost of making the great roads in the best lines, as compared with that of making them in improper lines at first, and afterwards continually altering them, will much more than repay them for the outlay incurred in making this survey. The vast advantage of security and accuracy of boundary, and the facility of the registration and transfer of all landed property, will be clear gain. These advantages will be cheaply purchased by the outlay which this survey will cost.

'At no period of a settler's progress are roads so essential to his convenience—almost to his existence—as when he first proceeds to locate himself in the bush. His family, his household goods and agricultural implements, and food to sustain his establishment until the fruits of their labour shall be sufficient, must all be conveyed to his new abode. The loss of time, labour, and property incurred in this operation, in a new country, where no roads have been previously formed, will be sufficiently estimated only by those who have had experience in America and Australia. The purchaser of rural land in the settlement to be formed under the auspices of the Association, will make a contribution according to these expenses. If this money be economically expended, (and effectual precaution to secure economy in this and every other expenditure of the funds contributed by the purchasers of land *can and will be taken* by the Association,) it may confidently be asserted that a more judicious investment of part of the settler's capital could scarcely be made.

'As regards the expenses of the Association in England, and in the settlement, the station and character of its members, and their moral responsibility to the colonists to protect their interests to the utmost, afford, it may be hoped, a sufficient guarantee against any abuses of administration. Moreover, every operation, such as road-making, bridge-making, and buildings of all sorts, the execution of which can conveniently be submitted to public competition, will be conducted in that manner. The utmost publicity will be courted; the most detailed information of its expenditure will be afforded.

'*Immigration Fund.*

'Another contribution, included in the first outlay of 3*l.* per acre, which will be required from the purchaser, namely, a sum equal to twice the amount of the price of the land, or 1*l.* per acre for rural land, to be expended on immigration, may confidently be asserted to be a most advantageous investment of part of his capital; and, at the same time, one which he could not safely make unless it were compulsory upon the whole body. Indeed, a larger sum than this might advantageously be applied to this purpose, if all other appropriated land in New Zealand had already contributed, or would now contribute, in the larger proportion, as will appear from the following consideration.

'Supposing that it be considered necessary, in order to the most profitable system of tillage, that at least one adult male agricultural labourer should be imported into the settlement for every thirty acres sold; and supposing, moreover, that on the average there be one such adult male labourer in every six individuals among the labouring immigrants of all ages and both sexes;—it will then appear necessary that six such immigrants should be landed for every thirty acres sold. But, as the average cost of passage cannot be reckoned at less than 15*l.* for each individual, the sale of thirty acres will only furnish the passage-money of two individuals.

'The contribution, therefore, to the immigration fund will certainly be insufficient; but, as other owners of land in New Zealand have not contributed so much to the labour fund of the Colony, they would reap the advantage of any larger outlay, at the expense of the Association.

'It must also be remembered, that there is a considerable elasticity in the last of the three elements—land, labour, and system of agriculture, which have to be adjusted to each other in every agricultural community. In New Zealand, the modification which the system of agriculture is capable of receiving in order to adjust it to the other two elements, is a great increase in the quantity of grass land. After the land shall have been well cleared, fenced, and cultivated for two or three years, it may be laid down for several years into pasture, to which the soil and climate are so well adapted: the land, thus treated, instead of one sheep to four or five acres, which is the common power of unimproved natural pasture in Australia, will maintain about four sheep per acre throughout the year, with no more dread of being overstocked in an arid summer, as in Australia, than in an inclement winter, as in Europe and America; so that although a larger immigration fund could be advantageously applied if the Association possessed it, and other colonists in New Zealand contributed in like proportion, the immigration fund actually determined on is sufficient to sustain a productive system of rural economy.

'Every purchaser will have the right (subject to the veto of the Association) of nominating persons who shall be assisted to emigrate, in proportion to the amount contributed by his own purchase to the general immigration fund; and, if it be found practicable, some contribution towards the expense of his passage and outfit will be required from each immigrant, as well with the view to obtain the greatest number of immigrants for a given expenditure, as to secure a better class of labourers.

'Town lands will be sold at higher prices than rural lands; but the funds derived from the sale thereof will be expended for the same purposes, and in the same proportions.

'*Ecclesiastical and Educational Endowments.*

'With reference to the contribution for the establishment and endowment of ecclesiastical and educational institutions, the Association feel that it is unnecessary here to enter into a discussion of the utility of providing a fund for these purposes. The purchasers of land in this settlement will consist entirely of members of the Church of England; and it is supposed that few of these will question the desirableness of making adequate provision for the building a sufficient number of churches and schools, and maintaining, in its complete form, a branch of the ministry of the Church, proportionate to the lay population of the settlement.

'That an excessive provision for this purpose is not made, the following calculation will show.

'Before going into it, the Association wish distinctly to point out—what is applicable, indeed, to the whole subject, but peculiarly so to the present branch of it—that such anticipations and calculations are at present wholly hypothetical. They are fully aware, that before they could be realized, the approval and sanction of various authorities must be obtained: without which, indeed, even if they could proceed, they would be quite unwilling to do so. But it has been their object in these remarks to hold out to view the idea of a colonial settlement complete in all its parts; and they feel most strongly that such an idea would fall very short of that description, unless it included, and that not as a vague generality, but in that amount of details which is here presented, the element which has just been mentioned.

'Assuming, by way of hypothesis, that out of the territory of one million acres to be allotted to this settlement, two hundred thousand will be sold in the first year or two, and the remainder appropriated to pasturage, the Association will have at its disposal two funds, each a little exceeding 200,000*l.*; one appropriated to immigration purposes, the other to ecclesiastical and educational establishments and endowments.

'The former funds, under the system of partial contributions to passages, instead of defraying the whole cost of them, which the Association intends to adopt, will probably enable the Association to forward 15,000 persons to the settlement.

'The Association, considering the large surface over which the population will be distributed, calculates that twenty clergymen, and as many schoolmasters, will not be more than are requisite to establish and maintain that high religious and educational character, which the Association hopes, with the Divine blessing, that this settlement will possess.

'Assuming that the churches, parsonage-houses, and schools will be constructed of wood upon foundations of stone carried to a height of three or four feet above the ground, the following will be an approximate estimate of their cost.—

'20 Churches at 1,000*l.* each	£20,000
20 Parsonage-houses and Glebes, at 500*l.* each	10,000
20 Schools, at 100*l.* each	2,000
A College and Chapel	6,000
Residences for a Bishop, the Principal of the College, and an Archdeacon	3,000
Total	£41,000

'Deducting this sum from the original fund of 200,000*l.*, 159,000*l.* will remain. The interest derived from this sum will probably have to defray the following stipends:—'

To a Bishop	£1,000
To an Archdeacon	600
20 Clergymen, 200*l.* each	4,000
20 Schoolmasters, 70*l.* each	1,400
Total per annum	£7,000

'To carry on our hypothesis: if 80,000*l.* invested in the British funds yield three and a-half per cent. interest, and 79,000*l.* invested in Colonial securities yield six per cent. interest, an annual income of 7,540*l.* will be derived from the whole.

'This excess of estimated income over estimated expenditure will appear only too small, if the indispensable expenses of management and the possibility of losses be taken into consideration.

'A proportionate calculation might be made, on the hypothesis of any greater quantity of land than 200,000 acres being sold, up to that included within the whole territory.'

The first objection which will probably suggest itself to the mind of a person looking to Canterbury as his possible future home, is the high price of land as compared with its cost in some other Colonies.

Now, it must be remembered, that *price* is a relative term, and that no statement of the respective prices of two articles is complete, unless not only *what you give* is taken into consideration, but also what you *receive in exchange.*

In this view of the case, two points should be definitely laid down, and accurately inquired into.

1. The intrinsic quality of the land purchased.
2. The advantages offered in connexion with it.

For information on the first of these points we must refer to the extracts from letters and despatches contained in the 'Canterbury Papers.'

The Port Cooper district, including Banks's Peninsula, on the western shore of the Middle Island, has been selected as the site of the settlement, and we have abundant testimony to the excellence of the land contained in it, and to the advantages offered by harbours, anchorage, &c.

Captain Thomas, the chief surveyor of the Association, says, in a letter dated May 15, 1849:—

> 'The soil consists of a light loam, resting on gravel and a substratum of blue clay; much of it well adapted for agricultural purposes, and capable of yielding excellent crops of all kinds of grain, potatoes, and European fruits and vegetables.'

He continues:—

> 'The harbour of Port Cooper, situated in the N.W. angle of Banks's Peninsula, though open to the eastward, affords good and safe anchorage. Large ships anchor about four miles up, whilst brigs and large schooners lie off the port town of Lyttelton. It has no bar, is easy of access and egress, and has been frequented by whalers of all nations for the last twenty years, and no accident is on record; and with a lighthouse on Godley Head (which I should most strongly recommend), might be entered with safety in the darkest night.'

An extract from a letter written at Wellington, May 2, 1849, breathes a more enthusiastic spirit; and the following expressions of the writer betray no doubt, at least in his mind, upon the subject of price:—

> 'Just returned from two months' cruise at Banks's Peninsula. Climate delightful. Of three-and-thirty days I was in the "Bush," only one wet—while elsewhere it was blowing gales and raining constantly. The Middle Island is delightful. Everywhere on the east-side of the mountains rich grass, knee deep, often breast high! Plains extend uninterruptedly from thirty miles northward of Port Cooper to one hundred miles south of it: on an average, thirty-five miles wide.
>
> 'Nothing will now satisfy me but the beef and mutton, the milk and cheese, the apples and *wine* of Banks's Peninsula and the plains behind it.
>
> 'We are all quite delighted with the country, and agree that it is far more worth 3*l.* an acre than other land is worth 5*s.* I am confident that the proposed Church of England Settlement will prove the most wealthy of any in New Zealand, in spite of the cost of the land. There it is; you pay 3*l.*, and may plough it up, or put your sheep on it *at once.*'

The next letter, addressed by the Messrs. Dean, Scotch agriculturists of high character and large experience, at Riccarton, near Port Cooper, to Captain Thomas, in answer to his inquiries, is written in a soberer strain, and will probably be considered, by practical men, the best evidence at present possessed in reference to the point in question. We give extracts from this very interesting document, strongly recommending the whole of it to the attention of intending emigrants:—

> 'The harvesting of wheat, barley, and oats takes place in the months of January or February. We have had remarkably fine crops of each of these. both as regards quantity and quality, never having had less than twenty bushels of either to the acre, and we have had above sixty bushels, the difference in the quantity being attributable to the greater or less care with which the land has been prepared for the crop, and whether the season was favourable or unfavourable.
>
> 'Except our garden and orchard, all our cultivations have been on an open, unsheltered part of the plain, which showed evident traces of having been heavily timbered at no distant period; but which, immediately previous to the time we broke it up, was covered with grass. Our opinion is, that in no part of the New Zealand Company's territories can equal crops of grain be grown at so small an expense as they can here on the open plain. The greater part of the plain is very little more difficult to break up with the plough than is old pasture land in England; and we feel confident that, taking an average of seasons, it will produce, one year with another, at least thirty bushels of wheat, barley, or oats to the acre; and that it will grow in perfection every grain and fruit common in England.'

These gentlemen also go into the important questions of the supply of timber and building materials, and incidentally touch upon the advantages to be derived from going upon land which does not require the expensive process of clearing.

The chief surveying officer of H. M. ship *Acheron*, in a letter to Mr. Hutt, the chairman of the Association, speaks as follows:—

> 'Of the nature of the soil, Mr. Thomas's account will give you a better description than I possibly can. If I, however, may judge of the whole by a portion I saw on the Messrs. Dean's property, and the general impression of our explorers, it must be of a very superior nature. For the *first* time in New Zealand, we here luxuriated on the finest beef and mutton one could desire to meet with. All dairy produce of the richest quality. Potatoes and all kinds of vegetables unrivalled. Our sportsmen found the plain abounding with quails, and the rivers with wild ducks; and last, though not the least in importance, votaries of the hydropathic system pronounced the water of the rivers nectar.'

His evidence upon the subject of the harbours, which we subjoin, is highly important:—

> 'I come now to the subject of a harbour, and on this point Mr. Thomas has been fortunate in his selection. It appears to me singular that the merits of Port Cooper as a harbour, situated, too, near an extensive district of open country, should have been so much overlooked and known only to whale-ships. You will be, perhaps, also surprised when I tell you, that I look upon it, taking all the advantages and disadvantages of a good harbour into consideration, as one of the best in New Zealand. It is re-echoed in every account of New Zealand, that its bays and harbours are not to be surpassed in number or advantages in any part of the world; this statement admits of qualification, and I can only say you are as fortunate in "possessing" a good harbour, as you are in "possessing" a good country; the general characteristic of the New Zealand harbours, is the local difficulties that present themselves to the getting into them. All have more or less objections connected with them, save when you are snugly anchored inside; they are then unexceptionable, with most of the

facilities sailors like—viz. wood, water, fish, good holding ground, and lots of room to swing close to the shore. Port Cooper stands in the foremost rank, both for the facility in making it, the entire absence of any outlying or hidden dangers, and its position with regard to the general line of coast; it can be run boldly for, night or day, by the lead; a feature which is almost singular on this extensive coast, a fleet could manœuvre in its entrance, where it is a long sea mile wide, and it preserves this width for its whole depth, which is between six and seven. A ship of 500 tons can anchor four miles and a half within the heads, and there the harbour is only open to one and a quarter points of the compass (E.N.E.) A swell sets in with the wind in the N.E. quarter, but nothing, except under the most adverse circumstances, to prevent a ship unloading. Not a hidden danger exists in the harbour, and it is bold close to the shores. For shipping, it is deficient in wood and water; not in the quantity, but in the difficulties in obtaining them. The neighbouring ports of Pigeon Bay and Port Levy, which are safe anchorages, abound in these essentials.'

Last, but not least, we find the testimony of the Bishop of New Zealand, whose knowledge of the material capabilities of his diocese stands unrivalled, and to whose opinion on matters of this description we should defer with as much respect as we should feel for his judgment on subjects more immediately connected with his sacred calling. Bishop Selwyn says of the Port Cooper district, —

'It may be enough to say that mutton, "flourishing with Homeric fat," and juicy apples, and foaming jugs of milk, verified all that I have ever read of the plenty and contentment of the pastoral and bucolic life. The quails which started up every moment under our feet completed the picture of patriarchal abundance, needing only the true manna of God's blessing to fulfil every promise which He ever made to His chosen people to the happy settlers who may hereafter occupy this fair land in the spirit of simplicity and faith. All other persons I would advise to go to California, or any other place where the prospect of wealth may be more inviting. What we have to offer ought to be enough—a land flowing literally with milk and honey, where men eat bread to the full. It is possible that in former letters I have expressed an unfavourable opinion of Port Cooper and its district. If I have done so, it was under the impression that the district had been thoroughly examined by Colonel Wakefield and the Company's surveyors; and that Otakou had been deliberately preferred, though 150 miles further to the south. As I had seen Otakou, I did not think that any inferior place could be eligible for so large a settlement as that which is projected by the Canterbury Association. But I have since heard that Port Cooper was very superficially examined by the former surveying party; and as my opinion was founded chiefly upon the fact of their preference of Otakou, I readily acknowledge my error, after a personal inspection, the result of which has left a most favourable impression upon my mind.'

We need hardly say, after the language we have used upon the same subject, how cordially we agree with the view entertained by this high authority of the spirit in which emigrants should enter upon their new home and duties.

Having thus gone at some length into the first of these points, *the intrinsic quality of the land purchased,* we proceed to consider *the advantages which are offered in connexion with it.*

'First of these, in importance as in novelty, stand the religious and educational advantages to be received as an equivalent for a portion of the payment made for the land. It is evident that these benefits will only be considered worth paying for, by those who deem them worth securing. It would be idle to propose to a man, that he should pay a certain sum over and above the price for which he can obtain land of a certain quality, for purposes with which he has no sympathy, and for objects which he does not care to attain. The Association, therefore, necessarily appeals to only a portion of the public, and moves in a contracted sphere. To those, however, to whom it *does* appeal,—to consistent Churchmen, really valuing their privileges, and conscious of the responsibilities which those privileges entail upon them,—it offers the material for very deep and serious consideration. And the question is, whether the sum (1*l.* per acre) is too much to pay for advantages which no other Colony possesses, of a fund for school and church building, and unity on religious subjects, so far as an institution can secure it.

The very fact of the purchase of land being completed under these circumstances, and with these conditions, will be of itself a test of reality and sincerity; and will afford a *primâ facie* title to mutual sympathy, respect, and good-will among the citizens of the new settlement.

It is of course possible to take a Utopian view of this, as of all other cases; but we must own that the probability will be in favour of the character, the feeling, and the animus of men who are prepared to give this practical proof of their sincerity: and that we should feel a confidence in the combined action of a body united under these conditions, which hardly any test, but the solid one of a sacrifice for an unselfish end, would justify us in acknowledging.

We have already gone at such length into the differences between our modern and ancient colonization, that we must forbear the tempting theme which now presents itself, and content ourselves with referring to the evidence, so lately given by the Scotch Free Church settlement at Otago, of the impetus which union upon religious subjects is calculated to give to colonization; and to the still more astounding proof to the same effect, which has been afforded by the spread of the insane and horrible delusion of Mormonism. The *Times* of Nov. 13, 1849, in speaking of the contemplated foundation of the State of Deseret, upon Mormonite principles, asks,—'Is it 'that colonization, when conducted on professions of religion, 'however false, possesses attractions above that system which 'makes no religious profession at all?'—and to this question we believe that only one answer can be given.

But in the Canterbury settlement at least will be offered the opportunity of testing the truth of this idea in its highest and grandest view; and we look with confidence to this appeal to a prevalent and almost universal principle of human nature. The experiment will here be tried under the most favourable circumstances—the whole organization of the Church will be brought into play. "The absurd anomaly"—to use Mr. Wynter's words—"of attempting to plant episcopacy without a Bishop," will not be committed. There will be no false step made, to be subsequently retrieved: no sheep to be wiled back into the fold, after being allowed, and even compelled to stray from it: no future struggle to be entered into for a Church, which has either never existed, or has been allowed to decay.

The question now presents itself,—and of all the questions connected with the scheme, it is the most perplexing, and the least susceptible of a complete and accurate answer,—What security can be given against the intrusion of Dissent into the settlement, and for the maintenance of its original status as a distinct Church Colony?

The only reply is to be sought in the conditions of its foundation, and in the distinctive character which will be from the first impressed upon its infant institutions.

We may be told that this is not enough, and that some pledge more distinct and more definite must be given. We answer, that all that *can* be done *is* done, and the result must be left with humble confidence in the hands of Providence.

It is impossible to say that a positive guarantee can be given that differences of opinion shall not creep in, and that dissensions shall not arise. All that can be said is, that the most efficient safeguard has been presented, that could be found.

The material conditions of the scheme, which provide for a distinct and definite contribution for a distinct and definite end, guard against the admission of a hostile element among the purchasers of land; and they, for their own sake, being, as we have said, *ex necessitate rei* interested in the preservation of the peculiar element for which they pay, will be careful that the emigrants whom they select for free-passages shall partake their views:—

> 'The Association retain, and will carefully exercise, a power of selection among all those who may apply for permission to emigrate to their settlement, either as purchasers or as immigrants requiring assistance. They will do so with the view of insuring, as far as possible, that none but persons of good character, as well as members of the Church of England, shall form part of the population, at least in its first stage; so that the settlement may begin its existence in a healthy moral atmosphere.'

The names of the Committee lead us to believe that this power will be exercised in a conscientious manner; and we, therefore, feel that at the outset no means have been neglected which can tend to preserve the religious feature complete and unimpaired: and were it possible to enact in the Colony of Canterbury the blue law of Massachusetts, which deprived of the rights of citizenship all who varied from the state religion, we do not believe that it would be found so effectual as the simple *argumentum ad crumenam* which has been adopted.

For the future, we well know that two principles are unceasingly and unremittingly at work within the mind of man—the moral element of permanence—the intellectual of change.

The new Colony cannot hope to be exempt from their conflict; and with the Colonists it must rest to determine which shall exert the stronger influence, and the more abiding sway. We know that *dimidium facti, qui cæpit, habet,* and we look hopefully to the maintenance of the principle so indelibly impressed at the outset. The field will have been preoccupied with the good grain, which, we may hope, will have attained a sufficient growth and strength to assert its own superiority before the weeds begin to show themselves; and we know it to be as infallible a rule in ethics as it is in agriculture, that the surest way to eradicate or prevent a noxious growth, is, by careful tillage, to improve the quality of the soil, and of the cultivated crop which it bears.

One main difficulty under which the Church in England labours is, that the contributions which are made to her funds, whether in the shape of tithes or of rates, are levied as it were upon income. They consequently act as a constantly recurring tax, and excite an amount of hostile feeling which would not exist had they been once for all charged upon the capital of the country, in days blessed with a more unquestioning faith, and unvexed by sectarian dissensions.

The Colony of Canterbury will commence its existence in precisely this position. The original purchasers of the land deliberately adopt this principle, and it will hereafter, although unfelt and unseen, pervade every transfer of property which shall be made. Thus, by the very conditions of the purchase, men will be stopped from raising future objections to the exclusive application of the fund destined to religious purposes, and from embarrassing the executive by that agitation of counter-claims, which so grievously impairs the efficiency and impedes the extension of the Church at home.

But after all, the main security will be in the pure and healthy moral atmosphere, in which the first breath of the infant settlement will be drawn—

> 'Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
> Testa diu.'

The first body of Colonists will find prepared to receive them Mr. Godley, a Member of the Association, who has been appointed its resident chief Agent in New Zealand.

Mr. Godley is well known as the principal originator of the scheme, and is as such the fittest person to carry out the work which he has begun. No other man could have been selected so likely, as the author of the plan, to keep the end steadily in view, so well qualified to adapt to it the requisite means, and so certain to pursue it with steadiness and consistency.

When, in addition to this, we speak of him as a man distinguished by all high qualities of head and heart, of known and undoubted attachment to the Church, of great energy, and of very considerable Colonial experience, we feel that we may look with confidence to a plan brought forward and conducted towards completion under such auspices.

The time is rapidly approaching at which it must be decided—whether the Canterbury Colony is to be a reality or a dream. At no distant period 33,000 acres of land must have been purchased, or the Association will forfeit their right of pre-emption, and the tract of land, at present secured to them, will cease to be available for their purposes. It is, therefore, necessary that those who may feel inclined to join the band of Colonists should lose no time in making their intentions known.

Numbers there must be who might answer the description given of the first Colonists of New England in the letter of Brewster and Robinson to Sir Edward Sandys, quoted by Hutchinson in his 'History of Massachusetts':—

> 'The people are, for the body of them, industrious and frugal, we think we may safely say as any company of people in the world. We are knit together as a body in a most strict and sacred bond and covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves strictly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole. And, lastly, it is not with us as with other men, whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish ourselves at home again.'

Men there must be who will not hesitate to cast in their lot, in the relations of Bishop and Clergy, with such a band as this, and who will not be slow to accept the task of leading it to the new land; which will, under their associated endeavours, put to shame the abortive caricatures which have rendered the very name of Colonies distasteful to high-spirited men, who in old times would have felt it a privilege to be allowed to devote their lives in such a cause.

The spirit in which the new sphere of duty must be entered upon has been so well expressed by the admirable Prelate, who has himself exhibited as perfect a type of the character of a Missionary Bishop as any age has seen, that to him we leave the few words of mingled warning and encouragement, which ought to sound in the ears of the emigrants as they leave our shores, and remain engraven in their hearts long after those shores shall have faded in the distance:—

> 'From the very first, you must have a social compact one with another; all the leaders, and all the Clergymen, with all their bands of labouring men and settlers, that they all go out to found, so far as God may be with them, a Christian Colony; that they must agree to support one another—"like people, like priest"—in every good and holy usage of their Mother Church; and as they will leave their native country amidst the prayers and blessings of all whose names are already written on the land of their adoption, so their course of devotion must be carried on on shipboard with their own loved and chosen Chaplain, till they see their own Bishop, or one who will be to them as their own, standing on the beach to welcome them on their arrival; that their first act may be prayer and thanksgiving, and that the first building into which they enter may be the house of God.'

One word more, by way of suggestion to Churchmen, especially to Clergy. In our parishes, town and country, cases are constantly presenting themselves of persons desirous of emigrating, or, at any rate, for whom emigration is felt to be the best course; who are in difficulties here, have strength, and health, and would improve their condition greatly by removing to a Colony. Such persons often go to their parish Clergyman to ask his advice. On the present system of emigration many Clergymen feel a difficulty in using any persuasion with such persons to adopt this course, on account of the sad spiritual destitution, and the wild and confused state of society, which would await them in their new country. The Canterbury scheme, however, does offer something of a home, and some regular religious influences and supports to emigrants; and the Clergy may be enabled, by means of it, to recommend emigration more confidently to such parishioners, and others in whose religious interests they may be concerned.

On our Church must mainly rest the responsibility of the success or failure of this undertaking. In the eloquent language of Mr. Wynter:—

> 'She can assume the sacred embassy if she will. The will alone is wanting. There is no other hindrance in her way. The ground is yet unoccupied. No settler has set foot there. Only one lofty spirit, forsaking station, hereditary fortune, fair prospects here, is on his way to lay the first foundation of a future home for himself and others. The pollutions of our sins—the dregs and lees of our prisons—have not yet tainted that sincere atmosphere: thank God for that! for (as Lord Bacon says) "it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." There are no natives there to vex its future tenants; it may become a nursery-plot for God's people, if the Church will be the nursing mother.
>
> 'If she lead the way, bearing with her the precious and eternal truths of light inaccessible—if she take the Bible in one hand, and the means of

intellectual culture in the other—an accomplished laity will not lag behind. As of old, "gentlemen of aunciente and worshippeful families, ministers of the Gospel of great fame at home, merchantmen, husbandmen, and artificers," "persons of condition, education, fortune," "noblemen and gentlemen," will follow. These, according to the old writers, emigrated aforetime; why should they not again? Why should not noblemen and gentlemen embark for the Colonies now, as well as the labourer and artisan? Is there not one in the ranks of our peerage ambitious of the fame of the illustrious Lord Baltimore, and of the wise conciliatory Bellamont? Not one among the children of the peerage, who having no well-defined sphere of duty at home, yet feeling himself to be a minister of Divine Providence, a steward of creation, a servant of the great family of God, would be content to exchange inglorious ease for the honourable toil of building up God's Church in a distant wilderness, and of perpetuating a noble name and lineage in a new world?'

It is with these feelings that we recommend the publications of the Canterbury Association to the attentive consideration of all who are interested in these great social problems. An experiment is about to be tried, upon the success or failure of which hang consequences not to be lightly contemplated. Our reputation as a colonizing people, the character of our Church as a colonizing Church, depend more or less on the success which it meets with. We see, for our part, no extravagance or undue enthusiasm in the scheme; we see no reason why it should not succeed. It comes before us as the mature result of long thought and discussion amongst intelligent, disinterested, and practical men; and we again recommend it especially to the attention of the Clergy, who, with their great influence in their respective parishes and neighbourhoods, may contribute so effectually to the supply of emigrants for carrying it out.

ART. VII.—1. *Church Matters in MDCCCL. No.* 1.—*Trial of Doctrine. By the Rev.* JOHN KEBLE, M.A. London: J. H. Parker.

2. *A First Letter on the present Position of the High Church Party in the Church of England. By the Rev.* W. MASKELL. London: Pickering.

3. *The present Crisis in the Church of England: illustrated by a brief Inquiry as to the Royal Supremacy. By the Rev.* W. J. IRONS, B.D. London: Masters.

4. *A Letter to the Rev. W. Maskell. By the Rev.* MAYOW WYNELL MAYOW, A.M. London: Pickering.

5. *The Church, the Crown, and the State. Two Sermons, by the Rev.* W. J. E. BENNETT, M.A. London: Cleaver.

6. *A few Words of Hope on the present Crisis of the English Church. By the Rev.* J. M. NEALE, M.A. London: Masters.

THE pamphlets, the titles of which we have here quoted, are sufficient evidence that matters of no ordinary interest and anxiety are occupying the thoughts of Churchmen. It would be superfluous to draw attention to them; they are sure to be read. We trust that we shall not be thought wanting in respect due to their writers, if, instead of commenting directly upon them, we make use, in our own way, of the facts and thoughts for which we are indebted to them.

The present are days of reform, and claiming of rights. The principle is universally acknowledged, that every real interest and substantial power in England may justly ask, in its due place, and according to its importance, for whatever is necessary to enable it to do its own proper work. If it is allowed to exist, it ought to be allowed to perform its functions; it is a contradiction in a well-ordered State, that a body, or a class, or a religion should be recognised, and yet hindered from realizing the objects of its existence. The State may ignore or disallow it, but not impede what it owns. Further, interests clash and powers conflict; and in reconciling these, the general power of the State is not bound to accept in their full extent the claims of either party; but though both may over-state their claims, none can judge as well as themselves what they require for their own efficiency. And accordingly, one after another, various interests have submitted their claims to the arbitrage of the general power of the State, have gained a hearing, and further have gained, if not all they wished for, yet much that was necessary or important to them. Roman Catholics, Dissenters, the great towns, the manufacturing interests, have asked and obtained, not privileges, but release from disabilities and impediments; such a fair field as was due to them as important elements and real powers in England.

There is no reason why the Church of England should not have her reform, and claim her rights, as well as the dissenting, or the manufacturing, or the colonial interest. Church reform, indeed, has been long talked about; and some specimens of it we have already seen. We are not now going to complain of the way in which Parliament has dealt with Church property or Church privileges. It may have had reason for thinking the one ill-administered or ill-applied, and the other out of date and inconsistent with the present state of things; and may have wished in each case to apply a just remedy, and at the same time to deal fairly and honourably with the Church. But though it be very proper to prevent the Church from wasting her money, or bearing hard on the social and political position of other Englishmen, this is not the same thing as removing the possible hindrances to her efficiency, much less it is restoring or strengthening her powers according to her own constitutional system. She has objects and wants, she has also difficulties and embarrassments, to her of the most real and serious kind, which are impalpable and intangible to the most benevolent Parliament. There are innumerable things which she may wish to do and put right, for which no one is competent but herself. There is no reason why she should be considered tied to an obsolete state of things, more than the nation at large, or separate interests of it. There is no reason why Parliament should consider itself capable of discharging all necessary functions of Church administration or legislation, any more than administering or legislating for the internal affairs of the Great Western Railway Company, or the Baptist body. There is no reason why the Church should find more difficulty in gaining Parliamentary sanction to the exercise in a restored form of her own intrinsic and constitutional powers, or even of new and hitherto unknown ones, than other religious or secular bodies. There is no reason why she should not be allowed, under Parliamentary sanction and guarantee, to carry on reforms of her own, to adjust her position to altered circumstances, to administer her own laws, to take counsel for her own interests. There is no reason why in her case all these important matters should be kept out of her own hands, and left in those which are not her own. There is no reason why Parliament should be strict—justly and rightly strict—with her in the use of her revenues, and look with jealousy, not merely on her exemptions, but on her influence on general legislation; and should insist, on the other hand, on keeping up a formal system of which the reality has passed away, and which shackles without protecting her. The State, which has granted the Reform Bill and Free Trade, has no ground to deny the Church a more free and consistent position.

There never has been a reason why the Church alone should not be listened to in the universal cry for rights. But the event which has happened during the past month, has changed the state of the question, and made it imperative on her to claim at once, and labour without remission for, that which it would have been prudent and wise in her to have claimed long ago. If it was right always that she should have a distinct voice in her own concerns, it is indispensable now, at whatever cost, and whatever inconvenience;—and the cost may be great, the inconveniences certainly will be many.

It cannot be dissembled that Churchmen must now take a new and a very important position; a very important one, both to themselves personally, to their own consciences and their peace, to the Church, and to the English State and nation. Reform has long been going on within the Church, in such ways as individuals and private efforts could carry it on; changes for the better, spontaneous and self-originated, in matters of private competence, though of the highest public interest. But Churchmen must become reformers in another and far less agreeable and safe way. They must take up the position of reformers towards the State. There is no help for it that we can see, except by allowing the insensible but most important political alterations of the last half-century to alter the hitherto recognised basis of the Church, and to control and extinguish the ideas which the majority of her members have hitherto held of her constitution and organic laws. The English Church of George III., Charles II., Charles I., James, Elizabeth, and even of Henry VIII., however closely connected with the State,—or rather with the Crown,—however far it admitted its control, never for a moment lost sight of the principle, that if it held one set of powers from the Crown, it held another set of powers which no Crown or State on earth could, or pretended to, confer; powers which it held as a Church, powers which it inherited through a line distinct from that of a royal or a national succession. It never, we say, for a moment forgot that, however connected with the State, it was still a self-subsistent, even if not independent body, which would exist to-morrow, if the State broke up into anarchy, or cast off the Church. Unless this basis is changed, and the Church, once co-extensive with the nation, but now no longer so, is nevertheless, in consequence of her union with the Crown, to share, so to speak, the neutrality of the Crown, and to lose all her distinctive characters of tradition, of doctrine, of maxims, and practice, in order to fit her once more, if that were possible, for comprehending the nation,—unless she has passed from being a Church with an origin and powers of her own, into a great organ of the national government, to be disposed of at the discretion of the national government,—she may rightfully claim, not as an institution issuing out of the State, but as a contracting party with the State, to be secured from whatever endangers her organic basis, and threatens to fuse her with the State. And such a case has distinctly arisen. Much as she has trusted the Crown, and indisposed as she has been to be jealous of Governments, they never asked of her, and she never gave them, the sole and final interpretation of her articles of faith. And to allow them to have it, to consent that officers of State and judgment, simply as such, may by a side wind settle a fundamental question of theology, which the Church herself has not yet interfered in, and that without her having an opportunity of authoritatively expressing her dissent or concurrence, would certainly be to abdicate the distinct existence which she has hitherto claimed and been supposed to possess.

She has a good and reasonable case; she has power more than she knows of—more, probably, than her opponents, who know more of her power than she does herself, suspect; and she must be determined, steady, and unflinching. It is thus that victories are gained in England. Nor is there any reason why her position should be one of hostility, because it is one of determination. The Dissenters did not affront the State, but they pressed their grievances resolutely, and made themselves heard. The Roman Catholics did not quarrel with it, though they had to meet strong opposition from it, and to push their claims in spite of it. The reformers of representation, and of commercial and colonial policy, have taken the offensive in the most unremitting and uncompromising manner, yet without showing themselves hostile to the State. No cause, however clear and reasonable, will succeed in England without steadiness and without temper; and few causes, even if wanting in reason, will fail with them.

On the eve of a great struggle, to which we stand committed, and from which we see no escape, it behoves us to recollect ourselves. The issues are not in our hands; yet we shall be deeply responsible for them, for in part they depend upon us. We shall be responsible for indecision, for carelessness, for ignorance, for mismanagement, for all that sows the seeds of future difficulty and endangers future perseverance and steadiness, as well as for indifference and want of zeal. We are called to battle, to battle in a name not our own; but to battle, not merely as brave men, but as wise. We have to do with an age of cool heads, of large knowledge, of practised dexterity, of resolution and firmness—with an age of strong and deeply-rooted law, an age incredulous of what is extreme, shocked by what is violent, jealous of what is one-sided, impatient of what is unfair,—an age hard to persuade, yet hard from its wish to be reasonable,—an age in which boldness and courage are more than ever indispensable, and perhaps more than ever respected; yet in which they are too ordinarily found in different parties, and too equally opposed, to be of avail by themselves. We must not look to succeed, humanly speaking, by other means than success is ordinarily gained by, in our own time. The daring, and main strength of will and arm which won Crecy and Agincourt, were but elements, in that concourse of power and wisdom, which triumphed in the Peninsula.

We must know our ground, and our difficulties; and if we are wise, we shall take account, not merely of the peculiar difficulties of our own case, but of those which surround and seem inherent in the general question of the relations between the Church and the Civil Government. For if we may speak our minds freely, we cannot look back with much satisfaction, either to the conduct, or the issue of most Church contests. It is hard to find one in which the Church was ultimately and really successful; harder still, in which the ground taken by her advocates was altogether unexceptionable and clear. They show off individual virtues, rather than command our full sympathy for a cause, or our admiration of the wisdom with which it was maintained. We have to make the same reserves that we make in political history; reserves where we least wish to make them, yet reserves which nothing but a deliberate ignoring of facts will dispense us from. And so with the results. What is represented as a triumph, is often but a varnishing over of concession; the maintenance of a principle ends in the guarantee of a salvo; what can no longer be retained in reality, is surrendered under the form of a grant of privilege; compromise is content to save what it can; what is called policy is at best but management; a struggle for important rights expires in a Concordat. We are not speaking now of the intrinsic power and action of the Church on her members and mankind; for these set contests are no measure or trustworthy criterion of her true efficiency and strength. But in these set contests, unless we read history entirely wrong, she has not been fortunate, except in the occasional example she has thereby gained of saintly or heroic fortitude; and, with the great lesson have ordinarily come warnings equally great.

But our fathers' failures, as they are no excuse for our inaction and despair, furnish no argument against our better success. We shall, doubtless, leave behind us abundant materials for the criticism of our posterity, who in their turn must not look in this respect to be more fortunate than ourselves. But we may hope—at any rate we must try—to turn to full account what is for the better in our training, what is more complete in our knowledge and experience. We should be miserable as men and faithless as Christians, unworthy of the place and time and country in which God's providence has called us to work, if we could not look forward, in cases of difficulty, to acting a part fully proportionable to our age of the world—of availing ourselves to the full of everything, in which we see that society has really made improvement; of whatever good thing is rendered more easy, more natural, more influential among our cotemporaries. That we possess, as we trust, the faith of the fourth or the fourteenth centuries, is no reason why we should make no use of our education of the nineteenth,—why we should import into it without discrimination their ideas and methods, and limit ourselves to their precedents.

We trust that these remarks will not be thought unmeaning, because necessarily general. Something like them must, we think, have come more or less strongly across the mind of any one, who in our day, and with our ordinary habits of judging, rises from the study of any of the controversies or conflicts which have tried the Church, and looks forward to the approach of a similar struggle. We doubt whether the highest admiration and heartiest sympathy have not been somewhat abated or tempered by regrets; and whether with the full recognition of earnestness to be copied, there went not along also a sense, perhaps unacknowledged or repressed, of mistakes to be avoided. And in the hasty remarks which we are about to make on one special point bearing on our present and our impending difficulties, we hope that we shall not be taken to doubt of the rights of the English Church, or to despair of her cause or that of the Church universal, if we attempt to look fairly in the face what appears to be the state of the facts which relate to the subject. That point is, the position of the Crown and the civil power towards the ecclesiastical power, viewed as a matter of history and practice.

We are not thinking at this moment of any complete or systematic account of the question, historically or theoretically. We write in haste, under the pressure of an emergency which we feel to be serious, and with a present and temporary object in view. A great question has been opened, and has to be settled; we shall all of us contribute more or less to settle it. It is of the highest importance that in taking their ground, Churchmen should, as accurately and comprehensively as they can, take in and review, not merely their own principles, but along with them, the real state of things with which these principles have been connected and have worked, whether in conflict or harmony. It is also of high importance that they should not act under any untrue or unfair impression as to the actual realizing of Church independence, in our own, as compared with other Christian nations. To master fully the nature of the ground open to them, to choose their position carefully, and make it as unexceptionable as possible, is the first business now of Churchmen; and, if even they have to narrow it, they need not be afraid of weakening it. And then, since danger undoubtedly exists, let them see to it that their sense of the danger be such as becomes men; without blindness to it, and without exaggeration. With these points in view, we shall proceed to suggest a few considerations

The English Church in the middle of the nineteenth century, suddenly, and certainly to her own surprise, finds herself caught as it were, and brought to a stand still, by an effect—the unintended, apparently, and unexpected effect—of what is called the royal supremacy. It can hardly be called a stretch of that supremacy, for the act in question is a perfectly legal, and, as far as the officials and ministers concerned in it, involuntary result and exercise of it; but in Parliament and the Council itself, it was felt to be an unnatural and undesirable, indeed, a hazardous, exercise. And it raises the question, What is the nature of that power, which has led, in such a perfectly legal way, to results so anomalous and perplexing; and how ought Churchmen to view it?

How is this question to be met and answered fairly and truly? *Easy* ways of answering it there are many. It may be answered by theory, or by law-texts, or by historical argument or induction. 'The supremacy is absolute and right; it is absolute and wrong:—it has practically no limits; it is practically as well as theoretically limited by Church law and Church power:—historically, the Church has been subservient to the Crown; historically, the Church has kept her own line and had her own way very much:—good, sufficient at least to reconcile us to such an arrangement has resulted from it; evil has followed from it, and worse is at hand.' And none of these contradictory answers are made without strong grounds of one sort or another; if we will but *choose* on what grounds to put the question, we shall have no difficulty in getting an answer.

We cannot, however, but hope, for our own part, that Churchmen will prefer feeling and facing *the difficulty of giving an answer,* to giving it, on arbitrary and limited grounds. It may be very troublesome to collect and take in the aggregate of considerations bearing on it—legal, historical, constitutional, moral, social, theological—to balance and compare them with one another. But the difficulties, great as they may be, are not out of proportion with the greatness of the question, the variety and complication of the interests it involves, the length of time it has agitated men's minds. Fifteen hundred years have not been enough to settle it, in the Church universal. And those who have been trained in the school of Bishop Butler, and who have seen how his method is but the reflection and application of what is the natural procedure of thoughtful men in the matters of ordinary life, will not be surprised to be told that, on a matter of ecclesiastical polity, their convictions ought to be the result of that same sort of combination of various evidences, and of that careful, and, it may be, laborious bringing in of many distinct particulars, which they have been taught to be the legitimate way of bringing home to sound and practical reason the verity of the faith itself.

And this is the more necessary, if the system of things under which we live is not simple, but complicated; governed not by one, but a great variety of distinct powers: and has further, while going through great alterations, tenaciously kept, as much as possible, to unchanged forms. And such is the case with us in England. Our whole social frame is kept in work by a number of powers, of which it is much more easy to say what limits them, than on what they depend, and from whence they derive their rights. That favourite foreign idea of one central and final power, from which all others hold in delegation, and which animates and controls them all as its organs, though not unknown to our legal language, is not in practice and reality an English one. We say, generally, a foreign one, for it is not confined to one class of writers; the necessity of one, sole, all-powerful authority, is as much a postulate of Louis Blanc as of De Maistre or Bellarmine, for the solution of all problems, and as the only real condition of the effective working of a society. But in England, it has been practically contradicted. Men have learned to live together, held in one by many powers, none of which are *really* supreme, though they are of various degrees, and though one or other of them may be for the moment *final*. But it is only for the moment. There may be no legal mode of appeal, and the power may continue; but the tendency to resist the absorption of one power by another is irresistible. And the way in which this tendency has usually acted, has been not by dethroning or destroying the dangerous power, but by strengthening, or adding on another. Nor do powers cease to be really effective ones, because not only under the necessity of working with others, but liable to be interfered with and controlled, not less by the higher authority, than by the mere concurrent action of others. Whether theoretically right or wrong, it is on this law that English society has gone on, not in modern days only, but, as all historical inquiries show, more and more clearly, even in what appear, at first sight, the despotic days of the Tudors and Plantagenets;—a law of composition of forces, partly independent in origin, and all separate in function, and with no supremacy among them but in their result and direction.

In judging, therefore, of the present or past supremacy of the Crown, it will be well to keep in mind, that in reality no power is supreme in England; and also, in laying down a line of action for the future, that nothing which is a real power in England can expect to be uncontrolled. The more considerable it is—the more it makes itself felt,—the more does it naturally, in the progress of things, find itself obliged to admit restrictions and limits. It will be well to keep this principle in view, when examining and comparing, whether to reconcile them, or to make one refute the other, the very conflicting documents and precedents of our history;—on one side a set of statutes, on the other a set of articles and canons; the statutes, without noticing the articles, setting forth without qualification the king's power—the articles, themselves of equal authority, without noticing the statutes, limiting it; disclaimers contradicted by acts, pretensions given up in effect; a long series of connected proceedings, intelligible only on the theory of the absolute domination of the crown, confronted and accompanied by another, equally long and equally connected, involving necessarily the distinct existence and independent powers of the Church; and along with each of these, a corresponding line of traditions, ideas, maxims, customs, doctrines, a school, and a party. With such authorities, so heedless of uniformity, there is always the temptation to construct a case. The text of Acts of Parliament, illustrated by admissions and concessions of Church authorities, would supply ample materials for a clear and consistent proof of the unlimited plenitude of royal power in the Church. But it is obvious to remark, that it would not be more difficult to produce authentic and irrefragable evidence from the language of law and the usages of parliament, in behalf of a theory which should represent the various powers of the English constitution as expressly recognising in the crown of Queen Victoria, a prerogative not less ample and magnificent than that claimed by the Stuarts and exercised by the Tudors; and as acknowledging no origin and no right to continue but her good pleasure.

But without professing to answer fully or finally the question, What is the nature of the Royal Supremacy? we shall venture to offer a few remarks on it to our readers. The primary idea of the power of the Crown in the Church—the idea which first came in, and is clearly discernible, though not the only one, in the acts of the Reformation—seems to be what may be called a visitatorial power. It was a power which *presupposed* other powers, and laws to which they were bound—powers derived from a divine source, and laws having a divine sanction; and its peculiar function was to keep those powers to their duty according to their own laws. It was a power of supervising and inspecting; not of creating, but of keeping up. It did not profess to supersede other powers by its own, but it watched that those powers were duly and lawfully used. Its interference might be very wide and very strict, but, in form at least, it regulated itself by already existing laws—laws, whose independent origin and sanction it respectfully owned, while conferring on them its own sanction besides. But this visitatorial power was itself also claimed by divine right, and as of divine origin; not as a delegated but an independent authority, inherent in the royal function and office.

The real extent of such a power, in terms so undefined and unlimited, must necessarily vary indefinitely. A college visitor and the Court of Queen's Bench, are, in idea, the same sort of powers, though the one is the most dormant, and the other the most sleepless authority in England; and unquestionably this visitatorial power of kings has been very various in extent, and very variously used. But to the admission of the power itself, and the admission of it in exceedingly large and unstinted measure, the Church has committed herself over and over again; not in England alone, but elsewhere, from Constantine's 'appointment by God to be Bishop (ἐπίσκοπος, overseer) over the external things of the Church,' to the *appels comme d'abus*, and the corresponding maxims and usages of the Church of Louis XIV, by which lawyers in France assert that the modern French Church is still bound, in spite of the protests of her Bishops.

We are speaking at present simply of the general and leading idea on which, as it seems to us, all exercise of regal power in the Church, however usurping and extravagant in its actual claims and interference, has ever gone: the right claimed by the Crown as a divine power, to see that the Church, also a divine power and institution, does the work appointed her by God; and to interfere if she does not. Of course it is clear that this idea is perfectly compatible with the separate origin of Church powers, and may be compatible with their real freedom. It is also equally clear, what inordinate pretensions may be founded on it, and to what very difficult complications it may lead. And, as we all know, these possibilities have been realized, here and elsewhere. But what we wish to remark here is, that the Church, while admitting the principle of such a visitatorial power in kings, as she cannot fairly be denied to have done, did so, when from the character of the period, as well as from the explicit language of both parties, it is clear that two important conditions were understood. One was, that the king who claimed to rule, was also able and willing to befriend and protect her. She contemplated a person, not a mere state, or government—a person, having a conscience, owning personal responsibility, and one with her in faith, in practice, in sentiment, in purpose, acknowledging her laws, sympathising with her objects; and further, as the real depositary of power, really able to aid as well as to govern. No one probably would deny, that as a matter of fact, when the Church admitted the Crown to a share in her concerns, whether it was in Constantine's day, or Charlemagne's, or at the Reformation, or under Louis XIV, it was to a real king, understood to be both a Christian and Churchman, that she consented to yield this power. The other condition was, that her own laws and canons were to be the rule of her government, the rule which the king was to see observed. The existence both of Church powers and Church laws,—sanctioned, authorized, enforced, it may be, by the king, and on his responsibility, but yet separately and distinctly subsisting,—is everywhere taken for granted. None of the Western nations acknowledged, in form at least, *any* royal power, except exercised according to their own laws, and protecting them. Much less would the Church of those nations admit a king to be paramount in her concerns, without his recognising her spiritual claims and original constitution. Even the violence of Henry VIII. did not ask this.

These two conditions accompany all interference of the Crown with Church matters, in former times. They were very variously interpreted, and very strangely stretched: but they were uncontested by any one, and their acknowledgment really influenced the working of things. A real king, really acknowledging and exclusively maintaining the spiritual power as of divine origin and authority, is what the Church has always understood by 'the Crown,' whenever she has acknowledged its place among her powers of government. If proof of this were wanting, it might be found, in the way in which the idea of the personal power of the Crown, so faint and extenuated in all matters political, survives with anomalous and inconsistent force in matters ecclesiastical; and we see hoary liberals, who have all their life been sneering at kings, and scoffing at Churches, gravely rise up in their place in Parliament, to interrogate the Prime Minister, whether he has done his duty in upholding the endangered prerogative of her gracious Majesty, as the 'Supreme Head of the Church.'

It may be useful to cite, in detail, some illustrations of this early view of the royal power.[1]

No legislation of any single nation can compare for importance and authority with the Code of Justinian. It has been the authentic and universally acknowledged text of the civil law of Christendom; and it represents the law of the empire, as it stood when first the Church was recognised by the State. It was acquiesced in then by the Church—it has ever since been received by all Christian nations, by some as their practical rule, by all as a great legislative document. And never, that we know of, has the Church protested against it, though, at times, both popes and kings have discouraged its study. It favours the Church and her authority in the largest and most generous manner; and it bears very important witness to the pre-eminence, in Justinian's day, of the Roman See.

In this earliest and most august monument of civil legislation in a state acknowledging the Church, we find precisely such a power as we have spoken of ascribed to the Emperor,—a power of universal visitation;—and under the same limitations, that is, it pre-supposes in the Church powers and laws which the Emperor is to watch over. But the amplitude and peremptoriness of the authority which he professes to claim, have never, probably, in terms, been exceeded.

To quote all that might be quoted in proof of this would be to transcribe law after law, out of the huge collection of the Pandects. We can only cite a few passages, and refer our readers to the collection itself, if they would have a full impression of the actual state of the case.

The office of a Christian emperor is thus stated:—

> 'The greatest things among men are those gifts of God, bestowed by heavenly goodness, the Priesthood and the Imperial power ("*sacerdotium et imperium*"); the former ministering in things divine, the latter presiding and giving diligence in things human; but both proceeding from one and the same origin, (*principio,*) and adorning human life. And therefore nothing will be of such concern to the emperors, as the honest behaviour of the priests; since the priests ever offer up prayers to God for the emperors..... We therefore feel the greatest care concerning God's true doctrines, and concerning the honest carriage of the priests; which if they maintain, we believe that through it the greatest good will be given us of God. .... But things are in every case done well and duly, if the beginning of the matter

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[1] The view is that of Bramhall, who also appeals for confirmation of it to the early specimens of Christian legislation, the Pandects, and the Capitularies.

be proper and pleasing to God. And this we believe will be the case, if the observance of the holy rules be kept up, which the apostles handed down, and the holy fathers kept and explained.'—*Novell.* 6. '*Quomodo oporteat Episcopos et reliquos clericos ad ordinationem adduci.*' *Præfat.*

Still more distinctly in the following:—

'*De ordinatione Episcoporum et clericorum.*

'The Emperor Justinian Aug. to Peter, Master of the Offices.

'If in regard to civil laws, the power whereof God, of His goodness towards men, has entrusted to us, we are careful that they shall be firmly kept, for the security of the obedient; how much more care ought we to exercise, touching the observance of the sacred canons and the divine laws which have been laid down for the salvation of our souls? For they who keep the sacred canons are worthy of the help of the Lord God; but they who transgress them make themselves liable to judgment. The greater therefore is the condemnation under which the most holy bishops lie, to whom it is committed both to search out and to maintain the canons, if they leave the transgression of them uncondemned and unpunished. In truth, since up to this time the canons have not been rightly observed, we have in consequence received various appeals against clerics and monks and some bishops, as not living according to the divine canons; and others have been found who did not so much as know the prayers of the holy oblation, or of holy baptism.'—*Novell.* 137. *Præf.*

Accordingly, he proceeds to give directions to the 'Master of the Offices,' a great civil officer, for the restoration of discipline, according to the canons. The qualifications for the episcopal office required by the canons and the imperial laws are to be strictly required—' but if any one be ordained Bishop contrary ' to the above mentioned rule, we order that both he by all ' means be deprived of the Episcopate (*episcopatu dejici*), and ' he also, who has dared to ordain him contrary to such rule'—synods are to be held at the times appointed; discipline is to be exercised in them; special rules are enjoined for the due performance of divine service. And the observance of these injunctions is thus to be secured:—

'And we command also the presidents of the provinces, if they find anything neglected of the things which we have decreed, that first they compel the metropolitan and other bishops to assemble the said synods, and to fulfil all that we have commanded by the present law about synods. But if they find them backward and remiss, then they inform us; that we may forthwith proceed to due correction against those who decline to celebrate synods. And let the presidents and their officers know that if they observe not this, they shall be subjected to extreme punishment. But we also confirm by the present law all things enjoined by us in various laws concerning bishops, and presbyters, and other clergy, and besides concerning hospitals and orphan asylums, and all who are set over sacred places.' —*Novell.* 137. *fin.*

He lays down laws about the authority of the four councils, the order of the principal sees, &c.; addressing a civil officer:—

'*De ecclesiasticis titulis.*

'*Imp. Justin. Aug. Petro gloriosiss. præfecto sacr. prætor.*

'Concerning ecclesiastical rules and privileges, and other heads relating to the holy churches, &c., we promulgate the present law.

'c. 1. *De quatuor sanctis Ecclesiis.*

'We therefore order that the sacred ecclesiastical rules, which have been set forth or confirmed by the sacred four councils, Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon, shall have the place of law. And we receive the doctrines of the aforesaid four synods as Holy Scriptures, and observe their rules as laws.

'c. 2. *De ordine sedendi Patriarcharum.*

'Therefore we order according to their decision that the most holy Pope of old Rome be the first of all priests; but the most blessed Archbishop of Constantinople, which is new Rome, have the second place after the holy apostolic see of old Rome.

'c. 3. *De episcopo primæ Justinianæ.*

'c. 4. *De episcopo Carthaginensi,*' &c.—Novell. 131.

With respect to bishops, the form and mode of their election, their qualifications, their canonical age and condition, their property, their disabilities—no purely ecclesiastical laws could speak more authoritatively or peremptorily, or more in detail. The ordinances on the subject are numerous. The following, addressed, as usual, to a civil officer, may serve as a specimen of his style.

The Emperor, to John Prætor. Præf.

'We decree, that no one be ordained to the episcopate, unless useful and excellent otherwise: one who lives not with a wife, and who is not the father of a family; but who for a wife will cleave to the most holy Church, and has in the place of children the whole Christian and orthodox people, knowing that from the beginning we have thus disposed concerning the succession of bishops, and that with this intent our law has proceeded; and that those who have done or do contrary to it are altogether unworthy of the Episcopate. For they, who after this our constitution shall dare either to make or to be made bishops, against its purport, shall neither be numbered among bishops, or continue in the sacred ministry, but being expelled from it, shall give room for an ordination, which shall be regular and altogether pleasing to God.'—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. iii. 48.

But this is no fair specimen of the minuteness with which he regulates everything relating to the election and qualifications of the bishops. It may be seen fully in the Novell. vi. and cxxiii., which are complete bodies of law relating to the ministers of the Church. He thus concludes the former :—

'The things therefore which have been decreed by us, and which maintain the sacred order and state according to the observance and form of the sacred rules, let the most holy Patriarchs of each diocese for the future keep perpetually inviolate, and the Metropolitans, and the rest of the most reverend bishops and clergy; everywhere maintaining undisturbed the worship of God and sacred discipline: since this penalty awaits the offender, —to be alienated from God and the office of the priesthood; for he shall be expelled from it as unworthy. And we give licence to all, of whatsoever

> office or conversation they be, who observe any transgression in this behalf, to inform us and the Imperial power for the time being; that we who have established these things according to the explanation of the sacred rules and the tradition of the Apostles, may visit the offender with our due indignation,' &c.
>
> 'But let the most holy Patriarchs of each diocese set forth these things in the churches which are under them, and make known what has been established by us to the Metropolitans; and they in their turn let them set forth these things in the most holy metropolitan church, and make them known to the Bishops under them. And let each one of them set them forth in his own church; that no member of our State may be ignorant of what we have ordained for the honour and magnifying of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. . . . . Copies of this were written to the most holy Archbishop of Alexandria, to Ephrem, Archbishop of Theopolis, to Peter, Bishop of Jerusalem, John, the Prætorian Præfect, &c.'—*Novell.* 6. *Epilog.*

He lays down, with the same authority and detail, the order of proceeding, and the order of appeal, in ecclesiastical trials.[1] His language is that of an absolute legislator; but it is used to maintain the strict observance of the canons. It would be endless and superfluous to quote all his ordinances on matters of purely spiritual interest; as, for instance, the regulation of the monastic life. We find him decreeing at once ecclesiastical and civil punishments against perjured clerks; fixing the age of deaconesses, of priests, deacons, and bishops; forbidding bishops to excommunicate except for a just and proven cause, and ordering them, if offending, to be themselves excommunicated; (Cod. lib. i. tit. iii. 30;) providing for the due attention of the Clergy to the office of the Church; forbidding bishops to leave their Sees. The appointment of the penalty in this last case is curious:—

> 'If any one knowingly transgress, and break this regulation, piously and rightly introduced by us for the honour of the most holy Churches, he shall feel our no small indignation; and moreover he shall be placed under excommunication—if he be a Metropolitan, by your Blessedness; [he is addressing the Patriarch of Constantinople;] but if he be a Bishop of a city subject to a Metropolitan, by the Metropolitan. For we have not thought it necessary to fix a pecuniary penalty against the despisers of our divine ordinance, lest the loss should fall on the most holy Churches, whose property we wish to remain free from all diminution.'—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. iii. 43, § 2.

We will quote another ordinance on a point of Church discipline. It will be noticed on what grounds, and with what authority the emperor speaks, and the punishment which he decrees. It is an ordinance addressed to the Patriarch of Constantinople against gambling, play-going, horse-racing, and betting clergymen. After stating in the preamble the importance, both for the honour of God and the good of the state, of piety in the clergy, and the grievous scandals which have come to his knowledge, he proceeds:—

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[1] Cod. lib. I. tit. iv. 29. '*De foro clerici et episcopi accusati.*'

'We have often exhorted them to observe these [rules]; but seeing that this information has reached us about such offences, we are under the necessity of having recourse to the present law, as well on account of our zeal for religion, as also for the benefit both of the priesthood itself, and of the State.

'And we decree that no deacon, priest, bishop,' or other cleric, play at dice, &c.

'But if any one in future be detected doing any of these things, and be informed against, either in this happy city to your Holiness, or in the provinces to the Metropolitans or Bishops,' a fair and strict trial by evidence is to be instituted by the Patriarch or Bishops, as the case may be; if the clerk be convicted, 'he is to be separated from the sacred Liturgy, and a canonical penance imposed upon him, and a time is to be fixed, during which it may be convenient that, using fastings and prayer, he implore the great God's mercy for such a transgression. And if he continue for the time appointed in tears and penance, and beseeching the Lord God in prayer for the remission of his fault, then he, who is his superior, having diligently ascertained this, and made careful inquiry, shall cause common prayer to be made for him, and shall with all diligence impress upon him that for the future he abstain from such dishonour to the priesthood; and if he deems him sufficiently penitent, then let him deign to extend to him the priestly clemency. But if after excommunication he be found neither to have exercised true penance, and otherwise to have contemned it, and to be manifestly ensnared by the devil, then let the priest under whom he lives, remove him from the sacred rolls, deposing him for good; and let not the offender ever again have licence under any circumstances, of coming to the priestly degree.' (And then follow provisions for his maintenance, and civil condition; and threats if any Bishop or magistrate, from weakness or corruption, fail in his duty.)

'And these things we have done in the way of legislation. . . . But as these things have been decreed by us for no other reason than for God's service, we add this further, that inquiries be made with the utmost diligence, and that no one arise to accuse any falsely, or bear false witness. For, like as for the priests who have committed such things we have appointed civil punishment, so on those who venture to accuse them, we will that punishment abide them, both from heaven and from our laws, if, the charge once made, they refuse to follow it up, or cannot go on with it.'—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. iv. 34.

The religion of the empire is thus fixed by the emperors before Justinian:—

'*De Summâ Trinitate et Fide Catholicâ et ut nemo de eâ publice contendere audeat.*

'We will that all people, whom the power of our clemency rules, should live in that religion which was given by S. Peter the Apostle to the Romans; as the religion, by him introduced, witnesses to this day; and which it is clear that Pope Damasus follows, and Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, a man of apostolical sanctity:—that is, that according to apostolic discipline and evangelic doctrine, we believe one Godhead of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in an Equal Majesty, and in a merciful Trinity. We command that, following this law, they take the name of Catholic Christians; adjudging the rest, senseless and mad, to bear the infamy of heretical doctrine, and to be punished.'—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. i. 1, *Law of Gratian and Theodos.* a. 380.

The Nicene Creed is made the test of orthodox belief, and heresy and heretics are proscribed; as, for instance, in the following injunction, addressed for execution to the Prætorian Præfect:—

> ‘Further we decree, that those, who abet the impious opinion of Nestorius, or follow his abominable doctrine, if they are bishops or clerks, be cast forth from the Churches; if laymen, be anathematized, according to what has been already established by our Divinity.’
>
> * * * * * *
>
> ‘But whereas it has come to our pious ears, that certain have composed certain doctrines, and have published such, being ambiguous, and not in all things and exactly agreeing with the orthodox faith propounded by the holy synod of those holy Fathers who assembled at Nicæa and Ephesus, and by Cyril of pious memory, who was bishop of the great city of Alexandria, we order that all such writings, whether composed before or now, be burnt and utterly destroyed,’ &c. . . . . ‘And henceforth no one is at liberty either to say or to teach any thing beyond the faith set forth as well at Nicæa as at Ephesus; and the transgressors of this our divine precept shall be subject to the same penalty decreed against the impious faith of Nestorius. But that all may learn in very deed, how much our Divinity abhors those who follow the impious faith of Nestorius, we command, that Irenæus, formerly under our displeasure for this cause, and afterwards, after second marriage, (as we have learnt,) contrary to the apostolic canons made bishop of Tyre, be deprived (*dejici*) of the Church of Tyre, and do abide in his own country in quiet, divested of the character and name of a priest.
>
> ‘Your Magnificence, therefore, following the object of our Religion, will take care to observe this, and give it effect.’—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. i. iii. *Theodos. and Valentin. to the Prætorian Præfect*, 449.

Public disputation about the faith is forbidden; the edict is also addressed to the Prætorian Præfect:—

> ‘*Imp. Marcian. Palladio præfect. præt.*’
>
> ‘No one, cleric, or military, or of any other condition, is henceforth to venture, before crowds publicly assembled and listening, to treat of the Christian faith, seeking occasion for tumult and disloyalty. For, besides, he does injury to the judgment of the most reverend synod who attempts to re-open and discuss publicly things decided once for all, and set in right order; since those things, which have been now decreed concerning the Christian faith by the priests who came together by our order at Chalcedon,[1] are known to have been defined according to the apostolic expositions, and the laws of the 318 holy fathers at Nicæa, and the 150 in this royal city. Against the despisers of this law punishment shall not be wanting. . . . . If therefore it be a cleric who has dared publicly to treat of religion, he shall be removed from the fellowship of the clergy; if military, shall be deprived of his belt.’—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. i. iv.

Nor was Justinian’s interference confined to discipline. There are various edicts in which he lays down and declares, on the authority of the Church and the four Councils, what is the true Faith. And he thus communicates his measures to the Patriarch of Constantinople:—

> ‘We wish your Holiness to know everything which relates to the state of the Church. We have, therefore, thought it necessary to address these Divine words to your Holiness, and thereby explain to you the measures

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[1] ‘*Ea quæ . . . a sacerdotibus qui Chalcedone convenerunt per nostra præcepta statuta sunt.*’

which have been set on foot, though we are persuaded that you are acquainted with them. Finding, therefore, some who were aliens from the Holy and Apostolic Church following the deception of the impious Nestorius and Eutyches, we before promulgated a Divine edict, as your Holiness knows, by which we restrained the madness of the heretics; yet without having changed, or changing anything whatsoever, or having gone beyond the constitution of the Church, which has been, by God's help hitherto preserved; but having kept in all things the state of unity of the most holy Churches, with the most holy Pope and Patriarch of old Rome, to whom we have written to the same effect. For we suffer not that anything that pertains to the state of the Church should fail to be referred to his Blessedness, seeing that he is the head of all the most holy priests of God; and the more so, because whenever heretics have sprung up in these parts, they have been restrained by the sentence and right judgment of that venerable throne' . . . .

He then proceeds to explain further the meaning of his edict concerning the faith:—

'These, then, are the points, in which, by our Divine edict, we convicted the heretics; to which Divine edict all the most holy Bishops who were here, and the most reverend Archimandrites, together with your Holiness, subscribed' . . . .

He then proceeds to declare his adherence to the Four Councils, and speaks of the necessity of making them the test of orthodoxy, and he thus concludes:—

'Let no one, therefore, vainly trouble us, relying on a vain hope, as if we ever had done anything contrary to the Four Councils, or should do, or should allow to be done by any, or should suffer the holy memory of the same holy Four Councils to be removed from the aforesaid diptychs of the Church. For all who by them have been condemned and anathematized, and the doctrine of those condemned, and those who have thought, or think with them, we anathematize.'—*Cod.* lib. i. tit. i. 7.

We quote these passages simply as facts; they show very large claims of interference. Yet the spirit of Justinian's legislation was supposed to be in the highest degree favourable to the Church. 'His Code, and more especially his Novels,' says Gibbon, 'confirm and enlarge the privileges of the clergy.' And there is nothing to show that the clergy of his day, or even the Pope, looked upon this interference as anything strange or dangerous; while the precedents then created were incorporated into the code which has been erected into the text-book of civil legislation. But while they show interference, they carry on their face its conditions.

After the legislation of Justinian comes that of Charlemagne. The Capitularies of the French kings are the next example we meet with of legislation for a Christian state. They are to the empire of Charlemagne, what the Pandects were to that of Justinian; a very miscellaneous collection of laws, edicts, canons, injunctions, from very various sources, and on all subjects, from the highest matters of religion and government, down to the herbs to be cultivated in the emperor's gardens.

The emperor speaks always in his own person; but many of the Capitularies are stated to have had the consent of the clergy and nobility, and probably all of them were worded and put into form by the emperor's ecclesiastical advisers. And they breathe throughout an ecclesiastical spirit, and prove a deep interest in the welfare of the Church.

In the Carlovingian legislation, the same authority and office is attributed in the emperor, as was ascribed to him in that of Justinian, and with the same understanding and limitations. He is viewed as God's minister, not only to guard, but also generally to oversee the Church; to take care, in conjunction with her pastors, that she observes her own laws.

> 'Ever since the renovation of the Frank Church under Carloman and Pepin, it had continued to flourish under the Carlovingian kings, and to be the most important Church of the West. In the new Church the Metropolitans had been reinstated in their ancient rights; the kings retaining, however, *the general superintendence of the Church, the right of arbitration in Church matters, as also the direction and confirmation of all ecclesiastical decrees.* Though Charlemagne wished to introduce again the election of Bishops by the Clergy, they still continued for the most part to be appointed by the king. The Carlovingians continued also to dispose as they pleased of the Church lands. . . . The ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope was acknowledged, the kings often applying to him for advice in ecclesiastical matters, and allowing the right of appeal to him, as fixed at the Council of Sardica. In the affairs of their own Church, however, they allowed no interference but by argument and persuasion.'

Such is Gieseler's account, in which no one who has looked into the Capitularies will think that he overstates the extent of the king's interference. And this interference was not confined to external matters, or even to Church discipline or judicature. It extended to doctrine; and Charlemagne, in his own name, disputed the decision of a professedly œcumenical Council, sanctioned, confirmed, and defended by a Pope; and caused its condemnation in a Council of his own.

> 'In the year 790, a formal refutation of the decrees of the second Council of Nice [on image worship] was drawn up under the direction of Charlemagne; the "Libri Carolini." . . . In these books Charlemagne alone is the speaker, *e.g.* "Ecclesiæ in sinu regni gubernacula suscepimus—nobis, quibus Ecclesia ad regendum commissa est." It is not probable that the emperor prepared these books without assistance, but there seems to be no good reason for thinking that Alcuin assisted him. . . . Though Pope Hadrian attempted to answer this exposition, the worship of pictures was formally condemned at a Synod held in Frankfort, A.D. 794.'—(Gieseler). [1]

We will quote a few passages from the Capitularies, to show the terms in which this authority was expressed, and the kind of subjects of which it took cognizance.[1] These Capitularies, or collections of laws, are, many of them, preserved in the original form in which they were drawn up in the Emperor's Council. There is also an arrangement of their enactments, distributed according to their subjects. The first four books of this arrangement were compiled by Ansegisus, Abbot of Fontenelle, one of Charlemagne's counsellors; three more were added by the deacon Benedict, at the request of the Archbishop of Mayence, in the middle of the ninth century; and there are four supplements by unknown authors.—(Guizot.)

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[1] Cf. Lorenz's Life of Alcuin (Eng. Trans.) pp. 109—127. Yet these books are said to recognise in very ample terms the authority of the Roman See. Charlemagne sent the acts of the Council of Frankfort to the Pope, requiring him to confirm them. The Pope argued for the decrees of Nice, but without persuading Charles. The Acts of Frankfort were confirmed in a Synod at Paris, 825. (Lorenz.)

The compiler, Ansegisus, thus speaks of the contents of his collection :—

> 'The "Capitula," which have been from time to time published by the said princes, I have arranged in four books. I have collected, in the first book, those which the Lord Emperor Charles made, relating to the ecclesiastical order; and in the second, the ecclesiastical ordinances published by the most religious Lord Emperor Louis. I have united in the third those which Lord Charles made from time to time, pertaining to the secular law; and I have collected, in the fourth, those which Lord Louis, the noble emperor, made, relating to the improvement of worldly law.'

Charlemagne's view of the kingly office is expressed in the following circular to 'all orders of Ecclesiastical piety, and dignities of Secular power,' which Ansegisus prefixes as a preface to the ecclesiastical laws. After exhorting the pastors to keep their flocks within the bounds of 'the canonical sanctions and the paternal traditions of the universal councils,' the Emperor proceeds :—

> 'In this work, let your Holiness know assuredly, that our diligence works with you. Therefore we have sent to you our Commissioners (*Missos*), who, by the authority of our name, might with you correct what wanted correction. And further, we have subjoined some "*capitula*," out of the

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[1] We insert, from Guizot's "*Hist. de la Civil. en France*," an analysis of the subjects of the Capitularies. He distributes the subjects under eight heads. The proportion of the religious and canonical legislation to the political, under Charlemagne, is observable.

	Capitularies.	Articles.	Législation Morale.	Politique.	Pénale.	Civile.	Réligieuse.	Canonique.	Domestique.	De Circonstance.
Charlemagne	65	1,151	87	293	130	110	85	305	73	12
Louis le Debonn.......	26	362	16	136	36	24	1	129	—	20
Charles le Chauve	51	529	2	259	17	4	2	51	1	193
Louis le Bégue.........	3	22	—	6	1	—	—	4	—	11
Carloman	3	19	—	12	7	—	—	—	—	2
Eudes	1	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
Charles le Simple	3	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10
	152	2,094	105	706	191	138	88	489	74	249

canonical ordinances, which seemed most necessary for you. Nor let any one, I pray, think this admonition of piety presumptuous, whereby we study to amend what is faulty, to cut off what is superfluous, to keep what is right within bounds; but rather let him receive it with the well-disposed mind of charity. For we read in the books of Kings, how holy Josias, by visiting, by correcting, by admonishing, endeavoured to bring back the kingdom committed to him by God to the worship of the true God. Not that I count myself comparable to his holiness, but because the example of the saints ought ever to be followed by us; and whomsoever we can, we are bound to bring to the desire of a good life, to the praise and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, as we have said, we have caused to be noted down certain laws, that you may endeavour to recommend both them, and whatsoever else you judge to be necessary," &c. (*Præf. D. Karoli R. ad Capit. Aquisgranense;* (Aix-la-Chapelle,) a. 789.)

The Capitulary of Aix-la-Chapelle contains eighty articles, addressed variously, according to their subjects, *'To all;' 'To the Priests.' 'To the Bishops.'* They are such as these:—

1. De his qui ab Episcopo proprio excommunicantur.
2. De his qui ad ordinandum veniunt.
3. De clericis fugitivis et peregrinis.
4. De Presbyteris, Diaconis, vel his qui in clero sunt.
5. De usuris.
6. De Presbyteris Missas cantantibus et non communicantibus.
7. De his qui a Synodo vel a suo Episcopo damnati sunt.
8. De Suffraganeis Episcopis.
9. De Chorepiscopis.
10. De Episcopis vel quibuslibet ex clero.
11. De ordinationibus vel quibuslibet negotiis.
12. De cura Episcoporum.
16. De ignotis angelorum nominibus.
19. De Episcopis ubi non oporteat eos constitui.
20. De libris canonicis.
24. De Presbyteris non absolute ordinandis.
31. De fide S. Trinitatis prædicanda.
35. De his qui excommunicato communicaverint.
80. De prædicatione Episcoporum et Presbyterorum.

The collection of Ansegisus contains 162 ecclesiastical laws of Charlemagne, and 48 of Louis. They are, like those already noticed, on every subject of Church interest,—many of them taken from the older Church canons, others original enactments.

The objects, sanction, and authority of the kingly office is thus stated by the emperor Louis le Débonnaire. After saying that it 'had pleased Divine providence to appoint him to take care of holy Church and this kingdom,' and mentioning the great objects for which he was bound to labour,—'the defence 'and exaltation or honour of the holy Church of God, and of 'His servants, and the preservation of peace and justice in the 'people at large,' he goes on to describe his relation to the various orders of his kingdom:—

> 'But though the *sum of this ministry appears to reside in our person*, yet we know that by *divine authority and human order* it is so divided into parts, *that each one of you in his place and order may be known to possess part of our ministry.* Whence it appears that I am bound to be the admonisher of you all, and all you are bound to be our helpers. For neither are we ignorant of what is suitable for each one of you, in that portion committed to him. And therefore we cannot omit to admonish each one according to his order.'—*Capit. Lud. Pii,* a. 823, § 3. *Coll. Anseg.* l. ii. c. 3.

Accordingly, he proceeds to use this authority—the following are the headings of the succeeding chapters:—

> 'Of the sacred ministry of the Bishops, and of the admonition of our Lord Emperor to the Bishops.
>
> 'Of the admonition of our Lord Emperor to the Bishops, concerning the priests appertaining to their care; and concerning schools.
>
> 'Of the admonition to the Counts, for the utility of God's holy Church.
>
> 'Of the admonition to the laity, for maintaining the honour of the Church.
>
> 'Of the admonition to the Abbots and laymen, on behalf of monasteries, of royal bounty committed to them.
>
> 'Of the admonition to Bishops, Abbots, and all the faithful, for their assistance to the Counts.
>
> 'Of the admonition to the Bishops, or even to all, touching concord between themselves, and with the rest of the faithful.
>
> 'Of the admonition to all in general, touching mutual peace and charity.
>
> 'Of this, namely; that each Bishop or Count has part of the royal office (*partem ministerii regalis habeat*), and of their testimony of one another: (*i.e.* to know from the witness of the Bishops whether the Counts love and do justice, and from the witness of the Counts, whether the Bishops behave and preach religiously.')

What is expressed here in general terms, is, as we have said, exemplified in most minute and ample detail in the mass of heterogeneous acts which are collected together in the 'Capitularies of the Frank Kings.' The king, by Divine Providence constituted, holding of God only, and entrusted in the largest terms with the charge of the Church, is the one source and fountain of law and justice to Church and State. As a Christian king, he acknowledges the ancient laws of the Church; he takes counsel of his Bishops, and places them in honour before his Counts. But for everything he is finally responsible to God, and therefore everything belongs to his charge, and is to be ordered according to his discretion—all authority and power in Church and State is from him, is 'part of his ministry.'

We will add but one extract more. It is from a Synod under Carloman, 742, at which S. Boniface was present.

> 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. I, Carloman, Duke and Prince of the Franks, in the year from the incarnation of Christ 742, the 11th day before the Calends of May, with the counsel of the servants of God and my nobles, have, for the fear of Christ, assembled the Bishops who are in my kingdom, with the Priests, to a council and synod; that is, Boniface the Archbishop, and Burchard, and Regemfrid, and Wiztan, and Willibald, and Dadan, and Eddan, and the rest of the bishops, with their priests, that

they might give me counsel, how the law of God and ecclesiastical religion may be restored, which in the days of former princes has been overthrown, and how the Christian people may attain to the salvation of their souls, and may not perish by the deceit of false priests. *And by the counsel of my Priests and nobles we have appointed Bishops to the cities, and have set over them (constituimus super eos,) the Archbishop Boniface, who is the legate (Missus) of S. Peter.* And we have ordered that a synod should be assembled every year, that in our presence the decrees of the canons and the rights of the Church may be restored, and Christian religion amended,' &c.—*Capitular. Karlom.* a. 742. *Bened. Levit.* l. v. c. 2.

The following remarks of Guizot may show that our extracts give no unfair representation of the spirit of the Carlovingian policy and system. Our readers will not, we think, complain of us for declining to weaken the writer's language by translation.

'Puérile ou grave, monastique ou séculière, toute cette réforme de l'église Gallo-franque s'accomplissait sous l'impulsion et avec le concours du pouvoir temporel. A vrai dire, de Pepin le Bref à Louis le Débonnaire, c'est le pouvoir temporel, roi ou empereur, qui gouverne l'église, et fait tout ce que je viens de mettre sous vos yeux. Les preuves en sont évidentes.

'1°. Tous les canons, toutes les mesures relatives à l'église, à cette époque, sont publiés au nom du pouvoir temporel; c'est lui qui parle, qui ordonne, qui agit. Il suffit d'ouvrir les actes des conciles pour s'en convaincre.

'2°. Ces actes, et beaucoup d'autres monuments, proclament même formellement que c'est au pouvoir civil qu'il appartient d'ordonner de telles choses, et que l'église vit et agit sous son autorité. Les canons du Concile d'Arles, tenu sous Charlemagne en 813, se terminent ainsi:—

'Nous avons brièvement énuméré les choses qui nous semblent avoir besoin de réforme, et nous avons décidé que nous les présenterions au Seigneur Empereur, en invoquant sa clémence, afin que, si quelque chose manque à ce travail, sa prudence y supplée; si quelque chose est autrement que ne veut la raison, son jugement le corrige; si quelque chose est sagement ordonné, son appui, avec l'aide de la bonté divine, le fasse exécuter.'[1]

'On lit également dans le préface des actes du Concile de Mayence, tenu aussi en 813:—

'Sur toutes ces choses, nous avons besoin de votre appui et de votre saine doctrine, afin qu'elle nous avertisse et nous instruisse avec bienveillance; et si ce que nous avons rédigé ci-dessous, en quelques articles, vous en parait digne, que votre autorité le confirme; si quelque chose vous y semble à corriger, que votre grandeur impériale en ordonne la correction.'[2]

'Quels textes pourraient être plus formels?

'3°. Les Capitulaires de Charlemagne prouvent également à chaque pas que le gouvernement de l'église était une de ses principales affaires: quelques articles pris au hasard vous montreront avec quelle attention il s'en occupait:—

'Nos *missi* doivent rechercher s'il s'élève quelque plainte contre un évêque, un abbé, une abbesse, un comte, ou tout autre magistrat, quel qu'il soit, et nous en instruire.[3]

'Qu'ils examinent si les évêques et les autres prêtres vivent selon l'institution

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[1] Conc. Labbe, t. vii. col. 1238.
[2] Ibid. col. 1241.
[3] 3e Cap. a. 789, § 11; Bal. t. i. col. 244.

canonique, et s'ils connaissent et observent bien les canons; si les abbés vivent selon la règle et canoniquement, et s'ils connaissent bien les canons; si dans les monastères d'hommes, les moines vivent selon la règle; si, dans les monastères de filles, elles vivent selon la règle, et quelle en est la clôture.[1]

'Qu'ils examinent dans chaque cité les monastères d'hommes et de filles; qu'ils voient comment les églises sont entretenues ou réparées, soit quand aux édifices, soit quand aux ornements; qu'ils s'informent soigneusement des mœurs de chacun, et de ce qui a été fait quand à ce que nous avons ordonné sur les lectures, le chant, et tout ce qui concerne la discipline ecclésiastique.[2]

'Si quelqu'un des abbés, prêtres, diacres, &c., n'obéit pas à son évêque, qu'ils aillent devant le métropolitain, et que celui-ci juge l'affaire avec ses suffragants. Et, s'il y a quelque chose que l'évêque métropolitain ne puisse réformer ou apaiser, que les accusateurs avec l'accusé viennent à nous, avec des lettres du métropolitain, pour que nous sachions la vérité de la chose.[3]

'Que les évêques, les abbés, les comtes, et tous les puissants, s'ils ont entre eux quelque débat et ne se peuvent concilier, viennent en notre présence.'[4]

'C'est là à coup sûr, une intervention bien directe et active. Charlemagne ne gouvernait pas les affaires civiles de plus près.

4°. 'Il exerçait d'ailleurs une influence très-efficace, bien qu'indirecte; il nommait les évêques. On lit, à la vérité, dans les Capitulaires, le rétablissement de l'élection des évêques par le clergé et les peuple, selon l'usage primitif et le droit légal de l'église. . . . . Mais le fait continua d'être peu en accord avec le droit: après comme avant ce Capitulaire, (1er Cap. a. 803, § 2, t. i. col. 379,) Charlemagne nomma presque toujours les évêques; et même après sa mort, sous ses plus faibles successeurs, l'intervention de la royauté en pareille matière fut avouée par ses plus jaloux rivaux. En 853, le pape Léon IV. écrit à Lothaire, Empereur :—

'Nous supplions votre mansuétude de donner cette église à gouverner à Colonne, humble diacre, afin qu'en ayant reçu permission de vous, nous puissions, avec l'aide de Dieu, le consacrer évêque. Si vous ne voulez pas qu'il soit évêque dans la dite église, que votre Sérénité daigne lui conférer celle de Tusculum, veuve aussi de son pasteur.'

* * * * * *

6°. 'Ce n'était pas seulement de l'administration et de la discipline ecclésiastique que s'occupait à cette époque le pouvoir temporel; il intervenait même dans les matières de dogme, et celles-là aussi étaient gouvernées en son nom. Trois questions de ce genre se sont élevées sous le règne de Charlemagne; je ne ferai que les indiquer. 1. La question du culte des images . . . . L'église Gallo-franque repoussa ce culte et tout ce qui paraissait y tendre . . . . La faveur qu'accordaient les papes à cette doctrine n'ébranla point les évêques francs, ni leur maitre, et, en 794, le Concile de Francfort le condamna formellement. 2. L'hérésie des Adoptiens . . . . que Charlemagne fit condamner dans trois conciles successifs. 3. La question d'une addition au symbole sur la procession du Saint-Esprit. C'étaient là à coup sûr des matières bien étrangères au gouvernement extérieur de l'église, bien purement dogmatiques. Elles n'en furent pas moins réglées, sinon par le pouvoir civil lui-même, du moins sous son autorité, et avec son intervention.

'On peut donc, sans traiter la question de droit, sans examiner s'il est bon ou mauvais qu'il en soit ainsi, affirmer en fait qu'à cette époque, directement ou indirectement, le pouvoir temporel gouvernait l'église. La situation de Charlemagne à cet égard était, à peu de chose près, la même que celle du roi d'Angleterre dans l'église Anglicane. En Angleterre, aussi, l'assemblée civile, ou parlement, et l'assemblée ecclésiastique, ou *convocation*,

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[1] 2^{e} Cap. a. 802, § 2—5; t. i. col. 375.

[2] 5^{e} Cap. a. 806, § 4; t. i. col. 453.

[3] Cap. a. 794, § 4; t. i. col. 264.

[4] 3^{e} Cap. a. 812, § 2.

ont été long-temps distinctes ; et ni l'un ni l'autre ne décidait rien, ne pouvait rien, sans la sanction de la royauté. Qu'il s'agit d'un concile ou d'un champ de mai, ou d'un dogme ou d'un guerre à proclamer, Charlemagne y présidait égalcment : ni dans l'un, ni dans l'autre cas, on ne songeait à se passer de lui.' [1]

But he goes on to observe that the 'early Carlovingians, 'while thus governing absolutely, conferred on the Church im'mense advantages, and laid the most solid foundations of its 'future power.' He specifies, 1. The final establishment of the payment of tithes : 2. The extension by Charlemagne of the jurisdiction of the Clergy : 3. The increase of the power of the Clergy in civil matters, particularly in questions of marriages and wills : 4. The appropriation to each Church of a glebe, *mansus ecclesiasticus*. He continues—'Malgré sa servitude mo'mentanée, l'église avait là, à coup sûr, de nombreux et féconds 'principes d'indépendance et de puissance. Ils ne tardèrent 'pas à se développer.'

Now this theory is the foundation of European royalty ; after all our revolutions we have not yet finally abandoned it. We are not speaking of the effect of it, which of course must vary according to the state of things in which it works, and with which it is linked. Doubtless, if Charlemagne or Louis speak to Bishops and upon spiritual matters, in terms as authoritative and peremptory as those of a Pope's brief, we know that they are fully agreed with their Bishops, and are probably using the words which their Bishops have drawn up for them. Nevertheless, with the terms and language of this supremacy, the Church is not offended. The supremacy thus claimed and used, is not looked on as a profanation ; not even as a grievance. Not a protest, not a warning is heard ; not an expostulation, not a suspicion, not a misgiving, even from Rome. It is accepted and embraced as perfectly natural and right. It breaks no canon, it trenches on no jurisdiction, it invalidates no power, it wounds no feeling. It appeared as legitimate a consequence of Charlemagne's power, as the authority exercised by the Jewish kings did to the Jews, and does still to the reader of the Old Testament. And yet the Church at this time, however different from that of later times, was very far from being insensible to its own claims and powers, or, as an impartial observer attests, to its duties.[2]

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[1] Civilisation en France, Leçon 26.

[2] V. Guizot, *Hist. de la Civilis. en France*, Leçon 26. He notices especially the number of councils. 'Twenty councils only had been held in the seventh century, and seven only in the first half of the eighth.' From Pepin to the accession of Hugh Capet, (752—987,) in 235 years, 201 councils were held, of which 33 in the 46 years of Charlemagne, 29 in the 26 years of Louis le Debonnaire, and 69 in the 37 years of Charles le Chauve.

It does not, of course, the least follow, that because this supremacy suited the days when it arose, it should be satisfactory now, or under Henry VIII. When it led to bad consequences, the Church opposed it; if she could not get rid of it, she checked and balanced it; as she ought to do, when necessary, and may do still. But as a fact in her history, it cannot be overlooked. She was not forced or surprised into it; she did not view it as a tyranny submitted to under protest. It grew up while she was on the best terms with the powers of this world, when she was their instructress and guide, under her auspices and sanction, in the councils of her bishops, whose knowledge and learning determined its form, whose literary superiority furnished its language, who were its spokesmen, scribes, lawmakers, codifiers, interpreters, ministers, judges. They certainly cannot be accused of being insensible to the prerogatives of the spiritual order; yet they fell into the system of Charlemagne or of Justinian, naturally and as a matter of course, without misgiving or reluctance. Doubtless, it *was* natural for the Church to be liberal and unsuspicious to her friends: and she is not bound to continue to a hostile or indifferent government, powers of interference which were judged safe in the hands of a religious king. But the supremacy of the Carlovingian and Eastern emperors shows that the Church was willing to go very far in consolidating the ecclesiastical and civil powers, in order to secure real efficiency and strength. It shows that at that period she was not very nice in settling accurately their relations and subordination; that she trusted to their broad and essential distinctions, for preventing any fatal confusion of authority or function; that in her view then, her intrinsic powers were not brought into abeyance or suspension, much less extinguished, by being associated with those of a temporal crown. And further, she is committed, not to the permanence, but to the lawfulness in itself of such an arrangement; for she fully acquiesced in it under Justinian; and in the case of Charlemagne, it was of her own authorship. The material force was the king's; but to her he owed the idea, which gave it the character of a legitimate authority and a reasonable power; it was her learning and cultivation which supplied its maxims, and devised its formulæ. She grew and strengthened by it; and the theory, which she had developed and fostered, gained force and currency among the nations which looked up to her, as much in consequence of her authority, as from the interest and influence of kings and emperors, who found *their* account also in it. This must not be forgotten. With such a precedent, it would be at least unpersuasive for her to argue in defence of her independence or freedom, on the broad ground of the unlawfulness of such a supremacy, as she herself shaped out for Charlemagne. If she is wise, she will fight her battle on the more troublesome, but more real question, of special circumstances. And in judging of the acts of the later Church, it must be remembered, not merely that precedents are of force in argument, but that the policy of one age really abridges the liberty of action of another; and that the later Church found itself shackled and embarrassed by an idea and tradition left behind by the earlier Church, which the earlier Church had not merely submitted to, but originated, when perfectly free to choose, holding the highest position of command, and fully impressed with the sacredness and divine origin of her own mission and powers.

To come to England. The visitatorial power of the Crown, of which Henry VIII. made such violent and bad use, is yet, in itself, one of the very earliest facts which meet us in English history. It was not his invention, nor the invention of his counsellors and bishops; the idea of it was familiar both to the jurisprudence and to the common opinion of England. It had come into Anglo-Saxon England as a matter of course, with the beginnings of royalty and the Church, as inherent in the first and obvious idea of a religious king, the idea suggested by the examples of the Old Testament, realized in the instance of Charlemagne, and by his legislation and his renown stamped on the mind of Christian Europe. This power had been used broadly and unsuspiciously, with the full concurrence and co-operation of the Clergy, used legislatively, administratively, judicially, within no definite limits, yet without being supposed to usurp, invalidate, or supersede the joint and parallel action of the Church. In the more energetic times, indeed, which followed the Saxon kingdom, it was no longer the undisputed prerogative which had dealt, in its rude and simple fashion, with a rude and simple time. Kings found new secrets in it; the Church had to be jealously on its guard against its early ally. But though, as all know, fierce contests followed, and as circumstances or individual character varied, limitations were fixed by compromise, carried forward by victory, pushed back by defeat, silently altered by custom, the idea of monarchy derived from the Saxon times continued from William the Conqueror to Henry VIII, as it continues to this day, the invariable tradition of England, respected and acknowledged, however interpreted by the Church, as it was acknowledged, and also interpreted, by the law.

How completely this Anglo-Saxon notion of the royal power coincided with that which is shown in the legislation of Justinian and Charlemagne, may be seen in the following passages from the collections of Anglo-Saxon laws. The royal power is thus stated, vaguely enough, yet broadly, in the 'Laws of Edward the Confessor:'—

> '*De multiplici Potestate Regia.*
>
> 'But the king, who is the Vicar of the most high King, (*Vicarius summi Regis,*) is set for this, that he may rule and defend from wrong-doers the kingdom and the people of the Lord, and above all, holy Church; (*ut regnum et populum Domini, et super omnia, sanctam Ecclesiam, regat et defendat ab injuriosis;*) but that the wicked he may overthrow and root out. Otherwise he loses the name of king, as Pope John witnesses, to whom Pepin and Charles his son, when not yet kings but princes, under the foolish king of the Franks, wrote, asking, "Whether the kings of the Franks ought to continue thus content with the bare name of king?" By whom it was answered, "That it is fitting that *they* be called kings, who watchfully defend and rule the Church of God and His people, following the royal Psalmist, who says, 'He who doeth pride shall not dwell in the midst of my house,'" &c.'—*Thorpe*, vol. i. p. 449.

The state of things shown in these laws is that of a union of powers for practical effects. The directive and coercive powers of the whole body are joined and centralised, that they may speak and act with force. The king is the overseer, the chief minister, and the spokesman of the body; he orders justice to be done, whether in Church or State, and sees that it is done. But he is not the only power. His bishops and his thanes have their own functions and powers; and both have their part in his councils. Thus Wihtræd, with the Archbishop and other great men of Kent, issues a variety of injunctions, partly civil, partly ecclesiastical, and threatening ecclesiastical as well as civil punishments—injunctions of so mixed a character, that they are placed both among the laws of England and the collections of English canons.[1] They command excommunication of evil livers, suspension of priests for ecclesiastical offences till the judgment of the Bishop, forbid Sunday labour, enjoin fasting. The same miscellaneous character belongs to the laws in general. In one collection of ordinances, we have an order, 'that fifty psalms shall be sung every Friday, at every monastery, for the king, and all who will what he wills,' interposed between a law about tracking cattle, and another about compensation for theft. (*Thorpe,* i. 222, 223.)

The collection of the laws of King Edmund begins thus:—

> 'King Edmund assembled a great synod at London, during the holy Easter tide, as well of ecclesiastical as of secular degree. There was Oda Archbishop, and Wulfstan Archbishop, and many other Bishops, meditating concerning the condition of their souls, and of those who were subject to them.'

Then follow the laws, in two divisions, one ecclesiastical, the other secular. The same authority enacts both.[2]

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[1] Thorpe, i. 36. Bruns, Canones, &c. *Concilium Berghamstedense,* ii. 311.

[2] Thorpe, i. 340, 341.

The laws of Ethelred are numerous and varied, and extending to ecclesiastical as well as civil matters. 'A Christian king,' he says, 'is accounted Christ's Vicegerent among Christian people, and it is his duty to avenge offence to Christ very severely.' Again, the religious character of his legislation is expressed in the following:—

'It is very justly incumbent on Christian men that they very diligently avenge any offence against God. And wise were those secular "*witan*," who to the Divine laws of right added secular laws for the people's government; and directed the "*bot*" ("amends") to Christ and the king, that many should thus of necessity be compelled to right.

'But in those assemblies, though deliberately held in places of note, after Edgar's lifetime, the laws of Christ waned, and the king's laws were impaired.

'And then was separated what was before in common to Christ and the king in secular government; and it has ever been the worse before God and the world; let it now come to an amendment, if God will it'—*Thorpe*, i. 348, 349.

Again:—

'And he who holds an outlaw of God in his power over the term that the king may have appointed, he acts at peril of himself and all his property, against Christ's vicegerent, who preserves and sways over Christianity and kingdom ['*Cristendom & Cynedom*'] as long as God grants it.' —*Thorpe*, i. 350, 351.

The guardianship of religion, and the rights which this gave him, in conjunction with his 'witan,' to watch over and take cognisance of ecclesiastical discipline, are expressed in the following:—

'This is the ordinance which the King of the English, and both the ecclesiastical and lay counsellors, have chosen and advised.

'1. This then is first: that we all love and worship one God, and zealously hold one Christianity . . . . and this we all have, both with word and promise, confirmed, that, under one Kingship we will observe one Christianity. . . . .

'4. And the ordinance of our Lord and his "*witan*" is, that men of every order readily submit, before God and before the world, each to that law which is appropriate to him; and above all, let all the servants of God, bishops and abbots, monks and mynchens, priests and nuns, submit to the law and live according to their rule, and fervently intercede for all Christian people.

'5. And the ordinance of our Lord and of his "witan" is, that every monk who is out of minster, and heeds no rule, do as it behoves him; let him willingly retire into a minster, with all humility, and abstain from misdeeds, and make amends ("*bot*") very strictly for that which he may have broken; let him be mindful of the word and promise which he gave to God.

'6. And let the monk who has no minster come to the bishop of the diocese, and engage himself to God and to men, that he therefore will specially observe three things; that is, his chastity, and monastic habit, and to serve his Lord, as well as he best can; and if he perform that, then he is worthy of being the better respected, let him dwell where he may.

'7. And let canons, where their benefice is, so that they may have a refectory and a dormitory, keep their minster rightly and with purity, as their rule may teach; or it is right that he forfeit the benefice who will not do so.

'8. And we pray and instruct all mass-priests, that they secure themselves against the wrath of God.

'9. . . . And let him that will preserve his chastity, have God's mercy . . . and he who will not do that which is befitting his order, let his honour wane before God and before the world.

'If a monk or a mass-priest become altogether an apostate, let him be for ever excommunicated, unless he the more readily submit to his duty.'—*Thorpe, Laws of King Ethelred*, i. 304—307, 348, 349.

The same laws regulate ecclesiastical payments, and the observance of festivals and fasts :—

'13. Let Sunday's festival be rightly kept, as is thereto becoming.

'14. And let all S. Mary's feast-tides be strictly honoured; first with fasting, and afterwards with feasting. And at the celebration of every Apostle, let there be fasting and feasting; except that on the festival of SS. Philip and James, we enjoin no fast on account of the Easter festival.

'16. And the "*witan*" have chosen, that S. Edward's mass-day shall be celebrated all over England on xv. Kal. April.

'17. And to fast every Friday, unless it be a festival.

'18. And ordeals and oaths are forbidden on festival days, and on the regular Ember-days, and from Adventum Domini till the octaves of the Epiphany; and from Septuagesima till xv. days after Easter.'—*Thorpe*, i. 306—309.

And so with the laws of King Canute.[1] He makes laws for the general direction of his subjects both in Church and State, 'with the counsel of his *witan*, and to the praise of God, and the honour and behoof of himself.' And he goes even to matters of private conscience. He speaks by his own authority, though with the concurrence of his ecclesiastical as well as temporal counsellors. He prescribes duties, in their own sphere, to his Bishops. He regulates ecclesiastical ordinances, such as fasts and holidays. He enjoins Christian worship; he prescribes the form of trial and purgation of ecclesiastics, regular and secular, and orders great offenders to be excommunicated ; he orders Churchmen to live each according to his proper rule : 'We will that men of every order readily submit, each to that 'law which is becoming to him ; and above all, let the servants 'of God, bishops and abbots, monks and mynchens, canons and 'nuns, submit to law, and live according to rule, and by day 'and night, oft and frequently, call to Christ, and fervently 'intercede for all Christian people.' He speaks as one bound to preserve the faith, and to make his people obedient to the law of the Church ; he bids them go to Confession, communicate at least thrice a-year, study and hold fast Christian doctrine, learn at least to say the Lord's Prayer and Creed, and keep from evil works. The vagueness which pervades all the

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[1] *Thorpe, Laws of King Cnut ; Ecclesiastical,* (i. 358—375 ;) *Secular,* (i. 376—425.)

Anglo-Saxon laws, (except in the matter of fines,) and the mixture of moral exhortation with legal command, give the Anglo-Saxon royalty a sort of domestic character, at least in outward appearance. But the claim to interfere in all matters relating to Christianity, and to correct all abuses, is not less clear. And in England, as abroad, it went side by side with a strong spirit of ecclesiastical independence.

The history of the English Church from the Conquest to the Reformation, would illustrate this with as much force as its history afterwards. It would show how difficult it was for the Church, even after such contests as those of Anselm and Becket, we say not to shake off, for that was never done, but to restrain, the supremacy traditionally belonging to the English Crown, and practically exercised by powerful kings. The sort of supremacy claimed by William the Conqueror, and in his case not disputed, in the face of the great contest which Gregory VII. was carrying on upon the Continent, is, considering the period, one of the most startling instances of royal prerogative. And though this was checked in his successors, by what we must consider the saintly heroism of two individual Archbishops, unaided and almost alone in their struggle, the principles for which both had suffered, and one had died,—principles, then the plain admitted foundations of ecclesiastical law, and deemed essential to the welfare of the Church,—were in every reign, sometimes more, and sometimes less, contradicted, ignored, put aside, overruled by the King's authority. The Pope was then the acknowledged chief depositary of Church jurisdiction, the organ of Church authority, and representative of the public rights of the Church —whether rightly or wrongly makes no difference; but being so accounted, both by Church and King, his action was continually and arbitrarily limited or overridden; or he was forced to condescend to compromise matters of the highest importance to the influence and interests of the Church. The idea of a supreme visitatorial power, a power of determining finally, on his own responsibility and at his discretion, the ecclesiastical relations of his subjects, was never parted with by the King, was often acted on, and but seldom and faintly protested against by the body of the national Clergy. The Church was even reminded that it was of the King's grace and goodness that she held her liberties, and was allowed to use those powers which she could not but consider her inalienable right.[1]

To take one instance. It is difficult to imagine, in a polity like that of the Church before the Reformation, a clearer and more intelligible right, than that of free intercourse between the Head of the Church and its members. Where the Pope was viewed as by Divine right the Chief Shepherd of the Universal Church, its governor, watchman and refuge, and the living and final interpreter of its law, it seems in theory a tyranny the most intolerable, to fetter or impede, by human regulations and for political objects, the appeal to such a judge, or the communication of his decisions or his counsels. Yet the right to control this intercourse was systematically claimed by the English kings; and when claimed by a strong king, submitted to. William the Conqueror assumed it without scruple. In later times, it became the subject of a chain of statutes of famous import and name, the statutes of Provisors and Præmunire. And these statutes, sometimes with a faint saving clause on the Pope's behalf, were not thought anything strange by the English Bishops. We will quote the account of the statute of Præmunire of 16 Rich. II.—

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[1] For instance, the *Articuli Cleri*, 1316. Collier, iii. 42—46; cf. pp. 100—103. (8vo.)

> ' " To our dread sovereign lord the king in this present parliament, his humble chaplain, William, archbishop of Canterbury, gives in his answer to the petition brought into the parliament by the commons of the realm, in which petition are contained certain articles.
>
> ' " That is to say, first. Whereas our sovereign lord the king and all his liege subjects ought of right to be, and had been always accustomed to sue in the king's court, to recover their presentations to churches, to maintain their titles to prebendaries and other benefices of holy Church, to which they have a right to present. The cognizance of which plea belongs solely to the court of our sovereign lord the king by virtue of his ancient prerogative, maintained and practised in the reigns of all his predecessors, kings of England. And when judgment is given in his highness's said court upon any such plea, the archbishops, bishops, and other spiritual persons, who have the right of giving institution to such benefices within their jurisdiction, are bound to execute such judgments, and used always to make execution of them at the king's command, (since no lay person can make any such execution,) and are also bound to make execution of many other commands of our lord the king: of which right, the crown of England has been all along peaceably possessed: but now of late, divers processes have been made by the holy father the pope, and excommunications published against several English bishops for making such executions, and acting in pursuance to the king's commands in the cases above-mentioned, and that such censures of his holiness are inflicted in open disherison of the crown and subversive of the prerogative royal, of the king's laws, and his whole realm, unless prevented by proper remedies."
>
> ' To this article the archbishop promising his protestation, " that it was none of his intention to affirm our holy father the pope has no authority to excommunicate a bishop, pursuant to the laws of holy Church, declares and answers, that if any executions of processes are made or shall be made by any person; if any censures of excommunication shall be published, and served upon any English bishops, or any other of the king's subjects, for their having made execution of any such commands, he maintains such censures to be prejudicial to the king's prerogative, as it is set forth in the commons' petition: and that so far forth he is resolved to stand with our lord the king, and support his crown in the matters above-mentioned, to his power.
>
> ' " And likewise, whereas it is said in the petition, that complaint has been made that the said holy father the pope had designed to translate some English prelates to sees out of the realm, and some from one bishopric

to another, without the knowledge and consent of our lord the king, and without the assent of the prelates so translated, (prelates who are very serviceable and necessary to our lord the king, and his whole realm,) which translations, if they should be suffered, the statutes of the realm would be defeated, and made in a great measure insignificant, and the said lieges of his highness's council would be removed out of his kingdom without their assent and against their inclination, and the treasure of the said realm would be exported: by which means, the country would become destitute both of wealth and council, to the utter destruction of the said realm: *and thus, the crown of England, which has always been so free and independent, as not to have any earthly sovereign, but to be immediately subject to God in all things touching the prerogatives and royalty of the said crown, should be made subject to the pope, and the laws and statutes of the realm defeated and set aside by him at pleasure, to the utter destruction of the sovereignty of our lord the king, his crown and royalty, and his whole kingdom, which God forbid.*

'"The said archbishop, first protesting that it is not his intention to affirm that our holy father aforesaid cannot make translations of prelates according to the laws of holy Church, answers and declares, that if any English prelates, who by their capacity and qualifications were very serviceable and necessary to our lord the king and his realm, if any such prelates were translated to any sees in foreign dominions or the sage lieges of his council were forced out of the kingdom against their will, and that, by this means, the wealth and treasure of the kingdom should be exported; in this case, the archbishop declares that such translations would be prejudicial to the king and his crown: for which reason, if anything of this should happen, he resolves to adhere loyally to the king, and endeavour, as he is bound by his allegiance, to support his highness in this and all other instances, in which the rights of his crown are concerned; and lastly, he prayed the king this schedule might be made a record, and entered upon the parliament-roll: which the king granted." . . . .

'We may observe farther, that this schedule of the archbishop's seems to have led the way to the statute of 'præmunire,' passed in this parliament: for the preamble and introductive part of the act is but a copy, as it were, of this declaration. The bill, it is true, was brought in by the commons by way of petition, who prayed the king to examine the opinions of the lords spiritual and temporal upon the contents. The question being put, the lords temporal promised to stand by the king against the pope's encroachments: neither were the engagements of the lords spiritual less loyal and satisfactory; for they concurred in all points with the common petition, and renounced the pope in all his attempts upon the crown.'—*Collier*, vol. iii. pp. 208—210.

And now let us hear how these statutes, acquiesced in so easily by English Bishops, were viewed by the Pope. Martin V. thus characterises one of the statutes of Præmunire, in a strong letter of rebuke to Archbishop Chicheley.

'"Now, what abominable violence has been let loose upon your province, I leave it to yourself to consider. Pray peruse that 'royal law,' if there is any thing that is either 'law' or 'royal' belongs to it: for how can that be called a statute which repeals the laws of God and the Church? How can it deserve the name of 'royal' when it destroys the ancient usages of the kingdom? when it is so counter to that sentence in Holy Scripture, 'The king's honour loveth judgment?' I desire therefore to know, reverend brother, whether you, who are a Catholic bishop, can think it reasonable such an act as this should be in force in a Christian country?

'"For, in the first place, under colour of this execrable statute, the king of England reaches into the spiritual jurisdiction, and governs as fully in ecclesiastical matters as if our Saviour had constituted him His vicar. He makes laws for the Church, and order of the clergy; draws the cognizance of ecclesiastical causes to his temporal courts; and, in short, makes so many provisions about clerks, benefices, and the concerns of the hierarchy, as if the keys of the kingdom of heaven were put into his hands, and the superintendency of these affairs had been entrusted with his highness and not with S. Peter.

'"Besides this hideous encroachment, he has enacted several terrible penalties against the clergy. So unaccountable a rigour this, that the English constitution does not treat Jews nor Turks with this severe usage. People of all persuasions and countries have the liberty of coming into England: and only those who have cures bestowed upon them by the supreme bishop, by the vicar of Christ Jesus,—only those, I say,—are banished, seized, imprisoned, and stripped of their fortunes. And if any proctors, notaries, or others, charged with the execution of the mandates and censures of the apostolic see,—if any of these happen to set foot upon English ground, and proceed in the business of their commission, they are treated like enemies, thrown out of the king's protection, and exposed to extremities of hardship.

'"Can that be styled a Catholic kingdom where such profane laws are made and practised, where application to the vicar of Christ is prohibited, where the successor of S. Peter is not allowed to execute our Saviour's commission? Christ said to Peter, and, in him, to his successors, 'Feed my sheep;' but this statute will not suffer him to feed them, but transfers this office to the king, and pretends to give him apostolical authority in several cases. Christ built his Church upon S. Peter; but this act of parliament hinders the effect of this disposition: for it will not allow S. Peter's see to proceed in the functions of government, nor make provisions suitable to the necessities of the Church. Our Saviour has ordered, that whatever his high priest 'shall bind or loose upon earth, shall be bound or loosed in heaven;' but this statute ventures to overrule the divine pleasure: for if the immediate representative of our Saviour thinks fit to delegate any priest to execute the power of 'the keys' against the intendment of the statute, this act not only refuses to admit them, but forces them out of the kingdom, seizes their effects, and makes them liable to farther penalties: and, if any discipline and apostolic censure appears against this usage, it is punished as a capital offence."'—*Collier*, vol. iii. pp. 341, 342.

He goes on to require the Archbishop, under pain of excommunication, to use all his efforts to get it repealed; and makes excommunication the penalty of obedience to it. He proceeds to steps of greater vigour; he makes void the statutes of Provisors, and of Præmunire, of Edward III. and Richard II., and excommunicates all who obey them; he orders his monitory letter to be published to the whole nation; he writes to the King, to the Duke of Bedford, to the Parliament, telling them 'that 'they cannot be saved without giving their votes to repeal this 'statute.' Yet the Archbishop *ignores* the Pope's censure, and excuses himself to the Pope, 'that he could not be farther in'formed' on the censure, 'because he was commanded by the 'king to bring those instruments with the seals whole, and lodge 'them in the paper office till the Parliament sate;' and the Parliament, after hearing the Pope's letter, and an exhortation of the Archbishop to attend to it, simply does nothing, and leaves the statute as it stands.

We cannot then, in spite of the abuses of Henry VIII., deny that the Church had, long before his time, admitted the King's visitatorial power. Henry may have used it to her hurt, others for her benefit. He may have asserted it in extreme cases, and worded his claim in the most extravagant terms—terms which his successors shrunk from and gave up. But, unless terms and phrases are all that is to guide us in judging of a case, he can only be said to have misused a power, which the Church had allowed, when used in her favour. The principle which was finally laid down and agreed to by the English Church and the Crown in the 37th Article, cannot be said to be a new or unknown or peculiarly English principle. The principle of visitatorial power in the Crown, of keeping all things in their place, and all persons to their duty, of seeing to the due execution of all law, —with all that such a principle involves of final responsibility, and final discretion, governs, as we have seen, some of the most important and largest developments of Church influence. It governs the earliest specimens and the most august models of European legislation—that of the Christian Roman empire, and that of the Christian Frank empire. It is equally shown in the homely and common sense arrangements of the Anglo-Saxons; and it is not more distinctly asserted in the uncontradicted and tranquil prerogative of Justinian or Edward the Confessor, than in the contested and balanced royalty of Henry II. or Richard II. Even in the presence of an antagonist power to which, in the imposing form which it at last assumed, Justinian was a stranger, the royal authority maintained its claims obstinately and tenaciously.

The words of the 37th Article are almost the very words of Edward the Confessor's law, based on a pope's rescript. But Justinian and Charlemagne went beyond what would be a fair though large interpretation of those somewhat vague terms. We do not see how it can fairly be denied that they were 'Supreme Heads in Earth' of the Church within their realms, in whatever sense the title was claimed by Henry VIII. Not to speak of two very important points, which rested with them, whenever they pleased to interpose,—the appointment of Bishops and the calling of Synods,—the eastern and the Carlovingian Emperors interfered, without scruple and without remonstrance, in any ecclesiastical matter which they judged to require either their sanction or their correction. 'For the increase of virtue in 'Christ's religion within their realms, and to repress and extir'pate all errors, heresies, and other enormities and abuses here-

'tofore used in the same,' they of their own authority decreed the acceptance of the faith, interfered with and confirmed councils, repressed errors, condemned heresies, ordered the degradation or excommunication of heretics. Henry VIII. claimed 'full power and authority from time to time to visit, repress, 'redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all such 'errors, heresies, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities, 'whatsoever they may be, which by any manner spiritual 'authority or jurisdiction ought or may lawfully be reformed, 'repressed, ordered, redressed, corrected, restrained, or amended, 'most to the pleasure of Almighty God, the increase of virtue 'in Christ's religion, and for the conservation of the peace, 'unity, and tranquillity of the realm.' The early emperors, as we have seen, took on them to sanction and give authority to Church canons, not merely in the State, but in the Church; they watched over the due observance of these canons; they issued injunctions of their own, having in view the same objects as the canons, but framed by themselves and resting on their authority, to regulate the mode of election of Bishops, their qualifications, duties, liabilities, manner of life; the forms of ecclesiastical proceedings; the interior economy of the monastic system: they addressed these injunctions to Patriarchs, Metropolitans, and Bishops; they threatened them with ecclesiastical penalties for negligence or disobedience; they empowered civil commissioners to visit for the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, to restore its decay, 'redress' its 'abuses,' and 'correct' its 'enormities.' Surely, between the claim of Henry VIII. and that of sovereigns who professed to judge between what was right and what was wrong in doctrine, and to see that right doctrine was alone taught—whose ordinances embraced indifferently both purely ecclesiastical and civil matters, who directed spiritual punishments, who enforced ecclesiastical discipline by civil officers, who asserted the right to stop the ordinary course of ecclesiastical proceedings, for reasons of which they were judges—it is not very easy, in principle, to draw a line.

The real difference is in the understanding on which such interference was accepted. It was accepted when the sovereign was not only on good terms with the Church, but sympathised heartily with her faith, her system, her discipline, and her objects. Neither party stood on forms or etiquette; they trusted and understood one another. The Clergy knew that their spiritual powers were as fully believed in and recognised by the King as by themselves; they had no need to seek even the disclaimers asked for and given in more suspicious days; and at a time when, if ever, they were alive to the greatness, incommunicable by human power, of their function, they freely admitted the association of that power with their own, even in their own peculiar province.

Things had altered greatly at the time of the Reformation. But, as has been often said, the idea of a Christian and responsible king, embarked in the cause of the Church, and identified with her interests, still existed even under Henry VIII.—to revive with greater force at subsequent periods. And further, it is plain that the idea of the essential distinctness of the spiritualty, drawing its peculiar power from more than earthly sources, was still a clear and strong one; and as plain, that the spiritualty was a real and acknowledged complement and coefficient of the Crown, in the government of the Church. Whether synods were in theory said to be dependent on the Crown, as a matter of fact they sate; whether articles and formularies required the consent of the Crown, the Clergy made them. The proof of this depends, not on the formal disclaimers of spiritual functions contained in injunctions and articles, but in the records of the time, and the books it has left behind it.[1] But what is the case now?

We have not disguised or understated the strength of the case for the Supremacy. We have not, as we are aware, even stated its full strength. We have left out, for instance, the whole history of the French Church, from the time of the great Western schism to Napoleon: a history whose characteristic features the modern French Church, so differently situated, seems disposed partly to lament, partly to extenuate, on special grounds and fine distinctions; but which exhibits as a fact, a practical and energetic supremacy on the part of the Crown, resisted by the Pope as irreconcilable with Catholic truth and law, yet accepted and defended in principle, and submitted to in practice, by the great body of the French Church, when it was the most illustrious branch of Christendom. We do not disguise, we say, the amount of precedent which may be alleged for the supremacy, whatever be the true way of dealing with precedents, as bearing on *right* in ecclesiastical polity. On the contrary, we wish it to be distinctly ascertained and understood how the facts stand, that time and other precious things may not be thrown away in maintaining untenable ground. But we say this,—that the facts which prove the supremacy, prove also, and with exactly the same force, that it existed on an understanding; and that understanding was one which not only recognised the independent existence of the Church, of her powers, and laws, but recognised them as the rule, and as the first and highest care, of civil government.

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[1] The distinction of the 37th Article was used in the discussions in France, during the great schism, on the king's right to withdraw his kingdom from the Pope's obedience while the schism lasted. In the council held at Paris, in 1406, Pierre Plaoul, speaking in the name of the University of Paris, says: 'Je ne dis pas que la puissance temporelle administre les sacremens, ni qu'elle s'entremette de conférer les ordres. Mais quand elle voit tel schisme, de quoy il luy conviendra un fois rendre compte, pourquoy ne se conseilleroit-elle pour savoir quel remède est convenable? C'est très grand mérite et vertu au prince temporel, quand il fait ce que doit faire le prince espirituel; et fait très grand plaisir à la puissance espirituelle, posé qu'il déplaise à celuy qui préside en telle puissance.'—*Crevier, Hist. de l'Univ. de Paris,* iii. 350.

But now this understanding no longer exists. The conditions on which the Church accepted, and, it may be, courted the supremacy, are evidently changed. We are not speaking of rights of control generally, which the nation and its Parliament may claim over the Church, as over other bodies, as the correlative to advantages conceded. We are speaking of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown.

Legally, the position of the Crown in the civil government is not much changed from the days of Edward the Confessor; politically and constitutionally, it is altogether changed. As a power, it is a ministry or a government, constitutionally limited by and dependent on Parliament; as a person, the Crown stands at the head of a nation, like all other free nations broken up into recognised and tolerated parties—and is bound to neutrality. Such is the position of the Crown in temporal matters, though acts of Parliament as well as articles of religion, attribute to it the supreme government of its imperial realm, in temporal matters as well as in spiritual, and in terms as absolute and unrestricted in one province as in the other. But in temporal matters this position, fixed by many conflicts and compromises, and ascertained by usage, is unambiguous and understood by all—the Crown is still a power, but it acts only concurrently with other powers, who are interested in the same great objects with itself,—whose rights to influence government have been proved and established, and whose sense is clearly and constitutionally ascertainable. But as to ecclesiastical matters, the minds even of keen statesmen are, or seem to be, under a singular confusion. They cling, with inconsistent tenacity, to a notion of ecclesiastical supremacy entirely different from that which they entertain of temporal; and are taken aback at the idea of limitations on the one, which they have all their lives assumed as first principles in the case of the other.

It is natural that the nation should have outstripped the Church—that the Crown should still, at this day, be holding towards the Church the same sort of position which it held towards the nation under James I.—acting concurrently with free legislation in one case, without it in the other. But though natural that this should have happened, it is not reasonable that it should continue; not more reasonable in one case than in the other, on grounds common to both cases; still more unreasonable under the special circumstances of the Church.

Whether the Crown be regarded personally or constitutionally, the grievance of the Church, arising out of the anomalies of the present received view of the royal prerogative, is the same. Personally, the Crown is the defender of the faith, and protector of the Church; personally it is supposed to be, as it was in other times, in intimate relation and in full sympathy with the Church; but things are altered from the original understanding, if, what the Church asks, the Crown *cannot* grant, except its ministers advise it. But if the Supremacy is no longer to be viewed in this personal light, then there is no reason why it should not be subject to the same constitutional system which it acknowledges in civil government. The Church is, of itself, a substantive and organized body, and has hitherto been always supposed to be so—supposed not only in the theories of divines, but by the law of England. But if, when a question of doctrine deeply interesting to the Church is decided in such a way as to change her position as to that doctrine, she have no opportunity—the opportunity be denied her—of expressing her sense on this change in her position, this is not acknowledging her substantive existence and laws; it is a valid and just proceeding only on the assumption that she has been transformed, or has melted away, from a Church, which she once was, into a phase, a peculiar aspect or side, of the nation of England, for which the Parliament and Courts of England are the only rightful authorities, as they fully and fairly represent its mind, in the making and execution of laws. And those, to whom such an assumption comes as a contradiction of those principles on which they have hitherto held the Christian faith, have but one course left them. They must get it overthrown. They must not rest till an assumption so insidious and so fatal be negatived in fact, as it is contradicted by all previous theory, by all existing law, and by the doctrine of the Supremacy itself; negatived by the unequivocal and unambiguous exhibition of her distinct functions by the Church herself.

To invoke the doctrine of the Supremacy, as a reason for letting things remain as they are, is as irrelevant in argument, as it is insulting to the Church in policy. The Supremacy in its palmiest days implied joint powers; the effect of it as urged now, is to extinguish one of these powers altogether. The Supremacy was, and is still, in its formal terms, granted to the Crown; not to whomsoever the Crown might transfer its responsibility and assign its authority. The understanding never was that the ecclesiastical power should be transferred to a body of men, neither representing the Church nor identified with her in feeling, in purpose, in belief, into whose hands, by the effect of political changes, had passed in reality the old civil and temporal functions of the Crown. No mass of precedents for the Supremacy touches this point; much more do they cease to be of force, as soon as it is understood, that by transferring the ecclesiastical authority of the Crown to the Parliament, the Ministers, and the Civil Courts, she thereby surrenders for good all claim and right to a separate and distinct authority of her own. She never did this to 'godly emperors,' and certainly cannot be expected to do it to a liberal Parliament.

There is no ground in reason to be alleged against the distinct action of the Church by her Bishops and Synods, except the most general conservative ones—very respectable ones, yet not conclusive. Yet, it cannot be dissembled that in practice they are likely to be far from inoperative; especially when that which is sought to be maintained intact, has a remote and possible importance, beyond itself. Among the strange spectacles which may be reserved for us in time to come, is that, possibly, of a liberal Minister, maintaining with a grave face in a modern House of Commons the doctrines of Thomas Cromwell and Lord Burleigh on the rights of the Crown, and recommending to the consciences of the Clergy an interpretation of the Oath of Supremacy even more rigid than that of Queen Elizabeth; and then interpreting an absolute submission to the Crown to mean, a recognition of the sole and supreme authority of Parliament in the legislation of the Church, and of himself, the minister, in its administration. But the opposition of a Cabinet is a difficulty which men in these days have ceased to regard as insuperable, though for the moment formidable. Reason reaches even ministers in time; and they, too, as well as others, maintain at their peril, even though with temporary success, a hollow theory or a masked falsehood. There are more important points to occupy the attention of Churchmen than the repugnance of ministers to disturb a *status quo*,—matters which, whatever be their moral, must not be overlooked by those who may be called upon to think and act in behalf of the English Church in times of difficulty and change. A clear understanding of our whole position is as necessary as a keen and true sense of the grievance of which we complain.

The battle which we seem called upon to fight is not confined to one time or one branch of the Church. We misjudge it when we isolate it. We are tempted to exaggerate,—not its importance to ourselves,—but its singularity, and its conclusiveness. Important as it is to us, it is but a repetition of what has happened to our fathers. Every age thinks that questions raised in former times, are at last to be settled for good in its own; that doubts are to be cleared up, limits fixed, the great crisis to be decided once for all, so that posterity shall be able to see its way and choose its side. And every age has hitherto proved to be mistaken. A contest is but a step in a deeper, wider, more enduring strife; its settlement one way or the other ends nothing necessarily but the particular dispute. It neither establishes securely, nor finally overthrows, the principles which seemed to be at stake in it. They may survive it: whether they do or not, whether the war may still be hopefully carried on, is seen in history to have depended very little indeed on the issue of solemn arbitrements, and apparently conclusive terminations. In our own case we say that the struggle between the political and ecclesiastical powers has been going on since the Reformation, and seems now at last likely to be decided. Let us take a wider view. Let us consider whether it has not been going on since the Conquest, since the conversion of England, since the conversion of the empire. Let us think whether it is not sure to go on, whatever may happen now, for ages to come; as long as Christian belief and Christian principles work in men's minds. Doubtless we may, by our cowardice, our concessions, or our rashness, indefinitely prejudice the cause of those who come after us. But it may give steadiness and calmness to our minds to recollect, that matters, probably, will not end with our settlements; and that if we act in faith and earnestness, even our mistakes may not be more fatal than our fathers' have been to us.

Again, seeing the struggle from so near, we come insensibly to look on it as a peculiarly English struggle; that the gradual loss of Church power, and narrowing of Church influence, is a peculiar note against the English Church. It may not be consolatory, but it is at least wise and fair, to see how matters stand with the Church in general. Is this circumscription of sphere, and loss of rights, and surrender of principles, confined to England, or confined to the English Church, since the Reformation? What was the prominence and extent of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in France, Italy, or Germany, in the 5th, the 10th, the 15th centuries, compared with what it is now? What has become, in countries of the Roman obedience, of the Church claim to draw to its own tribunals, matters where religious duty and conscience were involved—marriage, oaths, wills, the care of the poor, of widows and orphans, the crimes of ecclesiastical persons? What has become of those exemptions, claimed once, not as privilege, but as rights given by the Christian law, guarded so jealously, protected by excommunication? Where are all those causes decided now, which gave occasion to that vast and imposing mass of canonical law, once the living rule of Christendom, which attracted to its study, not less the ambition than the subtlety and learning of many centuries? What were the penances which the Church appointed and enforced in the 3d century—what were they in the Frank and Anglo-Saxon penitential canons—and what are the penances which the Roman Church now thinks her people able to bear? What is now, we do not say the spiritual effect of excommunication, or the increased discretion in using so awful an instrument, but the practical feeling of society about it, which gave it its force as a weapon of the Church in former ages? How was a pope's interdict felt under King John, in England? How was it received in Catholic and devout Venice in the 17th century, where, after a total disregard of it for a whole year, by the whole body of the clergy, except three of the orders, the Pope was obliged to content himself with a diplomatic compromise; and his legate's tact was tried in imposing on the reluctant Venetians, not a penance, but an absolution, so private and so informal, that they continued to deny that they had either wanted or received it? What was the feeling of the Church about her property in earlier times, and what were her real powers of guarding it; powers of course dependent on the extent to which her feeling was shared by society at large? And what have been in later times—in Austria, in Tuscany, in Naples, in France, in Spain—we do not say the encroachments of greedy nobles, but the sweeping confiscations of Catholic kings or Catholic governments—and how has the Church judged it expedient to meet it? Has she spoken of excommunication? or, if she has spoken of it, has it not been in a whisper; very unlike, either for dignity or effect, to her awful voice of old? The theory of the deposing power is written in the pages of Bellarmine, and Bellarmine is still one of the greatest doctors of the Roman See—is the case conceivable, in which that power would now be used, to vindicate a right, even to avenge an outrage? Who would have deemed it credible or probable beforehand, that any circumstances should arise, which should make it a question with a pope, whether or no he should endure such a system as that which imposed the 'Organic Articles' on a Church of his obedience? and, it may be added, who could have said, that after such a step, by such an authority, it would be possible ever to retrieve it?

It is not in England only that the Church has withdrawn from ground which she once claimed, that her hold on society has been loosened. In fact, the English Church has retained far more of her ancient position and power than any other of the Western Churches. And let it not be said that the explanation of this is in *her* spirit of compromise and *their* spirit of independence. It has not been by pressing their spiritual claims, and protesting against the world, that they have been deprived of their temporal power. The charge of compromise comes hard from them. Surely the principle of condescension and compromise has been accepted and acted on by the Roman Churches in the most varied forms; in privileges, in indulgences, in dispensations, particular and general, in concordats. It does not follow, because their difficulties are different from ours, that they are entitled to the monopoly of rightful compromise. They have yielded, to avoid breaking with the powers of the world, to secure their concurrence, to retain the means of power. They have yielded, when they could not avoid it, by making *that* the formally free act of the spiritual power which in reality it was forced to submit to, or risk a schism or a persecution. Acquiescence, guarded by refined reservations, has been the rule; resistance the exception. It has been so, because it seemed to thoughtful and well-intentioned men the best way at the moment of preserving the influence of the Church. And yet, notwithstanding Roman prudence, Roman losses have not been small.

If then we have to bear up against the discouragement of an apparent diminution, steadily and uniformly progressive, of Church influence, it is not our trial only. And if so, there is no wisdom,—even in order to strengthen an argument, or enforce an appeal,—in claiming a monopoly of grievance, or the lowest depth of degradation. But perhaps we misinterpret altogether the apparent law of Divine Providence. Perhaps the right way to look at former liberties and powers of the Church is to view them, not as things sacred in themselves, and meant to be held fast for ever, but as having laid a ground for us, without which we should not now be able to do our work in furthering God's kingdom; and their gradual disappearance, not as significant of the weakening of the Church, but as pointing to the line on which henceforth the Church is to be mainly thrown for its influence; that moral superiority which seems still to have an irresistible hold even on a sceptical and self-relying age,—'by pureness, by knowledge, by 'long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love un'feigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the 'armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.' In this respect, and in others also, she seems being thrown back on her earlier days.

To keep in view, practically and vividly, both what is moral and spiritual, and what is political, in that mixed system which upholds and strengthens the Church, is the necessity and the difficulty of those who have to work for her. It is not so easy to adjust these two lines of thought and action; not so easy for the same mind to follow both, for they naturally attract the interest and sympathy of different classes of minds. In exclusive attention to either there is the danger, on the one hand, of a vague and dreamy hopefulness, or an equally dreamy despair, ruinous to all thought, all effort, all practical truth; and on the other, of a stiff attachment to special points or measures, and a forgetfulness in the bustle and conflict of ecclesiastical business, and the necessary technicalities of theological debates, of the inscrutable mysteries of nature and grace on which they bear. To be dogmatic and not to be verbal—to feel that a remedy or a safeguard may in itself be temporary, and yet for the time indispensable—to appreciate in their full extent the evils and the perils of the day, without losing sight of its real good and its grounds of hope—to bear without flinching, and without glossing them over, uncomfortable facts—to be able to endure the humiliation of an unanswerable retort, or the still greater humiliation of apparent temporising or conniving at evil—to be earnest for a principle, without being the slave of a watchword—finally, to be able, without ceasing to be zealous for the work of to-day, to consider it in the light in which in years to come we shall look back on it,—this has been necessary for the defenders of the Church in all former ages, and cannot be less necessary now.

It would be weakness to disguise from ourselves that we have a serious prospect before us. What is now proposed and looked forward to by Churchmen is a change—a change startling to the minds of most men, an anxious one, probably, to all. To bring it about, the usual obstacles to change must be encountered—political suspicion, political dislike, political indolence, political caution; strong adverse precedents understood in the most adverse sense. Still the claim—that what the English Church would have a right to, *were she but a sect*, she has a right to, as a power in the English State, as *the Church*, recognised by the English nation,—namely, the right to be really represented, as a Church,—is so strong and so reasonable, that when she makes it in earnest she must be heard. And the change, though great, is in entire harmony with that principle of improvement which has worked so long and widely in England; which does not destroy, but add on; which alters with as little visible change and break as possible; which, leaving what it finds, reinforces what appears too weak,—a principle of compensation and remedy, not of substitution and obliteration. But in making the change, technical difficulties, perhaps great ones, must be anticipated; and difficulties would not be over with the restoration of the English Synod. Then would come the difficulties of government. And what they have been in the active and influential periods of Church history, as in the days of the Councils, the Schisms, or the Reformation, we, accustomed only to paper controversy, know little.

Doubtless, great difficulties await us, for we have a great duty to perform, and a great stake to win. To expect that a Church, claiming the position, and exercising the power and influence which the English Church does, is to go quietly through an age of thought, and boldness, and jealous watchfulness, without having to meet real difficulties at every step, is to expect what is contrary to that course of things in which the Church, though divine, has to take her part—is contradicted by all her history. It is impossible, without shutting our eyes, that we should not feel the seriousness of the prospect: it is impossible that such a prospect should not raise misgiving and anxiety.

But misgiving is not always so ominous as confidence. 'It is, 'indeed, a season of trial and uncertainty; but the most glorious 'days of history have dawned in doubt; and it is only what 'every conquering host has suffered on the morning of victory, 'if England is now spent with exertion, harassed by perplexity, 'and saddened with the recollection of many reverses'—so speaks a politician, looking forward, after a discouraging past, to a future no less replete with fear than with promise,—full of perilous risk, and of the chances of failure,—a new era of colonization. It would indeed be a painful contrast if Churchmen should meet their seasons of anxiety with less high and firm a heart, with less steadiness and faith; and that, with such a history as the Church has had. We are sure that we express the feelings of many minds, when we say, that of all the wonders of history, the history of the Church is the strangest. How it has lasted—how ever seeming to fail, it has never failed—how strangely it has seemed to change, yet has remained in spirit and substance the same—how, not through ages like those of Egypt or China, but exposed to the most changeful centuries of history, it has still kept its own faith,—kept it, out of all analogy with that principle of change which seems a law of European society, and with those human changes which the Church underwent itself,—how, we say, this faith, which to human eye seems but opinion or prejudice, has resisted that fluctuation which no opinion or prejudice has been exempt from, and how, again, it has survived trials enough to destroy the firmest belief that was *but opinion,* trials brought upon it by the evil elements which had gathered round it, and provoked a retribution which threatened more than themselves,—with what strange security both the Church and its doctrine have taken up without hurt, principles apparently destructive,—this may make a philosopher marvel, and a Christian believe and give thanks. And what is true of the Church Universal, is not less true of the last three centuries of the English Church.

But, in spite of all this, there is one contingency which, in the present state of the world, comes unbidden into our thoughts. It may be the fate of the Church throughout the world, to sink again, as regards the State, into the condition of a *sect,* as she began—to sink from being the associate—honoured, or disliked, or reluctantly acknowledged—of Governments,—to be ignored by them as a mere school of thought, or watched as a secret society, or legalised as a harmless or even an useful association. Something like it has happened abroad; and it may follow here. But do not let us use words lightly about it. If it comes we may turn it to account, as it has been turned to account abroad. But before it came, the Church abroad shrunk from no sacrifice, which she could consider lawful, to avert it; she well knew what she would lose by it, whatever might be its compensations. And surely the Church here would be inexcusable if she courted it or needlessly let it come to pass. This great nation of Englishmen is committed to her trust; if she cannot influence them, what other body has a more reasonable hope? If they will break away from her, or cast her off, let it be clearly their fault, not hers, or that of her clergy. She and her clergy have much to answer for; but the heaviest of their former sins will be in comparison light, if from impatience, from want of due consideration of the signs and changes of the time, from scruples, from theory, from fear of being taunted with inconsistency, or want of logic, or love of quiet, or insensibility to high views, or indifference to the maxims of saints—or any other of those faults of feeling or intellect, which are common at once to the noble and the feeble, the sensitive and the timid—she, or they, throw up that trust.

NOTICES.

We are anxious to present as fair an estimate as we can of Mr. Alford's edition of the 'Four Gospels in Greek, with Prolegomena, and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary.' (Rivingtons.) Not long since, we took occasion to give a caution about the use of 'perpetual' commentaries on the Scriptures. Mr. Alford's work, in proportion as it rises above its English predecessors in point of scholarship, and in the diligence and ability exercised in its preparation, only renders it the more necessary that we should reiterate that caution. The commentary before us is no mere collection of scraps of criticism, or common-place book in print, but a careful and elaborate examination of almost every important point suggested by the text of the Gospels; and young students will be in danger of thinking that they have duly weighed and mastered the whole of these subjects, when they have read over these summaries of opinion respecting them. We repeat, then, that the use of works of this class can never make biblical scholars. As a digest, and for reference, they have their use; but for enlargement and solid acquirement, students must read books, treatises, discussions, *in extenso;* not *notes*, however elaborate. On the strictly critical department of his subject Mr. Alford has bestowed immense labour, and has presented us with an entirely new recension, founded on a less rigid adherence than usual to particular lines of MS. authority, with a leaning towards the retention of generally received readings. In this respect, and in reducing the bulk of his digest of various readings by the omission of slight variations, he has, perhaps wisely, consulted the convenience of the ordinary and less strictly critical student. Of the doctrinal views expressed in the notes, we regret to be obliged to say that we had hoped for better things from Mr. Alford. But he belongs to a school; and the traditions and tendencies of his school have been too much for him. He does, indeed, as a general rule, uphold the literal reality of the miracles recorded in the New Testament: that is to say, that, 'No very great wit, he believes in a God,' and the God of the Christians. But he has been too much in the company of his German friends not to have imbibed a taste for their favourite kind of speculation. Accordingly, on one occasion at least, he tries his hand at a little anti-supernaturalism, endeavouring to show that there was nothing supernatural in the star which appeared to the Magi: his argument, however, utterly fails him when he attempts to account for the star's guiding the Magi to the place of the Nativity; and the ill success of it appears to have deterred him, as far as we have observed, from further flights of the like nature. It is on the subject of the Sacraments and the Christian Priesthood that we find him untrustworthy as a guide for the Christian scholar. He flatly denies apostolical succession. (On S. John xx. 22.) 'Of successive delegation of the gift from the Apostles, he finds *no trace* in the New Testament;' a strong expression in the face of 1 Tim. iv. 14; 2 Tim. i. 6, 13, 14; ii. 2, taken together. His explanation of the commission, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosesoever sins ye remit,' is as follows:—'The words amount to this,—that with the 'gift and real participation of the Holy Spirit, comes the conviction, and 'therefore the knowledge, of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and 'they who are preeminently filled with His Presence are preeminently 'gifted with the discernment of sin and repentance in others; and hence by 'our Lord's appointment authorized to pronounce pardon of sin and the 'contrary (!).' The Apostles had this in an especial manner, &c.: 'and this 'gift belongs especially to those who, by legitimate appointment, are set to 'minister in the Churches. . . . Not, however, to them exclusively,—though 'for decency and order it is expedient that the continued and formal 'declaration should be so;' [What does this strange sentence mean?] 'but 'in proportion as *any disciple* shall have been filled with the Holy Spirit 'of wisdom, is the inner discernment, the *κρίσις*, his.' This is as open an avowal as we remember to have met with of the doctrine whose upholders the ministers of the day delight to honour; the doctrine that there is no difference whatever in point of gifts between priest and people; nay, no difference of kind (Mr. Alford's assertion goes to this fearful length) between the gifts of an Apostle and those of the commonest lay person. Surely nothing can be more laboured, more full of violent assumption, than the specimen of exegesis we have given. Mr. Alford is elsewhere justly severe on commentators who are blinded by prejudice to the plain and obvious meaning of Scripture language. We put it to him, as one claiming to be consistent, whether it can for a moment be maintained that the obvious and natural meaning of this passage is that which he has given; and whether any man, not under the influence of a previous anti-tradition theory, could possibly have cogitated such an interpretation of it. We think it probable that Mr. Alford is the first Christian that ever denied that in these words our Lord communicated, *to the Apostles at least*, a special gift of the Holy Ghost for a special purpose, (however they may have differed in explaining that purpose,) and not merely the general influence of it for a general and undefined purpose. As might be expected after this, Mr. Alford appears to assign no part whatever to the priest, or to attach no significance to the part taken by him, in the celebration of the Eucharist. Any bread, any wine, taken with faith, would seem to be a communion according to his view. Similarly, he takes our Lord's blessing of the Bread and Cup to be a mere 'grace.' On the subject of Baptism, we have no objection to make to his statement in commenting on S. John iii. 4. But when he has occasion to speak of it incidentally, the defectiveness of his view becomes manifest. On S. Matt. xxii. 11, he says that the 'wedding garment is the imputed and inherent righteousness of the Lord Jesus,' to which there is no objection as part of the truth, that in vital union to Christ consists our new birth and life: but then he adds, 'put on *symbolically* in baptism, and *really* by a true and living faith.' Either his words mean that Baptism is a mere figure, and does nothing for the recipient, or he has been at great pains to make himself misunderstood. In exactly a parallel manner we find his formal statements, in commenting on the institution of the Eucharist, tolerably satisfactory, or, at least, his peculiar phraseology is *capable* of a satisfactory acceptation; but his incidental remarks disclose the imperfections of his sacramental notions.

Under the former head we read, (on S. Matt. xxvi. 26,) 'When the faithful 'in the Lord's Supper press with their teeth that sustenance . . . they feed 'in their souls on that Body of righteousness, by partaking of which 'alone the body and soul are nourished unto everlasting life.' But on S. John vi. 53, 'The eating the Flesh of Christ and drinking His Blood, 'import the making to ourselves, and using as objectively real, those two 'great truths of our redemption,' (the resurrection and the atonement, spiritualized, he conceives, by the Body and Blood respectively,) 'of which 'our faith subjectively convinces us. . . . . And of this realizing of faith He 'has been pleased to appoint certain symbols in the Holy Communion, 'which He has commanded to be received, *to signify to us the spiritual 'process, and to assist us in it.*' So, then, in the Bread and Wine is received *not* the Body and Blood of Christ, but only a power of apprehending them. Is this reconcilable with the plain words of our Catechism, to go no further? Of both sacraments, then, the essence is defined to be the exercising of a mental process; as if one should say that the essence of food is not the nourishing qualities of it but the act of digestion. Faith by this view is exalted from the position of a recipient—lively, indeed, but humble, reverent, and dependent—of an awful mystery, into that of the worker of the mystery itself. In matters of scholarship Mr. Alford has acquitted himself ably; and in particular has wisely forborne from undertaking to explain everything for certain. The obvious meaning of the *ἵνα πληρωθῇ* passages is successfully maintained. There is much truth in his objections to the whole school of harmonizers: he believes that there are things in the Gospels irreconcilable under our limited information as to the whole of the facts, though doubtless capable of a perfect solution if we knew all. He also maintains, with much ingenuity, the independence of the four Gospels. The title he has inscribed upon his work, by the way, is unscholarlike and puerile, 'The Greek Testament.' We had thought that the distinction, 'Bible and Testament,' was confined to our National Schools. We object, too, most strongly, to his calling S. Matthew 'Matthew,' and so of the rest throughout. He probably intends it for a protest against undue reverencing of saints. Towards the Apostles, at the very least, we cannot conceive what is to be gained by laying aside the customary reverent language of the Church: but we fear it is only a part of Mr. Alford's theory, exposed above, as to the absence of distinguishing gifts, even in the awful Twelve, who 'in the regeneration will sit upon twelve thrones.'

Mr. Alford's Sermons (Rivingtons) do not rise above the average of the sentimental and anti-sacramental school of religionists. We are glad to observe an absence, for the most part, of the would-be-philosophical speculations which abound in his 'Notes on the Gospels.' The Sermon on God's Dwelling-place, however, together with much that is sounder than we had ventured to hope for, betrays a tendency in that direction.

'ΥΠΕΡΙΔΗΣ ΚΑΤΑ ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ. The Oration of Hyperides against 'Demosthenes, respecting the Treasure of Harpalus. The Fragments of 'the Greek Text, now first edited from the Facsimile of the MS. discovered 'at Egyptian Thebes in 1847; together with other Fragments of the 'same Oration cited in Ancient Writers. With a preliminary Dissertation 'and Notes, and a Facsimile of a portion of the MS.' By Churchill 'Babington, M.A., Fellow of S. John's College, Cambridge. (London: John W. Parker and George Bell.)

Any Oration of Hyperides, whom all placed among the ten great orators of Greece, and whom some, according to Plutarch, placed even above Demosthenes, would be a great addition to our stock of Greek literature. 'The Oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes, respecting the Treasure of Harpalus,' would be a great addition to our knowledge of Greek history, as bearing upon the most doubtful passage in the life of the great orator of Greek liberty. But unhappily the fragments now given to the world by Mr. Babington are the merest fragments. Closely and continuously printed, they would shrink into two of the hundred quarto pages which the volume before us contains. The rest of the book consists of preface, preliminary dissertation, annotations, index, a facsimile of part of the MS., and a copy of the whole of it in characters which bear only a general resemblance to those of the original, and which is intended apparently to assist us in verifying the Editor's readings. It is impossible to discern what line the orator took; and we have not observed any passage of much historical interest, excepting perhaps one, from which it appears that Demosthenes found his supporters chiefly among the younger politicians of his time.

The fragments, such as they are, appear to be genuine, and not, as might be conjectured, the fragments of a rhetorical exercise by some Alexandrian rhetorician. That if they belonged to any oration of Hyperides, they belonged to the particular oration against Demosthenes respecting the treasure of Harpalus, there can be no doubt.

The MS. is a papyrus one, and was bought by Mr. Harris, its proprietor, of a dealer in antiquities at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in the spring of 1847. In a visit to Thebes last spring, Mr. Harris used his best endeavours to ascertain the spot from which it was taken by the Arab excavators, but without success. A speculation is hazarded that the MS. was taken from the tombs, having been buried along with a mummy; the practice of burying writings with the dead having, it seems, prevailed in Egypt. Hopes are thence conceived of further discoveries, which we confess we are not sanguine enough to share.

'The Gospel Narrative of our Lord's Ministry (the Third Year) Harmonized; with Reflections.' By the Rev. Isaac Williams, B.D. (Rivingtons.) This volume shows the same features for which Mr. Williams's other books of this series are so remarkable. It exhibits throughout a mind that has deeply and passively, by regular growth and continuous retention, imbibed the spirit of the Fathers; not one that has leapt to knowledge by temporary efforts and the use of indexes. To read such a book as this is next to reading the Fathers themselves.

'Pinacothecæ Historicæ Specimen: sive illustrium quorundam ingenia, 'mores, fortunæ, ad inscriptionum formam expressæ. Auctore F. Kil'vert, A.M. Pars secunda.' (Londini: G. Bell.)

A curious idea, copiously worked out. The 'Illustres' include individuals of all sorts, sacred and profane, ecclesiastical, political, literary, and military, from Adam to Daniel O'Connell. Job reluctantly lends his name under the form of *Hiobus*. The Latin is very strong and terse, and exhibits the unrivalled aptitude of that language for everything that requires sententious brevity, from the expression of a trait of character to that of a principle of law. Some of the delineations are so just and happy, that they may lead the reader to wish that the author would try his literary powers in a less factitious form and in a more familiar tongue. We will give O'Connell as a specimen.

'DANIEL . O'CONNELL
vir . strenuus . subdolus . audax
patriæ . procul . dvbio . amans
licet . corrasis . vndiqve . nvmmis . collatitiis
in . privati . lvcelli . svspicionem
addvctvs
veritatis . non . nimivm . stvdiosvs
concionibvs
captandæ . plebecvlæ . cavsa
temere . effvtiendis
magis . qvam . rebvs . fortiter . agendis
comparatvs
large . promittendo . parce . præstando
eo . tandem . devenit
ut . commvni . promissorvm . hiantivm . fato
vix . privs . extinctvs . fverit
qvam . oblivioni . traditvs.'

'The City of God: a Vision of the Past, the Present, and the Future; 'being a Symbolical History of the Church of all Ages, and especially as 'depicted in some of the scenes of the Apocalypse.' (J. W. Parker.) To say that this book is not equal to its title, while it is very safe, cannot be considered uninvited and gratuitous criticism. We do not see why the writer should have selected S. Augustine as the mouth-piece of ideas and reflections of the order exhibited in this volume.

The controversy on the subject of capital punishments receives fresh stimulus at every execution, and a 'Priest of the Catholic Church established in England,' reprints two letters, which originally appeared in the *Morning Post*, on this subject. (Pickering.) It may be said generally, that letters in newspapers are not worth reprinting unless they rise considerably above the newspaper standard at first. The mere change from the open sheet to the sewed one, and from the column to the page, destroys the effect. The question of public executions has lately been appended to the main question of capital punishment, and the private execution been recommended as a kind of *via media* between the two extremes. Such a modification, however, has obviously no present advantage of a *via media* for the criminal; it can only be advocated for its future result, which would infallibly be the cessation of capital punishment altogether.

On the Post-Office question, Dr. Vaughan's measured and cutting style obtains an easy victory over querulous generalities and opinionative assertion. His letter, however, does not relieve the late Post-Office changes from the chief danger attaching to them, viz. that they upset the equal division of the disadvantage of the Sunday delay which previously existed. Before this change, London and the country equally lost one day in the case of letters transmitted from the country; the London merchant receiving his on the Monday morning instead of the Sunday morning, the country merchant on the Tuesday morning instead of the Monday morning. The London tradesman now loses by comparison, receiving his at the time he did before, while the country one has his a day earlier than he had before; so that for one day of the week the Londoner loses the natural advantage of situation and vicinity to the General Post-Office. As a remedy for such a disproportion, he may be tempted to fall back on the idea of a Sunday delivery in London. It remains to be seen whether he will remain content, and this tendency of the late changes not come out.

'Lines and Leaves.' By Mrs. Acton Tindal. (Chapman & Hall.) A little volume of graceful verse on various subjects, devotional, sentimental, and romantic, showing susceptibility to poetical impressions, and an elegant facile versification, rather than the severer requirements of the art.

'The Heiress in her Minority.' By the Author of Bertha's Journal. (Murray.) The plan of this work is, by the aid of a slight thread of story, to convey all the author's views, social, political, historical, religious, and all his knowledge, scientific, geographical, physical, and general. There are readers of such an implicit trustfulness in their author, such a universal and uniform curiosity, and such unwearying patience in gratifying it, that they can follow the devious wanderings of these streams of fact and information with pleasure: every turn of the leaf tells them something they are glad to know, though it may have no possible relation to what precedes or follows it. They will not be weary of two volumes of five hundred pages each. To those who think a book should be about something, in contradistinction to being about everything, we cannot promise much pleasure in their perusal.

'Original Ballads, by Living Authors.' (Masters.) An attractive volume of poems, of very unequal merit, by many different authors. Perhaps the ballad is, of all forms of poetry, the most tempting to the merely imitative faculty. A good rhymester in this style may go on *ad infinitum*, without ever feeling the want of an original thought or expression, borne along triumphantly on the quaint or high-sounding diction his ear and memory hold ready to his hand. He has cut and dried phrases of the most poetical character for every emergency, passionate or descriptive, narrative or pathetic, and can fit them into their places with all the ingenuity of a child's puzzle. There are some few examples of this sort in the present volume, which it would have been well without. Mr. Huntley's ballads are of a very different order: in them nature and feeling are expressed in simple and vivid language, and, in spite of the trammels of style, we feel that, if a man's thoughts are his own, he will express them in his own words. Borrowed thoughts and imagery and borrowed language go together. Some by Mr. Freeman, one or two by F. R., and one by the Editor, the Rev. H. Thompson, have also pleased us much; but it is invidious to particularize where so many have real merit. The book is very elegantly got up.

'The Poor Artist; or, Seven Eye-Sights and One Object.' (Van Voorst.) An amusing, ingenious little work, written by one who has something to say and a view to bring out. Its aim is to illustrate the science of vision by a fable. There is much liveliness and originality in the plan and dialogue, whether the interlocutors be the artist and the matter-of-fact old lady, or the same man of genius conversing scientifically with bee, bird, ant, spider, fish, and cat; all talk with spirit, and in accordance with their supposed natures.

'Sermons preached in S. Stephen's Chapel Dublin.' By Francis B. Woodward, M.A. Chaplain. (Rivingtons.) Amid the numerous volumes of sermons which issue monthly from the press, and of which criticism discovers the merits with effort, hesitation, and reluctance, here is at last one about which there can be no doubt. We see at once, on turning over these pages, those peculiar symptoms of solid thought and practical seriousness, which test a writer, and are sure credentials to our confidence. Ideas have been patiently dwelt on in the writer's mind, before they issued forth in the shape of composition; and the result is sound and clear thought, fair statements of objections, natural solutions, and explanations to the point. Among the subjects we notice the 'Doctrine of Spiritual Influences,' 'Fasting,' 'Rejoicing in God,' 'Death-bed consolation.'

'A Manual of the British Marine Algæ.' By Wm. Henry Harvey, M.D. (Van Voorst.) A second and enlarged edition of a full and valuable work on sea-weeds, giving their classifications, localities, and uses, with carefully-executed coloured plates, to illustrate all the genera. The introduction is interesting to the general reader, and is calculated to raise his opinion of the importance of the study, as well as to inspire respect for the author, who has directed a clear, intelligent, and thoughtful mind to its pursuit.

'Cabramatta Store and Woodleigh Farm.' (Rivingtons.) Two tales from the practised pen of Mrs. Vidal, of a high moral tone and general interest: the first of emigrant life, with which she is familiar; the second laid in the more attractive scene of our own country. Both show a familiar practical acquaintance with the trials of humble life, which are sometimes realized so keenly, as not always to recognise the brighter side of the picture. The heroines in each story are too constantly enduring. Life in every condition has its poetical aspect. Mrs. Vidal sympathises with lowly sorrows more readily than she can see the counterbalancing pleasures which give interest to the most homely existence. But the happy termination in both cases will probably atone to most readers for the train of anxieties and troubles which sadden the progress of her narratives.

'Ballads and other Poems.' By Lord John Manners. (Rivingtons.) Many of these poems are reprinted from periodicals, and now for the first time collected together. Here, as in his former poems, Lord John Manners succeeds best in the description of natural scenes, and in the expression of the thoughts which arise from the contemplation of them in a religious mind. About these there is a tender truthfulness particularly pleasing: they are the spontaneous workings of a gentle mind, returning with gladness to congenial scenes from which a sense of duty has forced it for a while. In the ballads there is always something to indicate that a preliminary process has been necessary for the inspiration. He seems to have to put himself into a frame—to throw himself, sometimes by an obvious effort, into what he supposes the mind of others. This implies the same exertion on the reader's part, which it is not always easy to make. Do the three poems of feeling, towards the end of the volume, 'Disappointment,' &c. admit us to the reason why one so formed to illustrate and adorn domestic life still stands aloof from its ties, or have we too hastily identified the author with his imaginary case?

'The Martyrs of Carthage.' By Mrs. J. B. Webb. (Bentley.) A kind of Christian romance, founded on the well-known historical record of the martyrdom of S. Perpetua. The authoress has taken some liberties with the authentic narrative, and makes the husband of Perpetua, of whom history makes no mention, precede her in her martyrdom. The true story is too familiar to all readers to bear to be tampered with by extensive alterations and additions; nor has it gained much in interest by being prolonged into two volumes, though composed, as these are, in a thoughtful and reverential spirit.

Of hymns and smaller poems, we have received the Rev. J. M. Neale's 'Hymns for the Sick,' (Masters,) which we are glad to see have reached a second edition.—'Hymns and Notes,' by the Rev. J. Joyce, (J. J. Guillaume,) are short and simple poems on scriptural subjects, on which the notes are a commentary. They are written, it is explained, for the author's poorer parishioners, and will be chiefly interesting to those standing in this relation.—'Poems for Young and Loving Hearts, by the Rev. Edmund Worlledge,' (Masters,) are designed for Sunday-school and cottage distribution, and particularly well suited for both these purposes.—'Margaret, an olden Tale,' (Masters,) is a free version of the legend of S. Margaret, told with feeling, in easy versification. There is, however, something unreal in dwelling so much on the beauty of the martyr; the idea in such a case, where the poem is of a religious character especially, should be conveyed by implication, not often repeated and dwelt upon.—'Vert-Vert, from the French of Grasset, by Robert Surr, Esq.' (Pickering,) is a great falling off from Cooper's translation of a hundred years ago, of what in the original is a profane and frivolous little poem.

Of prose short tales, we have 'The Story of a Dream,' (Masters,) from the prolific pen of the author of 'Hymns and Scenes of Childhood.' This is a pretty sentimental version, or rather paraphrase, of Little Red Riding Hood, making the great feature of the nursery tale—the treacherous devouring wolf—only a horrible dream.—'The King's Daughter.' (Masters.) It is difficult to know for what class this little work is designed. The form and subject point to children, only the lofty style, as well as the disappointed misanthropy of the 'middle aged' narrator, seem to appeal to older sympathies.—'Gregory Krau,' from the German of Dr. Barth, (Paton & Richie, Edinburgh,) is a rambling, not unamusing story for children, seasoned at intervals with far-fetched religious allusions, of a very common-place character.—'Memoirs of a Sunday Scholar.' (Rivingtons.) An interesting account, not set off by the dry inexperienced mode of telling it.

'Lessons on English Grammar, for a Child,' (Masters,) second edition, is an attempt to simplify the rudiments of grammar, perhaps not always successful. 'Ince's Outlines of English History,' and 'Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge,' (James Gilbert,) are school books, which crowd too much information into a given space, and by trying to tell everything, fail of leaving clear or definite impressions on the memory.

'Evening Musings,' by a Physician, (Van Voorst,) are the reflections of a desultory, thoughtful, amiable mind on a variety of interesting subjects, philosophical and religious. The author sometimes works out for himself, and in his own way, admitted truths, in a manner very agreeable to follow, and at others shows an eclectic spirit and an acquiescence with notions of the day, which his general principles would not lead us to expect.

Mr. Wilmot, Incumbent of Bearwood, has published a collection of extracts from prose writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, 'Precious Stones, Aids to Reflection, &c.' (Cleaver.) The extracts, on the whole, give a favourable idea of our religious and moralist literature, exhibiting thought without speculativeness, philosophy without effort and straining, and a devotional spirit without sentimentalism.

'Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Twelfth Century.' (Pickering.) While the writer has hit upon some points open to remark in the religious temper of the Middle Ages, his ground is too sceptical a one to carry us along with him; and the agreement which we might occasionally feel in particular criticisms is absorbed in a general suspicion as to the faith of the critic himself.

'The Causes of the Success of the English Revolution, 1640—1688.' By M. Guizot. (Murray.) M. Guizot's common sense and practical standard contrasts curiously with that of another author who has been over this ground lately, Mr. Carlyle. It is amusing to see the old orthodox character of Cromwell quietly resuming its place, after an interval of antiquation.

Chancellor Harington has published a second edition of his Remarks on Mr. Macaulay's History, with large addition and a Postscript. (Rivingtons.) We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Harington's valuable labours in defence of the Church against a criticism which delights in making the worst of her position, exaggerating facts and refusing explanations.

We notice, too, from the same author, a pamphlet, 'The Reconsecration and Reconciliation of Churches, according to the law and practice of the Church,' (Rivingtons,) displaying much research.

'The Shadow of the Future, or an attempt to explain the Revelation of S. John the Divine.' By a Layman. (Rivingtons.) The preparation of this pamphlet appears to have been eminently serviceable to the writer, who says, that 'the Divine origin of the Word of God has been made so manifest 'to him' by it, 'that he is able to live, as it were, by sight, as much as by 'faith.' The composition has, perhaps, answered its chief purpose, in this benefit done to the author.

The Baptismal controversy has produced various tracts and reprints, among which we notice—'The Holiness of a Christian Child,' by the Rev. Edward Walford, M.A. (Masters)—A cheap reprint of Bishop Jewell on the Sacraments, (Rivingtons)—'A Scriptural View of the Rite of Baptism,' by Jeremiah Jackson, M.A. (J. W. Parker)—'The Doctrine of Holy Baptism briefly explained,' by Rev. C. E. Douglass, B.A. (King, Brighton).

The Education question has produced a pamphlet on the Privy Council and the National Society, by Henry Parr Hamilton, M.A. (J. W. Parker,) and a sermon by Dr. Molesworth, 'Education, its Nature, and the Comparative Value of its Constituent Parts.'

Our parochial wants continue to elicit various suggestions for their remedy. Archdeacon Hale's pamphlet, 'The Duties of the Deacons and 'Priests of the Church of England compared, with Suggestions for the 'extension of the order of Deacons and the establishment of an order of 'Sub-Deacons,' (Rivingtons,) contains some passages of striking sense and value. 'The opinion,' says the Archdeacon, 'which I am about to state 'may sound harshly in the ears of many well-disposed persons, but 'I cannot avoid expressing my conviction, that under no circumstances 'whatever can churches be so multiplied, or incumbencies so formed in 'our dense population, as to effect the purpose of bringing the Gospel 'home to the doors of the lowest of the people. A church is the place for 'a public but not for a domestic mission. The Gospel must be preached in 'courts, and alleys, and factories, or the church bell will sound in vain. 'For this duty the order of Deacons appears to be most fitted; the ecclesiastical ministrations which belong specially to that order being those 'very ministrations which are suited to the wants and condition of the 'poor.'—Mr. Mackenzie, of S. Martin's, has published a letter 'On the Parochial System as a means of alleviating Temporal Distress in the Metropolis,' (J. W. Parker,) in which he puts forward the claims of the parochial machinery in the metropolis for use towards this object, in distinction to 'the legal machinery of police-courts and poor-laws,' now exclusively made use of.—We notice a second edition of a careful 'Manual of Parochial Institutions,' by Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best. (Darling.)

'The Eleventh Report of the Scottish Episcopal Church Society,' (Edinburgh, Stevenson,) is prefaced by a Sermon by the Bishop of Glasgow, enforcing an earnest faith in their own system upon members of the Scotch Church.

'A Church School Hymn-Book,' edited by W. F. Hook, D.D. We fully agree with Dr. Hook in feeling, as we said in a late number, the necessity of a hymn-book for schools; but the want of one, so far as it exists, will certainly not be supplied by the present publication. It abounds in the two faults which it is so very difficult to avoid,—writing *above* children, and writing *below* them. We are sure,—and we have had experience,—that such expressions as these would be utterly unintelligible to those for whom the book is designed:—'Shall thy poor *tenement* of clay *Curtail* thy flight, *obstruct* thy way?' 'Eyes that the *beam celestial* view.' 'Another portion of the span *Assigned* to *transitory* man.' 'In heaven the *rapturous* song began, And sweet *seraphic fire*,' &c. 'That *presage* of the *atoning flood*.' 'Oh what pleasing hopes from thence My believing soul *deriveth*.' '*Plenteous* of grace, descend from high, Rich in Thy *sevenfold energy*.' (Whoever would have dreamed of giving Dryden's *Veni Creator Spiritus* to children?) 'If cares *distract*, or fears *dismay*, If guilt *deject*, if sin *distress*, The *remedy*,' &c. '*Dictate* the words I say.' 'Chanting every day their *lauds*, While the *grove* their song *applauds*.' 'Suns that *genial* heat *diffuse*.' 'Let this *festive* day, *combining*,' &c. And we might give specimens like these from every page. We heartily wish that the writers and compilers of hymns intended for school children would remember that the vocabulary of a poor man rarely consists of above 150 words, all, the very commonest and briefest, included. Next, we have to complain of the use of language *below* children. 'Can you tell me Who was born Early on the Christmas morn? I hope you will at once reply,—Yes: we are glad, and we know why.' Really this is simply doggerel. We might quote other examples; but the first named is the besetting fault. In a metrical point of view, several corrections are needed; *e.g.* 'Myrrh and spices will I bring, My poor affection's off'ring;' where the attempt to torture an Iambic into a Trochaic line by dropping an *e*, shows that the syllables must simply have been told off on the fingers. But there are much more serious faults than these. We had occasion, in our October number, to point out the dreadful tendency of Dr. Watts's Hymns, in that they led children to look on themselves as creatures full of guilt, who must begin their religious life by repentance, instead of being full of baptismal grace, and having it for their duty to *continue* in the same unto their life's end. In several places, we deeply regret to say it, the present Hymn-book has a taint,—in some more than a taint,—of this most fatal error; *e.g.* 'Come, then, children, come and see: Lift your little hands to pray: Blessed Jesus, pardon me: Help a *guilty infant*, say.' A most offensive verse. '*All my nature is unholy;* Pride and passion dwell within.' A striking contrast to the Church's teaching for children: 'Preserve thou my soul, for I am holy:' and somewhat approaching to Gorhamism. So also: 'Lord, if within my spirit aught Of former guilt remains,'—a verse clearly intended for an adult penitent. It would be necessary, however, to quote several verses in their context, to bring out this fault in its full force. There are many hymns utterly unsuitable for children: *e.g.* 'Where is the blessedness I found When first I knew the LORD?' and it is a gratuitous pledge to put into the mouth of children, 'And we must neither work *nor play*, Because it is the Sabbath day.' But we have said enough to show that the book, notwithstanding its extraordinary cheapness, is unsuited to Church schools.

'Hymns for the Service of the Church.' (London, Masters; Birmingham, Wrightson & Bell.) These Hymns, 163 in number, are, we think, the best collection for churches which we have. There are—Ordinary Hymns for the day; then for the week; and then Proper Hymns for each Sunday and Festival in the year. In the latter, provision is made for a Hymn at Matins and at Evensong, after the Third Collect, and at Evensong before the Sermon also. They are almost all from the Roman and Parisian Breviaries; and the initial lines of the original are, very properly, given. The best published translation is, generally, that chosen. A little revision here and there would do good; as where (p. 53) 'Virgin bright' rhymes to 'Paraclete;' and (p. 81) 'celestial' to 'ineffable;' as where also the Doxology (p. 49) is in a really different metre from the hymn. We have before now pointed out the inconvenience of not retaining, as far as possible, the Latin metre; yet here we have the *Te Lucis ante terminum*, turned, 'Ere the waning light decay.' We very much object to the Hymn, 'Thou, whose Almighty word,' as necessarily suggesting, by its metre, the National Anthem. Nor do we think verses of eight syllables, where the second and fourth rhyme, and the first and third do not, allowable. There is not assonance enough to catch the ear. Still these are trivial faults, and we cordially recommend the Hymn-book. We must not forget to add, that each Festival has an Introit provided; and that a' the Hymns—which is most important—end with a Doxology. We mis none of the most famous, such as the *Dies Iræ*, the *Vexilla Regis*, th *Pange lingua*, the *Gloria, laus, et honor.* It is surprising, however, ho many noble Latin Hymns yet remain untranslated; *e. g.* the *Puer natus Bethlehem;* the *O quis binas columbinas;* the *In Natali Domini;* and th modern *Tuos, canamus, Gratia.*

'Arctic Expeditions: a Lecture delivered at the London Institution, Feb. 6, 1850, by C. R. Weld.' (Murray.) A slight narrative of Sir John Franklin's expedition, as far as intelligence has been received, and of Sir James Ross's abortive voyage and journey in search. To this is prefixed a still slighter notice of the earlier attempts at Arctic discovery, from the Venetian brothers Zeno (1380), to Captain Parry. Sir John Franklin sailed (with the *Erebus* and *Terror*) 19th of May, 1845, and was last fallen in with July 26th of the same year in 77° 48′ N. lat. He has thus been absent nearly *five* years.

'The Slave Trade, the African Squadron, and Mr. Nutt's Committee.' By the Hon. Capt. Denman, R.N. (Mortimer.) We are very sensibly alive to the humane feeling which prompts those who, like Capt. Denman, clinging to the Buxton and Wilberforce traditions, continue to uphold the African Squadron, but we cannot go along with their judgment. It is idle on the part of Capt. Denman to throw out insinuations against those who, like the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, condemn the African Squadron, that they are in secret fosterers of the slave trade. We abhor the slave trade. We would take every means within our legitimate sphere of putting it down. We think we use a very moderate expression, when we say there is a general conviction among persons acquainted with the subject, both in this country and in France, that the African Squadron is not such a means. The fact is, that in the overwhelming evidence for the failure of the attempt, we lose sight of the true objection to the armament, viz. that it is an interference with other people's affairs. The argument, from the abortive results, is so conclusive, that we are in danger of forgetting that the experiment of the African Squadron is one that ought never to have been tried. It is indefensible on sound principles of international law. True, it has aggravated the horrors of the middle passage; it has diffused the trade over a much larger extent of coast; and it has retarded for thirty years the natural growth of anti-slavery feeling in the Western World—but those are variable results. Had they all been reversed, they could not have justified the employment of our naval strength as a police force to regulate the trade of other nations in conformity with principles of humanity. By our *gauche* and ill-judged interference, we have sacrificed the moral dignity of our position, and thrown away the immense influence which the example of our sacrifices for Abolition and Emancipation would have given us. We have naturally but provoked foreign nations to raise the cry, 'Look at home, Dorsetshire, Ireland, the Highlands.' Captain Denman feebly corroborates the evidence on the inefficiency of the Coast Blockade. He tacitly admits its failure, but thinks it only owing to mismanagement. If the commanders of vessels had been less crippled by instructions from the Admiralty—if they had acted more in concert—if Lord Aberdeen had not published his indiscreet letter in 1842—if the Queen's Advocate had not omitted, by an unlucky error, the term 'legal,' in his opinion on the Gallinas factories—if the cruisers had kept closer in shore, the blockade might have been more efficient. But what then? Would it have been right—would it have been just—would it have been our business?

'The Monumental Brasses of England: a series of Engravings on 'Wood, with brief Descriptive Notices.' By the Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A. Rector of Downham Market, Norfolk. (London: George Bell.) The twelfth part of this work, completing a volume, has been sent for our inspection, and gives a favourable impression of the whole. It has many works on the same subject to compete with, and does not pretend, we believe, to differ much from them in character; but the subject does not seem exhausted yet. A main feature in Mr. Boutell's plan has been to class together cognate examples of the same date, so as to illustrate by comparison the variations in ornament and detail which were in use at any one period. This is far better than a mere collection of strongly contrasted examples of various date and character, which is apt to mislead and embarrass any attempts at modern design. At the same time the number of engravings (and they have an appearance of great care and accuracy,) is amply sufficient to illustrate all the principal styles, classes and periods. Seventeen of these beautiful wood-cuts, besides ample descriptions and explanation, are given in the number before us, at a cost of no more than 7*s.* 6*d.* We cannot help commending cheapness as almost essential to the diffusion of an improved taste in a branch of great practical importance.

'Reason and Faith,' by Henry Rogers, (Longman & Co.) is the reprint of an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of October last. Mr. Rogers has very clearly pointed out the analogy between the foundations of all our belief and that on which Christianity reposes. We cannot, however, avoid expressing a wish that he had chosen some other word than *faith* for his purpose; since, however suggestive it may be of the similarity between Christianity and other subject matters, the use of it in this sense tends rather to preclude the equally important phase of it which is the peculiar characteristic of Christian as distinguished from belief of other kinds, viz. as involving a moral and spiritual element, and a personal reference to unseen objects.

The fallacy of attempts to base conviction upon any one portion of our nature, instead of appealing to the complex whole of it as created by God, and presupposed by Revelation, is very ably exposed by Mr. Scudamore in his 'Essay on the Office of the Intellect in Religion.' (Rivingtons.)

'The Magazine for the Young, 1849.' (Mozley.) This little periodical keeps up its original character, and pleases us much by the freshness, good sense, and freedom from mannerism, which characterise its different contents. Nothing is said as a matter of course, and religion is never dragged in, as is too often the case in books for children, as a sort of necessary ingredient. The principles are sound, and the result of real thought and feeling, and as such are calculated to have influence on its young readers. For its Church tone, absence of sentimentalism, and the practical character of its teaching, we can fully recommend it. The subjects are varied, consisting of tales, history, letters, essays, natural history, poetry, &c.

'A Review of the Mexican War on Christian Principles.' By Rev. Philip Berry, A.B., a Presbyter of the Diocese of Maryland. An attempt to vindicate the Mexican war of 1845, preliminary to a condemnation of all war on general principles. War is morally wrong, but the Mexican war was politically just. 'Tested by the principles which have ordinarily 'governed the civilized world in its international relations, this war was and 'will be pronounced by posterity to have been, on the part of the United 'States, one of the most just wars that have blotted with gore the history 'of man.' If the cool and dispassionate judgment of those at a distance be any guide towards anticipating the verdict of posterity, Mr. Berry is deceiving himself. There is but one opinion in Europe on the character of the American acquisition of Texas. Mr. Berry himself feels this, for he *naïvely* begins by putting this part of the question aside. 'On the part of 'the United States the question was one of boundary simply, after Texas 'had been annexed to this country. On the part of Mexico it was whether 'Texas should become annexed to the United States.' To be sure it was; and if it was a war on the part of Mexico to recover, how was it not on the part of the United States a war to retain? We are not against American aggrandisement; we look on it, at any rate, as inevitable; and were it argued on grounds of expediency, much might be said in its favour. But the most offensive of all hypocrisies is power labouring to disguise itself in the robes of justice—aggression soothing itself, with diplomatic casuistry, into the belief that it is an 'injured individual.' The Romans, we know, conquered the world on pure principles of self-defence.

'A Greek-English Lexicon to the New Testament,' (Bagster,) in a very thin duodecimo, is not worthy of Mr. T. S. Green, whose name appears in the title-page as reviser. Small lexicons are, at best, great evils, as they can do little more than give bare lists of meanings, without any discussion or weighing of alternatives. According to the present specimen, one would never suppose there had been two opinions about any word in the New Testament. It may be more 'compendious,' (as the phrase is,) to set down but one meaning to each passage: but the arbitrariness of such a proceeding is intolerable. And unfortunately this 'Manual,' as far as we have observed, in taking a line, generally takes the wrong.

Mr. Maskell's Letter 'On the present Position of the High-Church Party in the Church of England,' (Pickering,) appears to proceed upon an argument, too rigid and literal for the nature of the subject with which it deals; to give the conclusion of a legalist upon certain documents, rather than that of an historian upon the whole circumstances of the case.

'A Letter to the Rev. W. Maskell, A.M. By the Rev. Mayow Wywell 'Mayow, A.M., Vicar of Market Lavington, Wilts, and late Student of 'Christ Church, Oxford.' This pamphlet was written before the judgment in the Gorham case was made public, but on the assumption that it would prove what it has proved. Mr. Mayow's view is that, even if the Court is competent, and its justice legally right, it will prove no more than that the Church of England has been ambiguous in her expressions. But he argues, with obvious judgment, that there is no crime in ambiguity unless it is intentional. And that the Church did not *intend* to be ambiguous is tolerably clear to all but extraordinary understandings. Sir H. Jenner Fust certainly thought not only that she did not shrink from being explicit, but that she was so. The view is a straightforward one, clearly stated, and well illustrated.

Mr. Neale's 'Few Words of Hope on the present Crisis of the English Church,' (Masters,) are full of spirit, eloquence, and heart. They appeal boldly to the plain meaning of our Services, and the impossibility that such a judgment as this can overrule it. They appeal to the history of our Church, and show that that gives no reason to expect that she will submit to its being overridden. They appeal throughout to common-sense and fair play against the naked inference from statute letter, which would prejudge this whole question by one summary committal of the Church to an irrecoverable step of pure Erastianism three centuries ago. 'This kind 'of argument,' says Mr. Neale, 'is clearly too logical to be real. Men do 'not in the practical affairs of life act on such clear, sharp, definite theories. 'Such reasoning can never be the cause of any one leaving the Church of 'England. But it looks well on paper, and therefore may perhaps be put 'forward as a theoretical argument by those who from some other feeling, 'or fancy, or prejudice, or honest conviction, think fit to leave us.

'Let these statements be as true as they will. Is it said that the 'Church at the Reformation allowed the State to be the final judge of 'doctrine?—I do not believe it: but let us grant it. Is it said that she 'has since that time submitted to further and further encroachment?—She 'has. That she acquiesced in the present monstrous Court of Appeal?—'She did. But what follows?—That she has thereby forfeited her birth-'right, and has no *locus pœnitentiæ?* GOD forbid! . . . . . It seems 'village after another, and every where you will find some mark of energy 'never known before. A new Church, or a restored Church, or a new 'school; fresh services, more frequent Communions, more frequent sermons, more assiduous visiting, more done for the poor, more claimed from 'the rich. You will find popular feeling every where changed. Twenty 'years ago the cry was for shortening the services, now it is for increasing 'them; twenty years ago we had two or three Colonial Bishops, now we 'have nearly five-and-twenty; then hardly a Church, except the Cathedrals, had daily service; now, in some six hundred, it is said: weekly 'communion was then unknown; now it is not unfrequent. And are we 'really called on to say that all this means nothing? that it is accidental? 'that it proves nothing as to the being, or the well-being of the Church? 'A man looks well, moves rapidly, eats heartily, takes a lively interest in 'what is going on, displays considerable strength, and you tell me,—These 'are all but appearances; I can prove to you that that man is dying. 'Assuredly, before I believe you, I must have some better argument than 'that it must be so because it is according to the rules of art, according to 'the nature of things, that it was always so. And accordingly I want better 'arguments in the parallel case now.'

A pamphlet, 'On the Original Language of S. Matthew's Gospel, by Mr. Samuel Prideaux Tregelles,' (Bagster & Son,) reprinted from Dr. Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature, is an argument for a Hebrew original. Upon a question, in itself not very material, we do not observe that Mr. Tregelles has advanced anything particularly new or striking.

A convenient edition of Bishop Pearson on the Creed, giving the notes at the bottom of the page, instead of in a separate volume, has issued from the Pitt Press, Cambridge, edited, apparently with great care, by the Rev. Temple Chevallier, B.D. The Editor informs us that he has adopted the Edition of 1669, being the latest to which Pearson made any additions or alterations, for his text; availing himself at the same time of the valuable labours of Dr. Burton in its revision. The quotations from the Fathers have been faithfully verified, and some notes added.

We notice also, from the same press, an edition, in one volume, of Paley's Evidences, and the Horæ Paulinæ, with an analysis of and questions upon each appended. The object of this edition is to meet the new rules of the Previous Examination, which assign both to Old Testament history and the evidences of Christianity, a more important place than they had formerly.

'Plain Sermons on the Holy Sacraments and Services of the Church of England,' by the Rev. Benjamin Wilson, B.A. (Rivingtons,) come from one who has evidently been a faithful and anxious pastor to his flock.

A volume of Lectures 'on the Resurrection of the Flesh,' by H. B. Bowlby, M.A. Fellow of Wadham College, (Rivingtons,) shows a thoughtful examination of the texts of Scripture bearing on that subject.

Mr. Watson, of Cheltenham, has published a volume of Sermons on the Beatitudes, adapted to each day in the Holy Week, and to Easter-day.

(Masters.) They have especial reference to the doctrines connected with our Lord's Incarnation, and are designed to connect dogmatic truth with our natural feelings and moral instincts. Their tone is earnest, and they contain eloquent passages.

Sermons on the Gorham Judgment, and its bearings on the position of our Church, by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Dodsworth, show that earnestness and acute sense of danger which might be looked for from such preachers, and give a note of faithful warning. But we cannot enter upon so large a subject in this place.

The reprint of the 'Opinion of the Judges on the Jurisdiction of the Convocation in matter of Heresy,' given in the year 1711, extracted from Mr. Whiston's 'Account of the Convocation's Proceedings' in his case, (J. H. Parker,) is a valuable document in reference to the present position of Church and State.

Upon the title, 'The Nonentity of Romish Saints and the Inanity of Romish Ordinances,' prefixed to two sermons by Dr. Hook, we will make no needless comments: the author evidently chose it in a hurry, and has since written to explain the terms of it, as not meaning, in his use of them, that which ordinary persons would suppose them to mean. The substance of the sermons is, like the substance of all Dr. Hook's practical compositions, sound and edifying: and we only regret that it is mixed up so largely with statements, which no well read theologian can consider fair, respecting Roman theology. That the Romanist claims salvation upon his own merits is not true formally, *i.e.* as formal books of theology represent him; for they consider merit the effect of grace, and prior to grace deny all power of doing good works. If it is true in a rough and popular sense, as distinguished from the theological, the distinction ought to have been clearly stated. We cannot for our part consider the great difference between the Church of Rome and ourselves to lie in our respective estimation of good works. If people agree in the main principle that good works are necessary for salvation, and that the more of them we do the better, they may indulge their intellects in endless distinctions and refinements, and persuade themselves that they are as far as the poles asunder; but the truth is, they think very much alike on the subject. Excellent persons, indeed, there are in abundance, who suppose that the difference between divine truth and satanic falsehood in religion lies in the question, whether you think faith made perfect by love, or faith followed by love, justifies. Faith and love being both necessary to the individual who is justified, if you think that faith justifies prior to love, but on the understanding that love follows, you are a child of God: if you think that faith and love justify together, you are a child of the devil. It is true, divines may naturally give importance to a theoretical distinction, if they make it symbolic of a practical one, the valuing or not valuing good works. But Dr. Hook's distinction not being one of practice, falls back upon the subtleties of the theory alone; and his orthodoxy throws a want of purpose and substance upon his arguing.

'Purity of Life: a Sermon preached in the Parish Church to the Boys of 'Uppingham Grammar School, on the Feast of S. Bartholomew, 1849, by 'the Rev. E. Monro, M.A.' (J. H. Parker,) invests a subject of such perilous delicacy, that it is formally held it can only be treated properly by being wholly avoided, with the true dignity and awefulness belonging to so deep a point of morals and religion, and a seriousness which at once calms and sets at rest the most sensitive apprehensions.

'The Words from the Cross: a series of Lent Sermons,' by W. H. Anderdon, M.A. Vicar of S. Margaret's, Leicester, (Pickering,) are well adapted to bring the truths of the Incarnation and Atonement home to the minds of a congregation.

We have to notice a Sermon on the Distinctive Excellences of the Common Prayer, by G. S. Drew, M.A. (Darling;) on the Duties and Encouragements of the Christian Ministry, by Dr. Marsh, (Hatchard;) an Ordination Sermon, by the Rev. William Tait, Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Wakefield; a Thanksgiving Sermon, by the Rev. J. W. Buckley, M.A.; a Sermon on the Death of the Queen Dowager, by Mr. Anderson; on Family Worship, by J. D. Jefferson, M.A.; on the Epiphany, by William Procter, M.A.; on Household Piety, or the Lycaonian Christians, by C. J. Black, B.A.

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